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"Auld Scotia's sangs!—auld Scotia's sangs!—her 'native wood-notes wild,'
Her monie artless melodies, that move me like a child;
Sing on—sing on! and I will list—will list them o'er and o'er,—
Auld Scotia's sangs—auld Scotia's sangs—the sangs o' youth and yore!"

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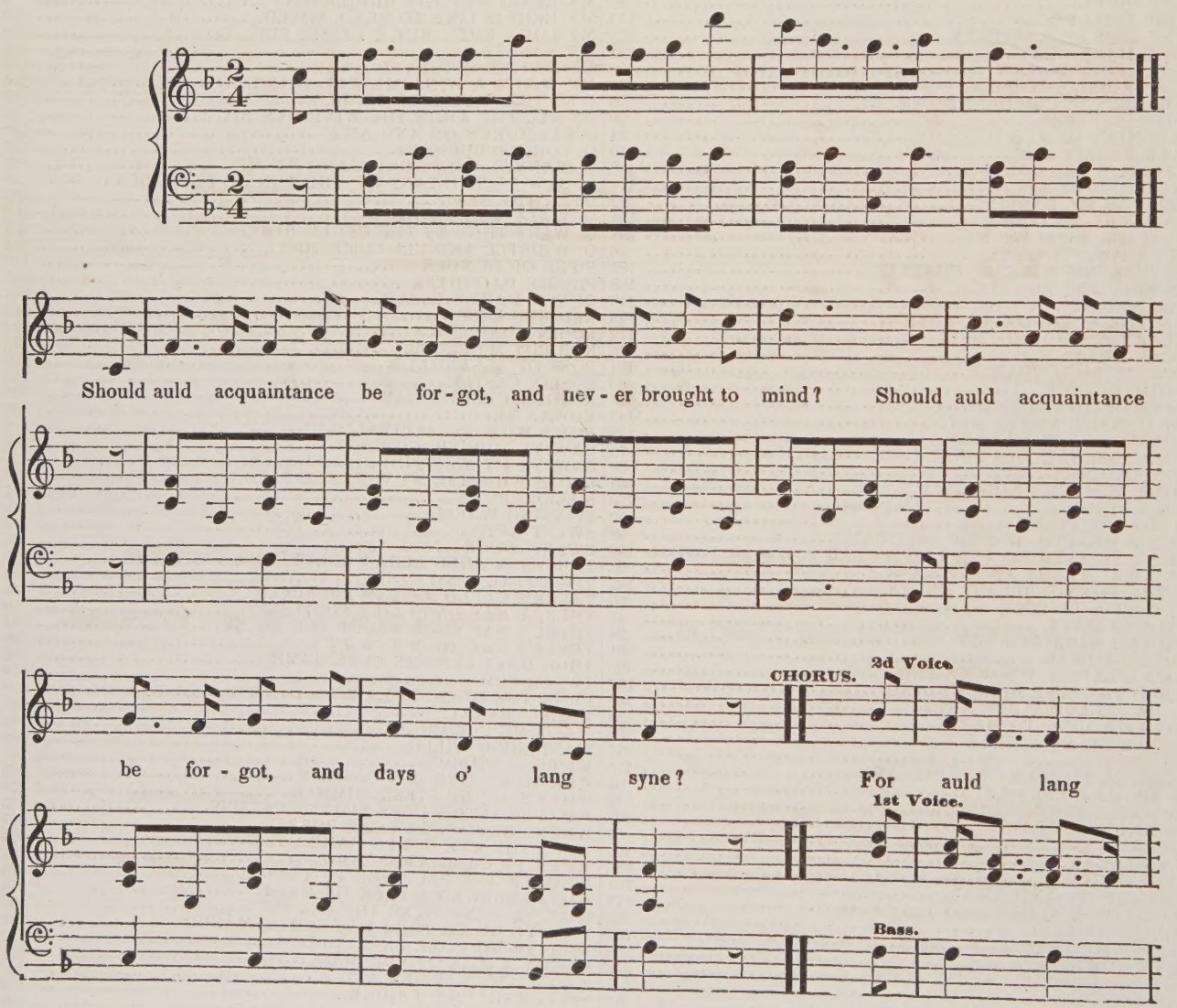
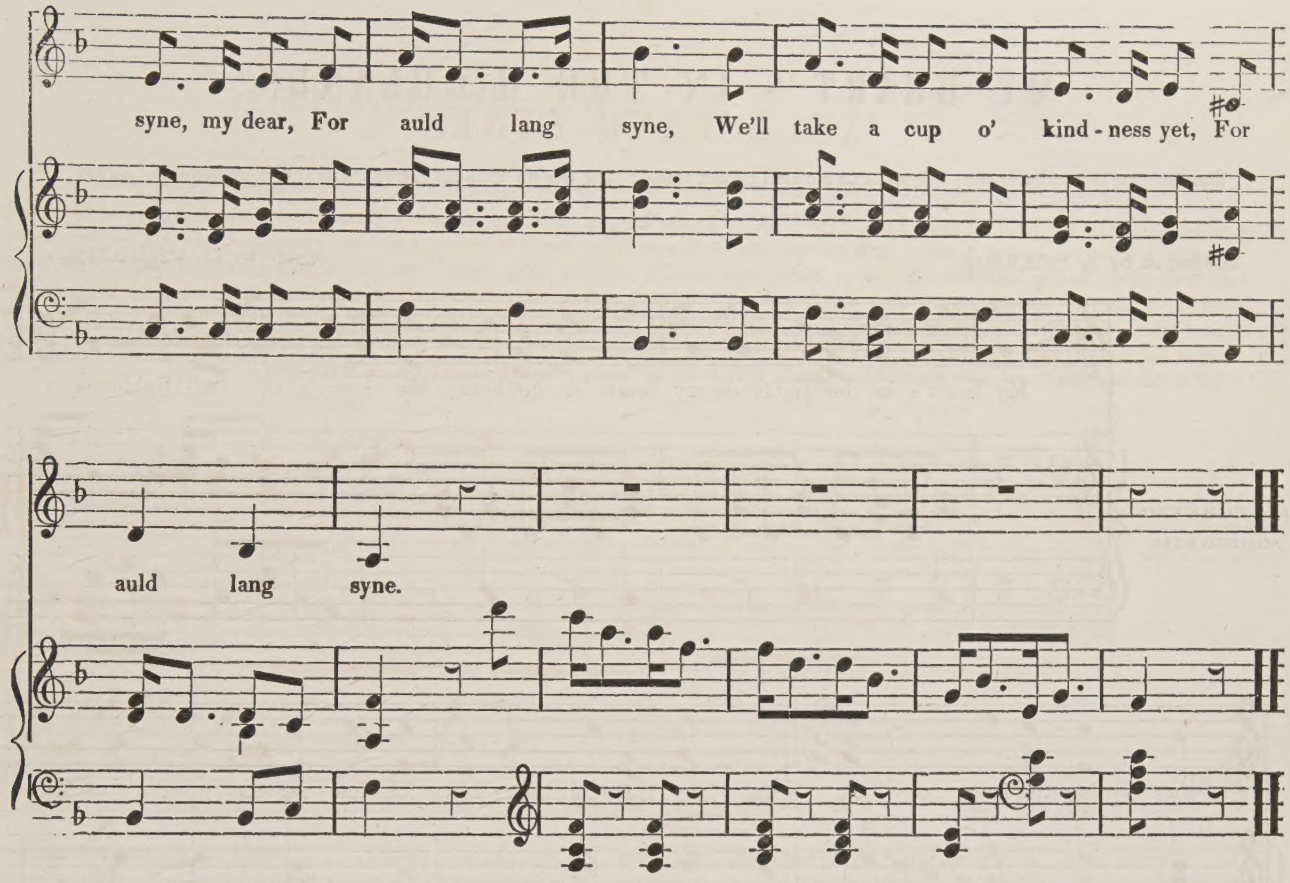
AULD LANG SYNE.

The following is the version of "Auld Lang Syne" which BURNS communicated to Johnson's Museum, and which has since become so universal a favorite. In the Museum it is marked with a *Z*, signifying that it is an old song with alterations. In his correspondence both with Mrs. Dunlop and Mr. Thompson, Burns says that he took the song down from the singing of an old man. Had Burns been the author of the song, we cannot see how he would have spoken with such raptures regarding it. "Light be the turf," he says, "on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment!" The air to which "Auld Lang Syne" is sung is not the original one, which Burns pronounces to be *mediocre*, but one adapted from an old Lowland melody, called "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas," and now entitled, in Gow's Collection of Reels, "Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey."


Should auld acquaintance be for-got, and nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
CHORUS.
2d Voice
be for-got, and days o' lang syne? For auld lang
1st Voice.
Bass.



2.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

3.

We twa ha'e paid'lt in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

4.

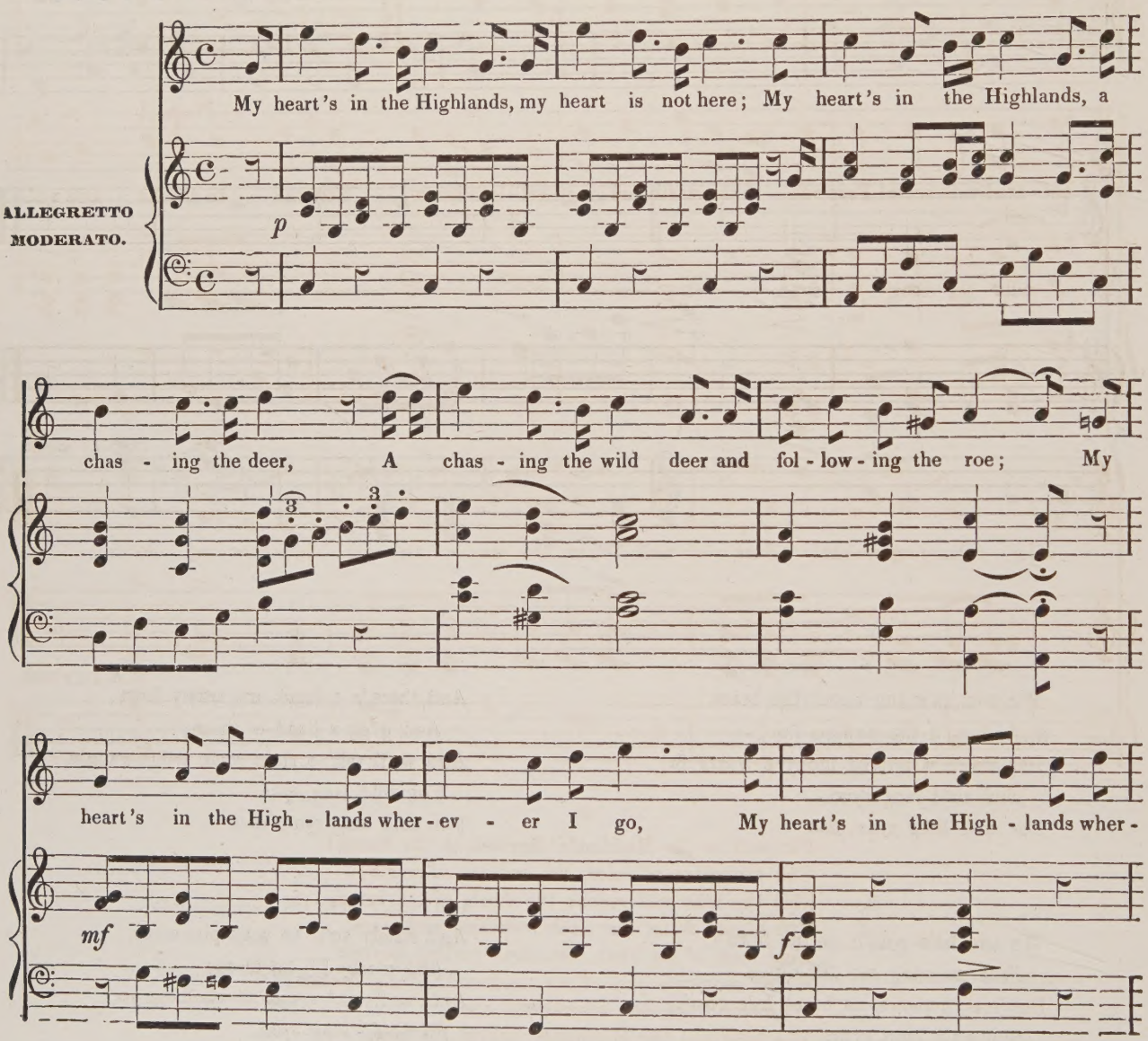
And there 's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a richt gude willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

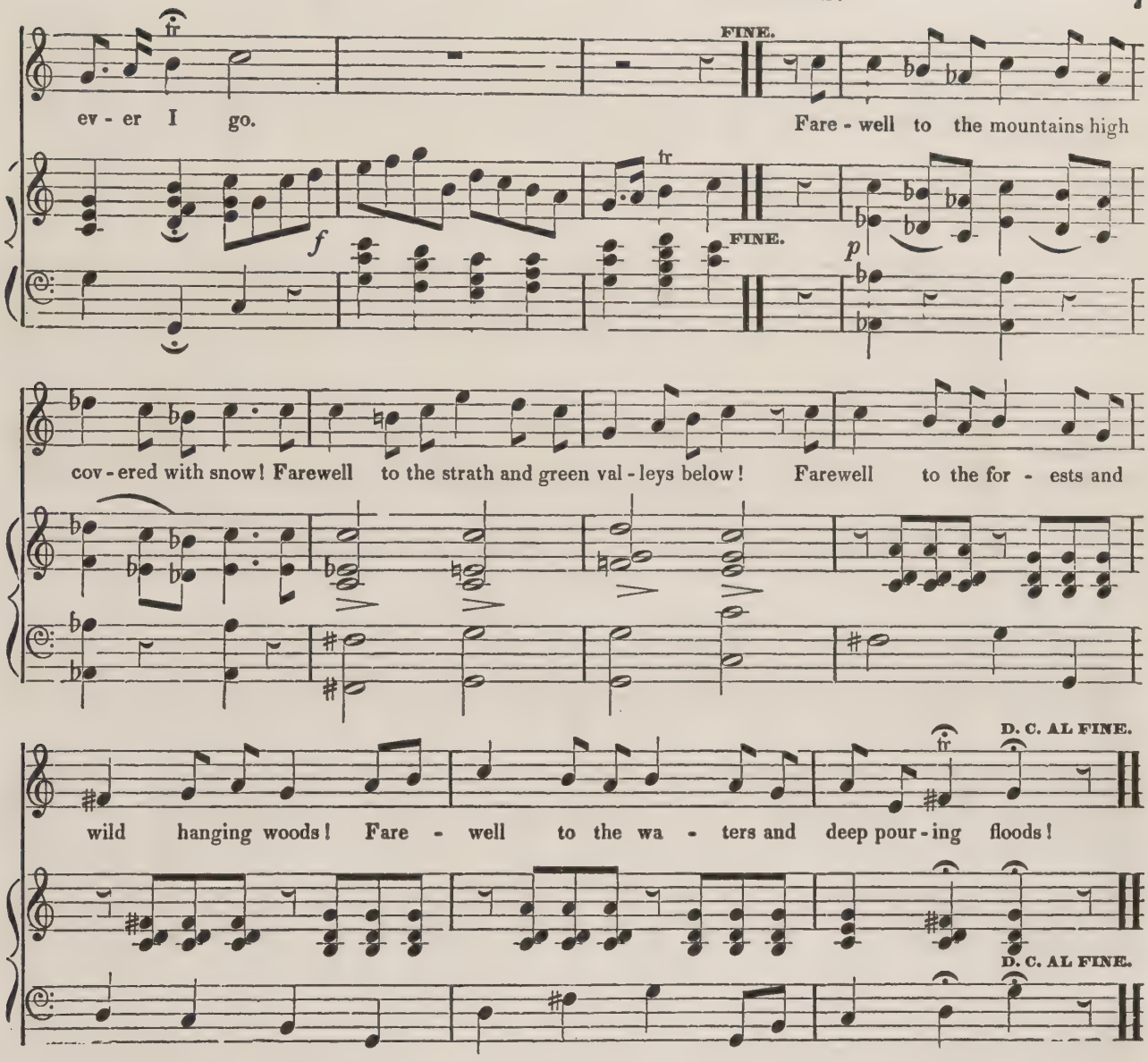
5.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness ye
For auld lang syne
For auld lang syne, &c.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The first four lines of this song belong to an old stall ballad, called "The Strong Walls of Derry;" the rest were added by BURNS.

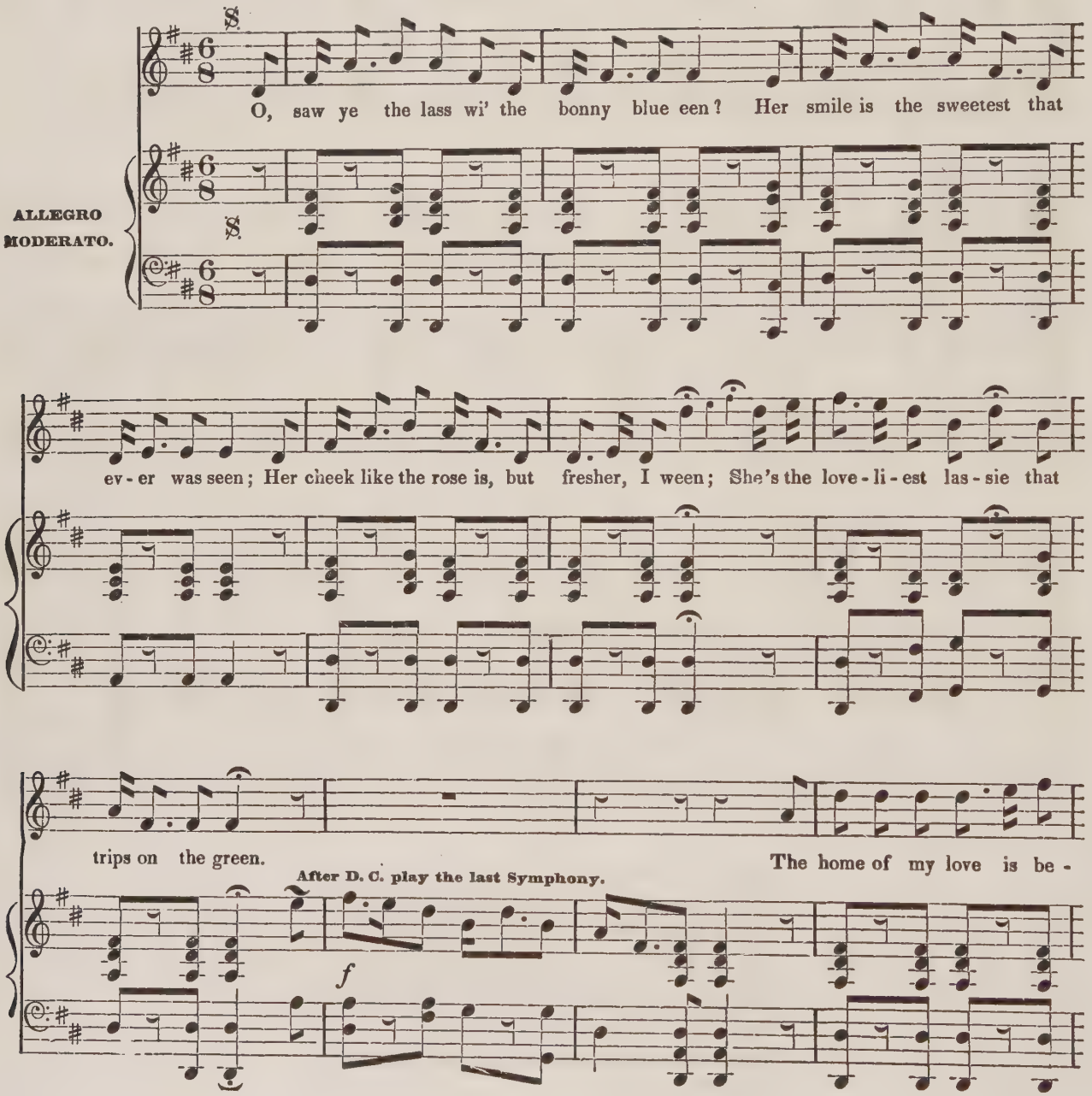
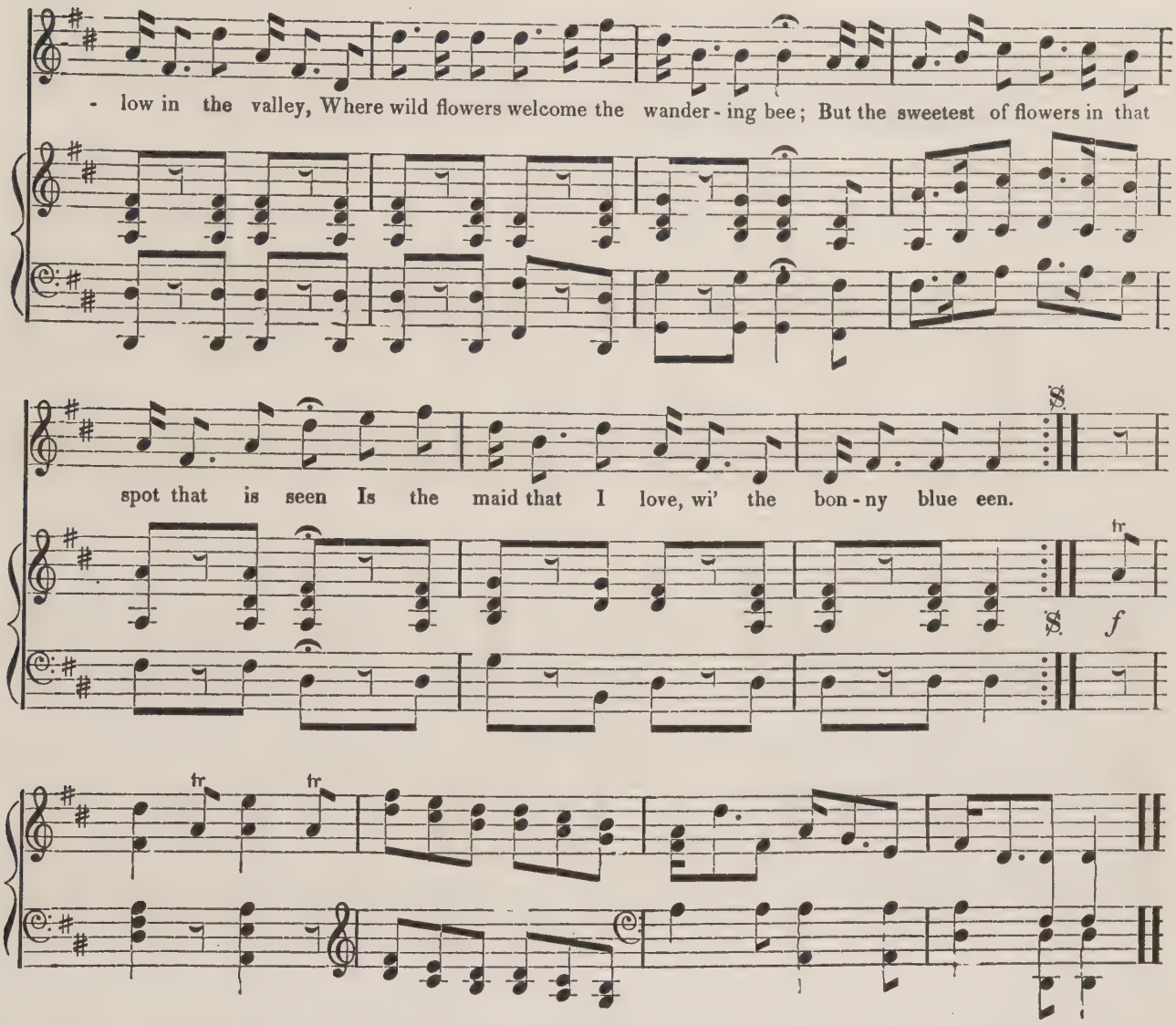
Arranged by S. PEARSON. Music by H. PHILLIPS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the Highlands, a
ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.
p
chas - ing the deer, A chas - ing the wild deer and fol - low - ing the roe; My
heart's in the High - lands wher - ev - er I go, My heart's in the High - lands wher -
mf
f

NOTE. — Published by permission of Mr. J. F. Nunns, proprietor of the copyright

FINE.
ev - er I go.
Fare - well to the mountains high
FINE.
cov - ered with snow! Farewell to the strath and green val - leys below! Farewell to the for - ests and
D. C. AL FINE.
wild hanging woods! Fare - well to the wa - ters and deep pour - ing floods!
D. C. AL FINE.

2.

Farewell to the Highlands! farewell to the North!
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
May thy hills still reëcho the deeds of the brave,
Till liberty floats o'er each mountain and wave.
Dear land of my birth, thy clear purling streams
Recall moments past of my childhood's young dreams;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills and the Highlands forever I'll love.
My heart's, &c

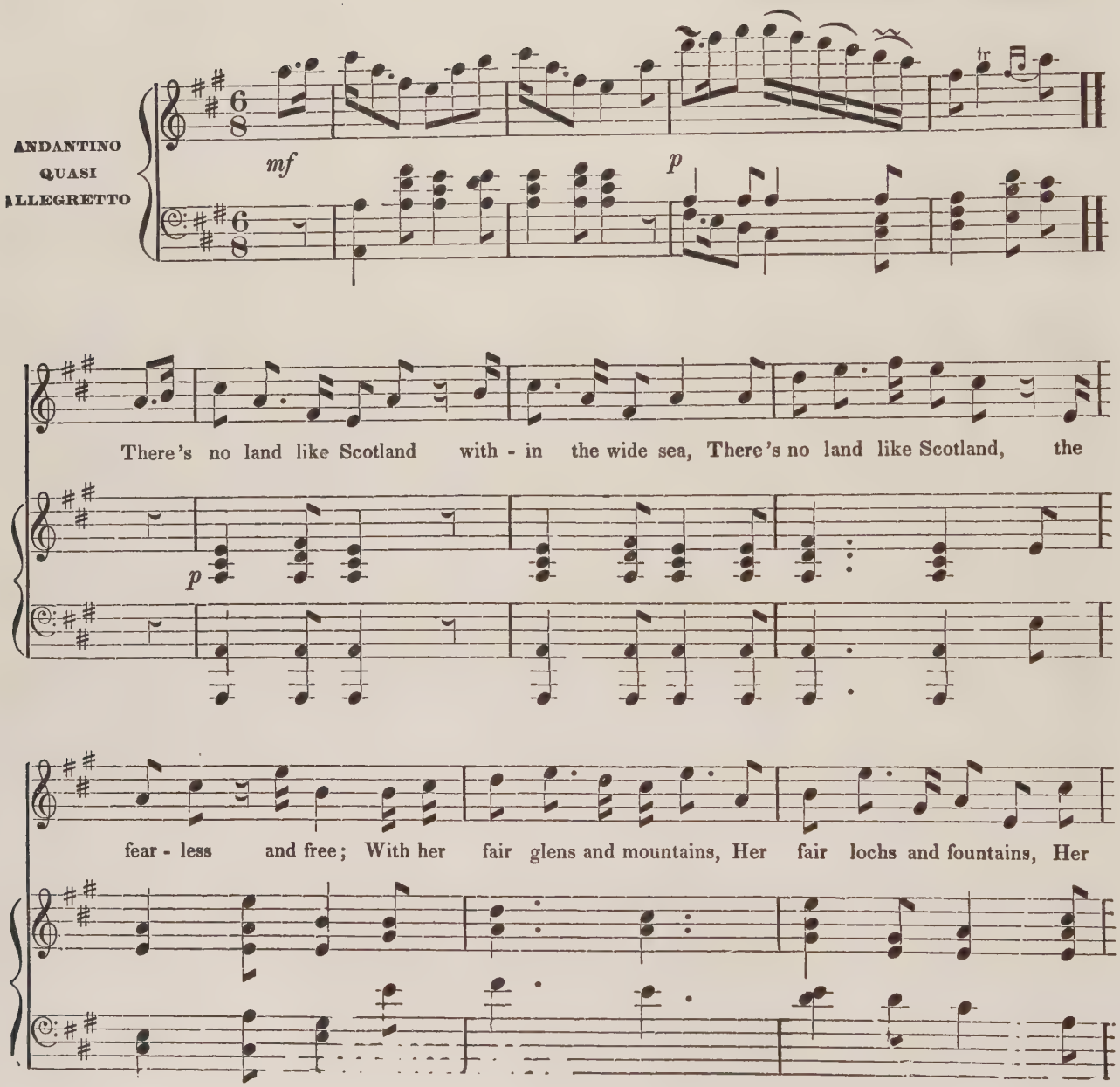
O SAW YE THE LASS WI' THE BONNY BLUE EEN?

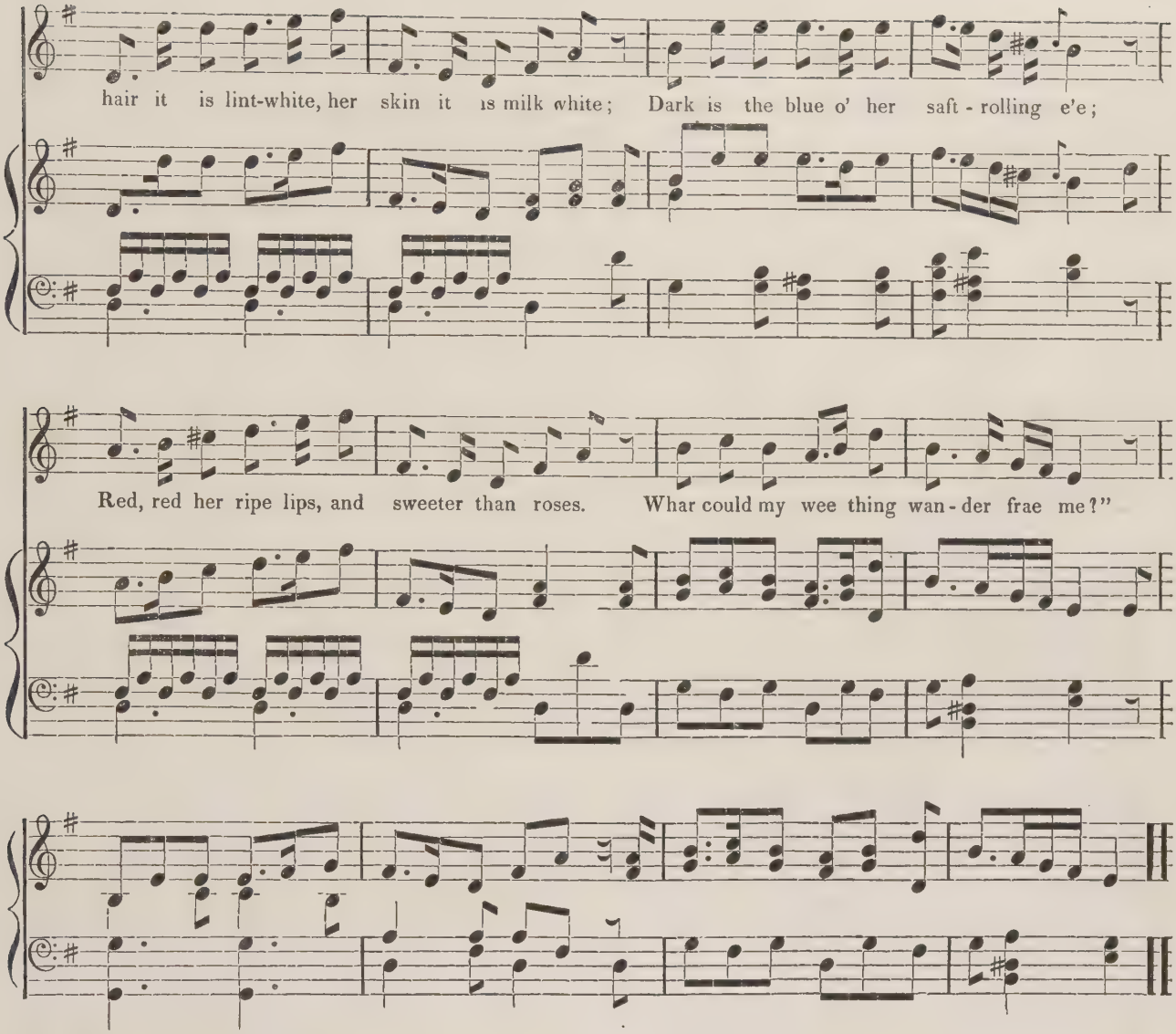
Words by RICHARD RYAN. Arranged by JOHN SINCLAIR.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.
O, saw ye the lass wi' the bonny blue een? Her smile is the sweetest that
ev-er was seen; Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween; She's the love-li-est las-sie that
trips on the green.
The home of my love is be-
After D. C. play the last Symphony.
f

- low in the valley, Where wild flowers welcome the wander - ing bee; But the sweetest of flowers in that
spot that is seen Is the maid that I love, wi' the bon - ny blue een.
f

2.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again;
And when the moon shines on the valley so green,
I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonny blue een.
As the dove, that has wandered away from his nest,
Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene
To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonny blue een
O, saw ye the lass, &c.

THERE'S NO LAND LIKE SCOTLAND.

Music by EDWARD J. LODER.

ANDANTINO
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO
mf
p
tr
There's no land like Scotland with - in the wide sea, There's no land like Scotland, the
p
fear - less and free; With her fair glens and mountains, Her fair lochs and fountains, Her


hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk white; Dark is the blue o' her saft - rolling e'e;
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses. Whar could my wee thing wan - der frae me?"

2.

"I saw your Mary; she 's frae Castle Cary;
I saw your true love down on yon lea;
Proud though her heart is,
And modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me."
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling e'e.
"Ye's rue sair, this morning,
Your boasts and your scorning:—
Defend ye, fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie!"

3

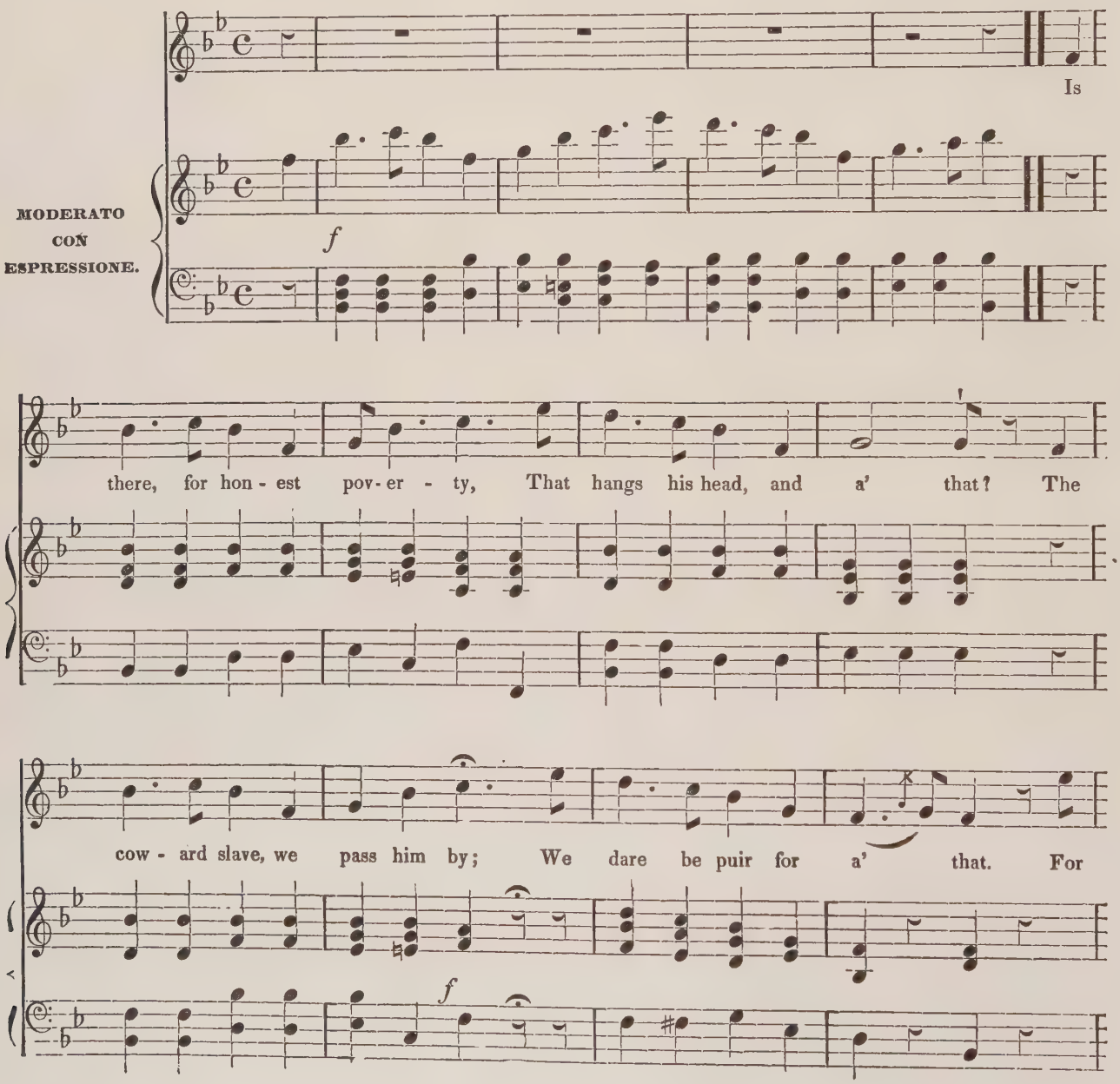
3

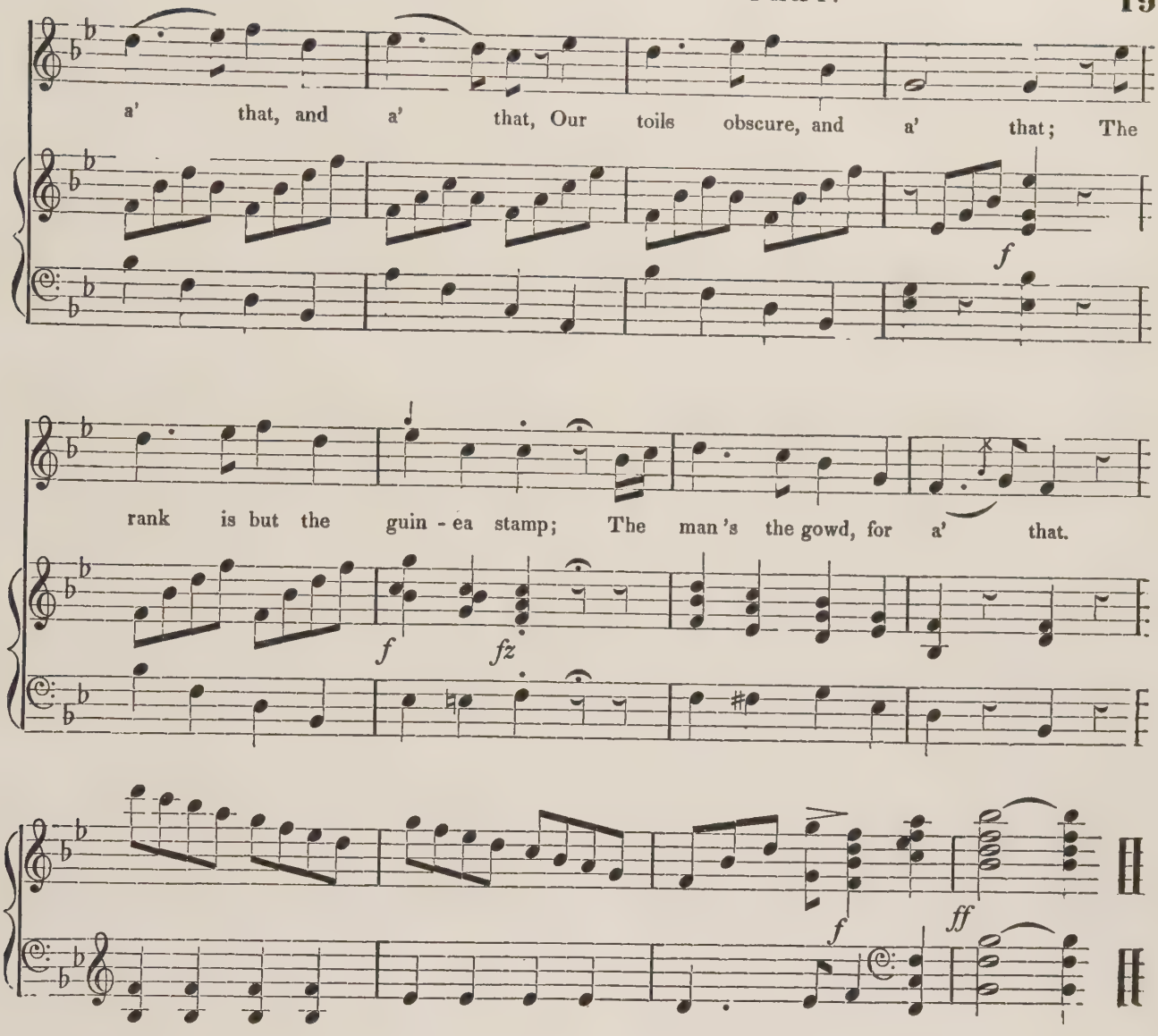
"Awa' wi' beguiling," cried the youth, smiling;
Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing,
Her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
"Is it my wee thing? Is it my ain thing?
Is it my true love, here that I see?"
"O, Jamie, forgie me;
Your heart 's constant to me;
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.'

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Written in 1794, and sent to Thompson's Collection with the following observations:—"A great critic (Aikin) on songs, says that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song, but will be allowed I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."

Words by BURNS. **Arranged by W. R. DEMPSTER.**


Is
MODERATO
CON
ESPRESSIONE.
f
there, for hon - est pov - er - ty, That hangs his head, and a' that? The
cow - ard slave, we pass him by; We dare be puir for a' that. For
f



2.

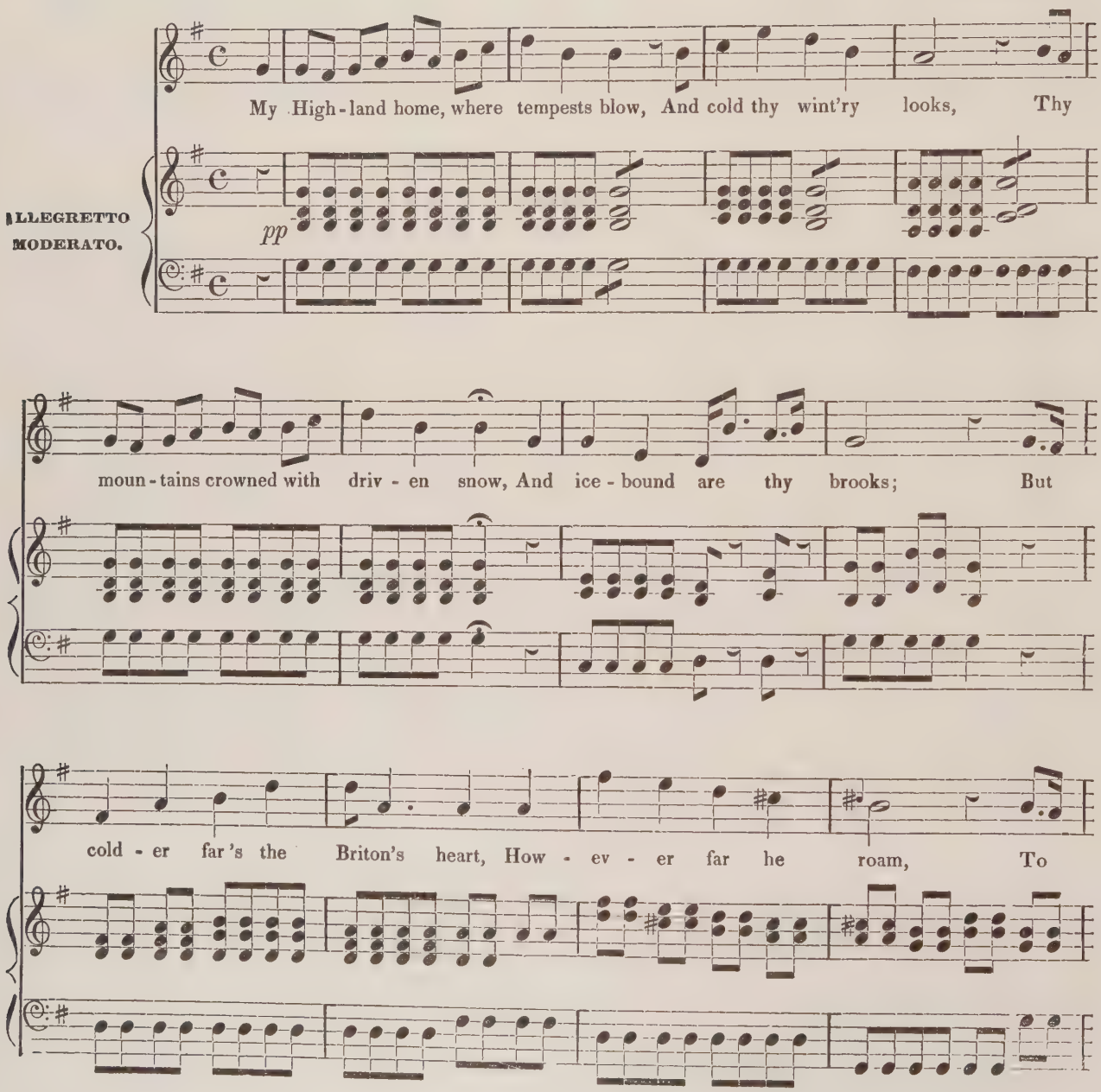
What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A man 's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae puir,
Is king o' men, for a' that.

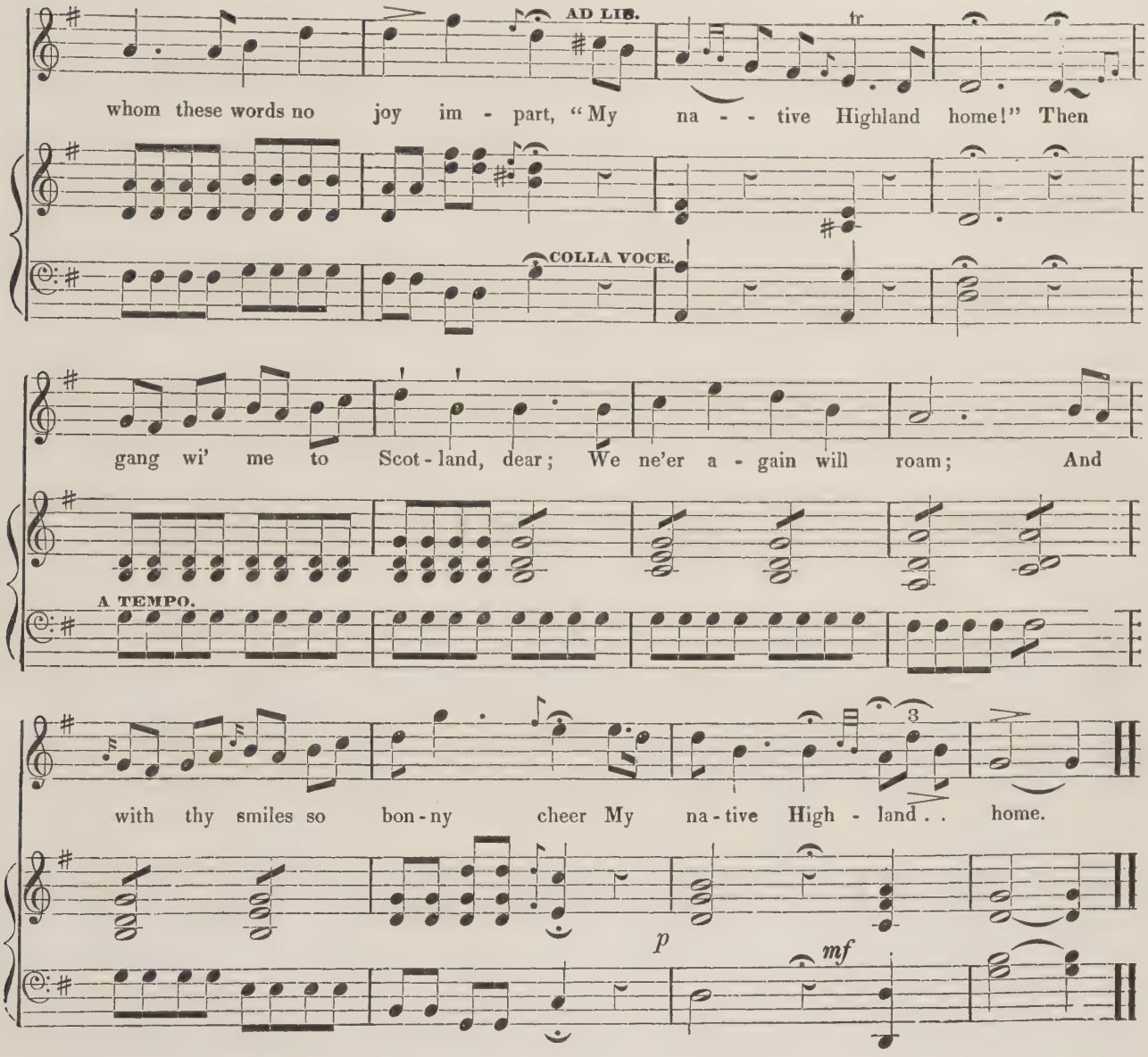
3.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er
Shall brithers be, for a' that.

MY NATIVE HIGHLAND HOME.

Words by MORTON. Music by H. R. BISHOP


My High-land home, where tempests blow, And cold thy wint'ry looks, Thy
ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.
pp
moun-tains crowned with driv-en snow, And ice-bound are thy brooks; But
cold-er far's the Briton's heart, How-ev-er far he roam, To

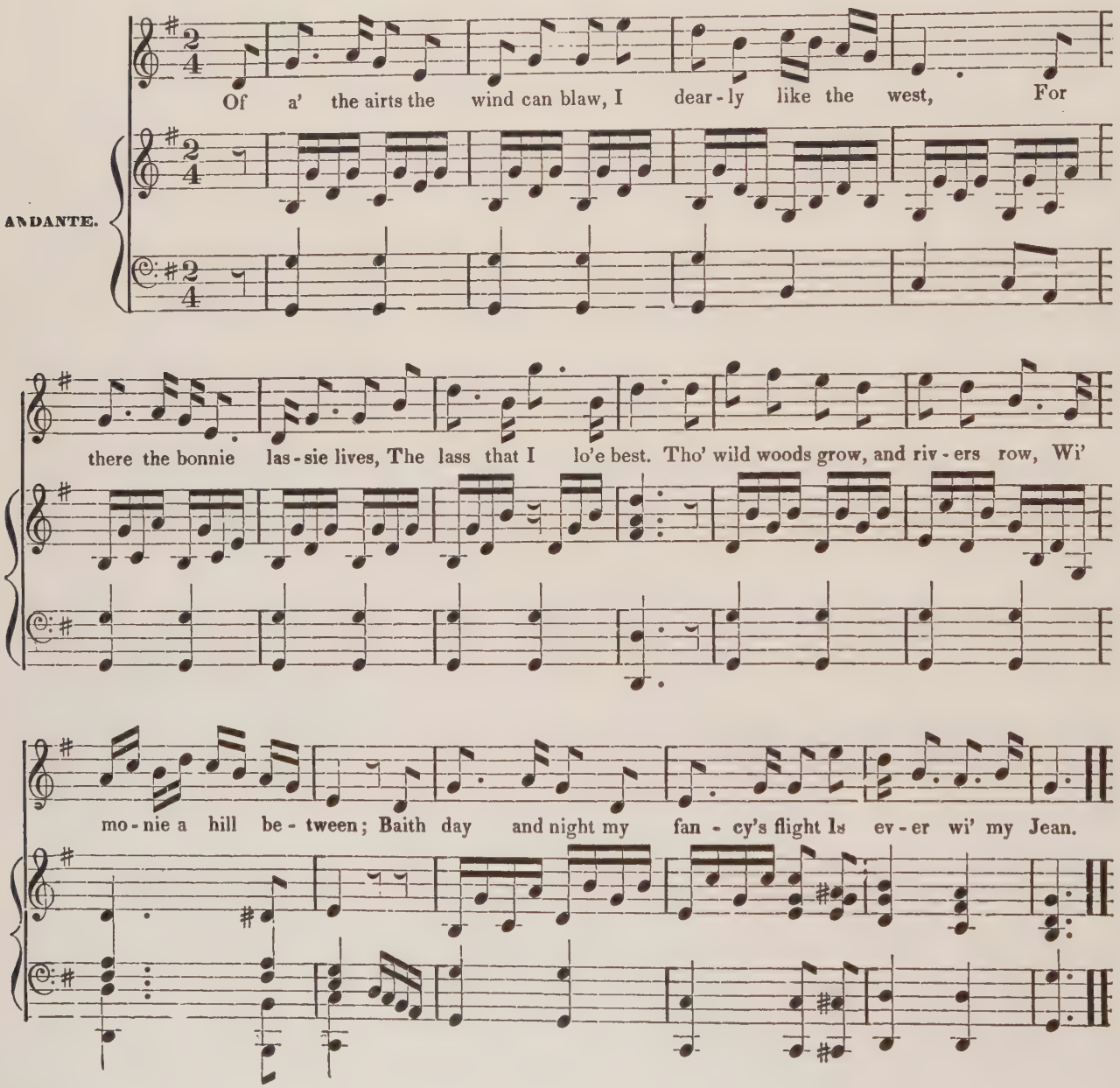

AD LIB.
tr
whom these words no joy im - part, "My na - - tive Highland home!" Then
COLLA VOCE.
gang wi' me to Scot - land, dear; We ne'er a - gain will roam; And
A TEMPO.
with thy smiles so bon - ny cheer My na - tive High - land . . home.
3
p
mf

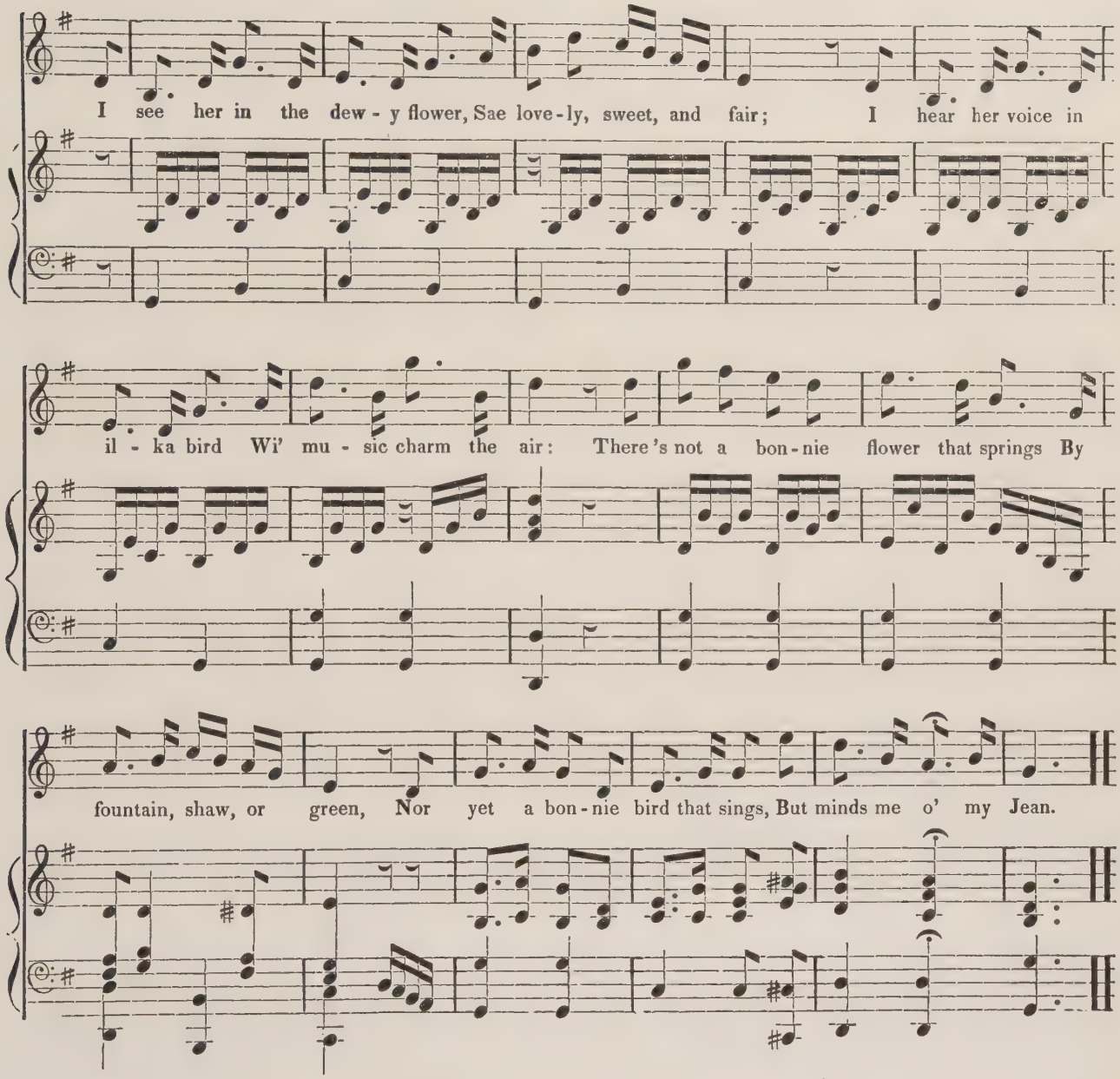
2.

When summer comes, the heather-bell
  Shall tempt thy feet to rove;
The cushat-dove, within the dell,
  Invite to peace and love;
For blithesome is the breath of May,
  And sweet the bonny broom,
And pure the dimpling rills that play
  Around my Highland home.
Then gang wi' me, &c

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

The first two verses of this beautiful song were written by BURNS, in 1788. The concluding stanzas were added, we believe, by WILLIAM REID. The music was composed by WILLIAM MARSHALL, butler to the Duke of Gordon, and called "Miss Gordon's Strathspey." It was partly founded on the old tune "The Lowlands of Holland."


ANDANTE.
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear-ly like the west, For
there the bonnie las-sie lives, The lass that I lo'e best. Tho' wild woods grow, and riv-ers row, Wi'
mo-nie a hill be-tween; Baith day and night my fan-cy's flight Is ev-er wi' my Jean.


I see her in the dew - y flower, Sae love - ly, sweet, and fair; I hear her voice in
il - ka bird Wi' mu - sic charm the air: There 's not a bon - nie flower that springs By
fountain, shaw, or green, Nor yet a bon - nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

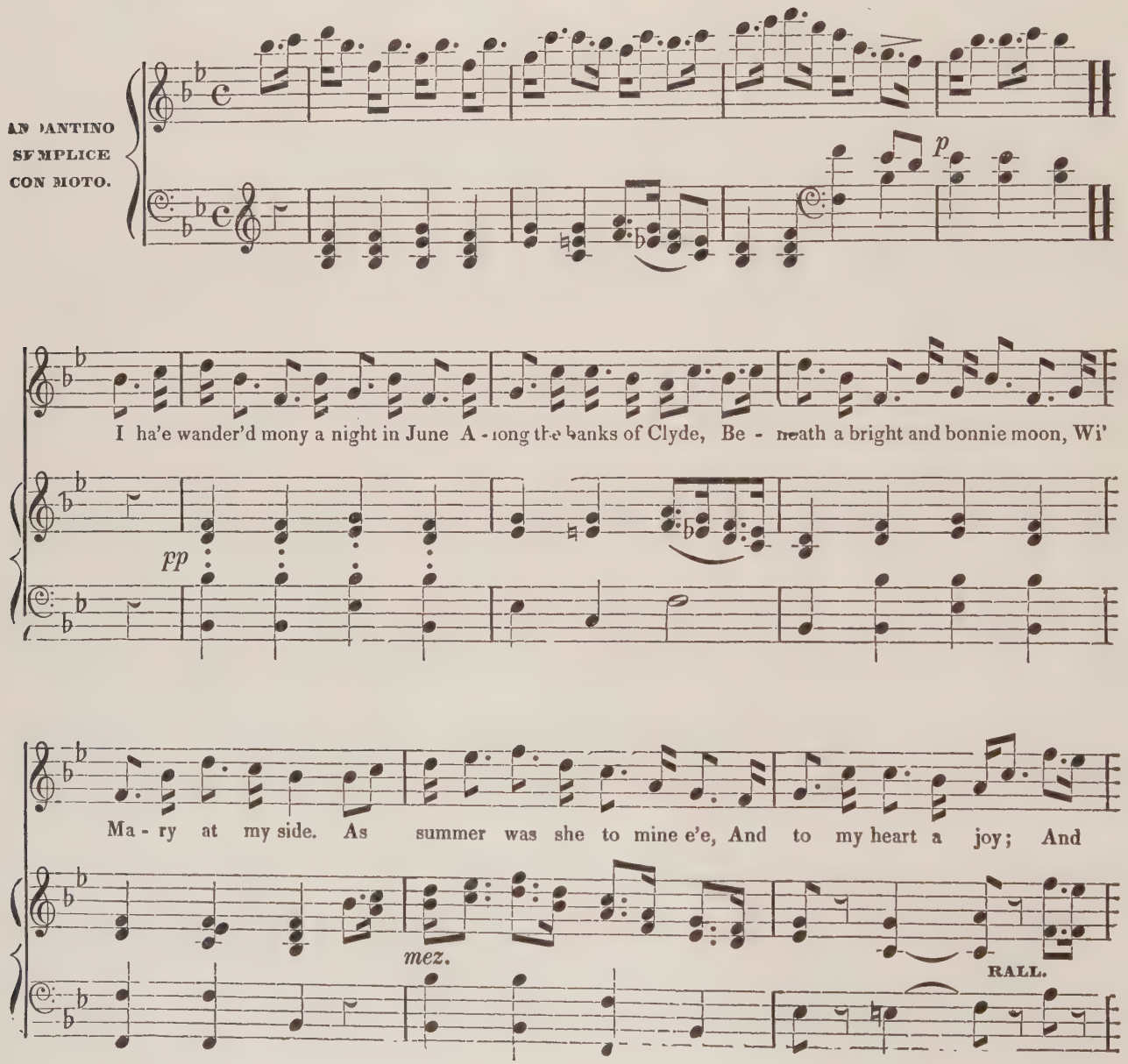
3.

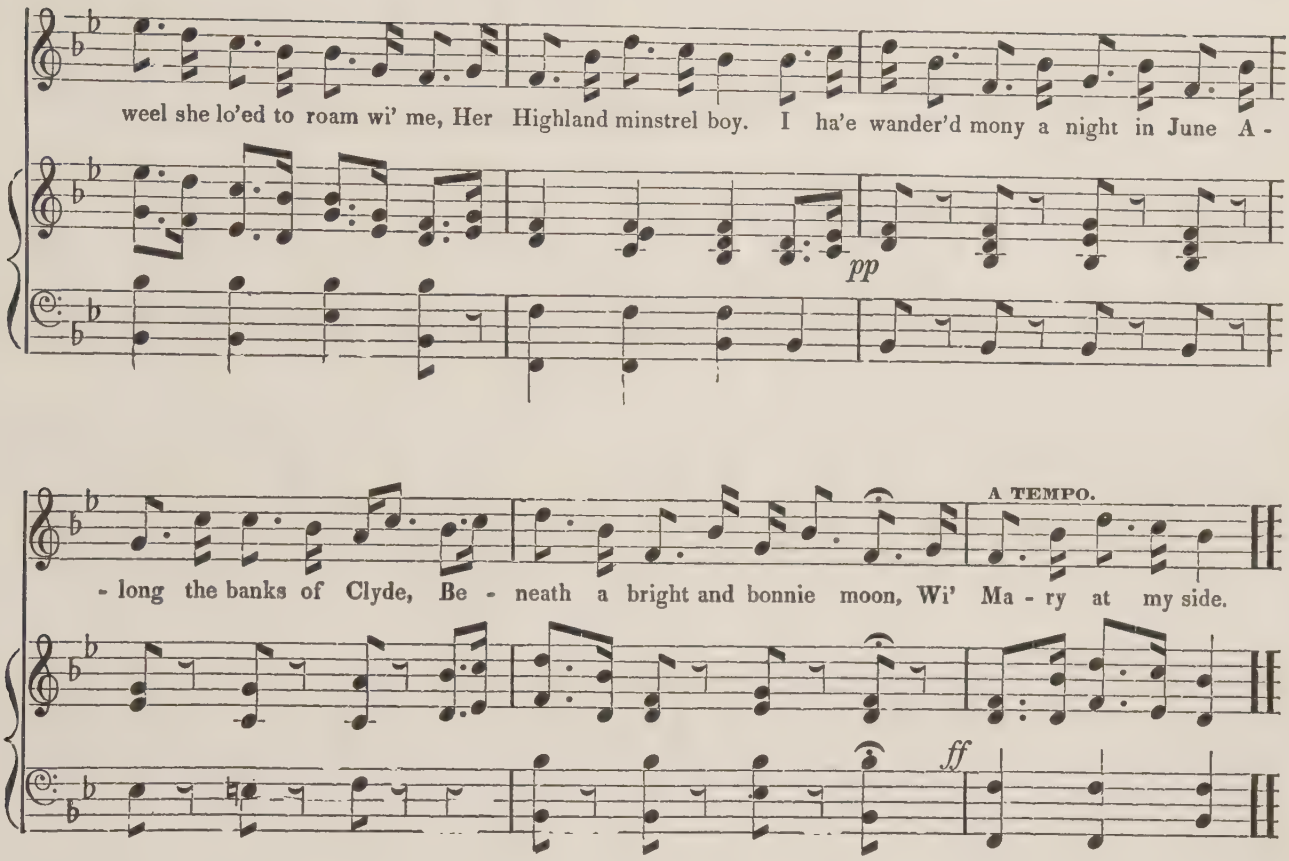
O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me,
That 's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

4.

What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
Hae past atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet, lovely Jean.

THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

Words by HARRY STOE VAN DYK. Music by JOHN BARNETT.

AN DANTINO
SEMPLICE
CON MOTO.
p
I ha'e wander'd mony a night in June A - long the banks of Clyde, Be - neath a bright and bonnie moon, Wi'
pp
Ma - ry at my side. As summer was she to mine e'e, And to my heart a joy; And
mez.
RALL.


weel she lo'ed to roam wi' me, Her Highland minstrel boy. I ha'e wander'd mony a night in June A -
pp
- long the banks of Clyde, Be - neath a bright and bonnie moon, Wi' Ma - ry at my side.
A TEMPO.
ff

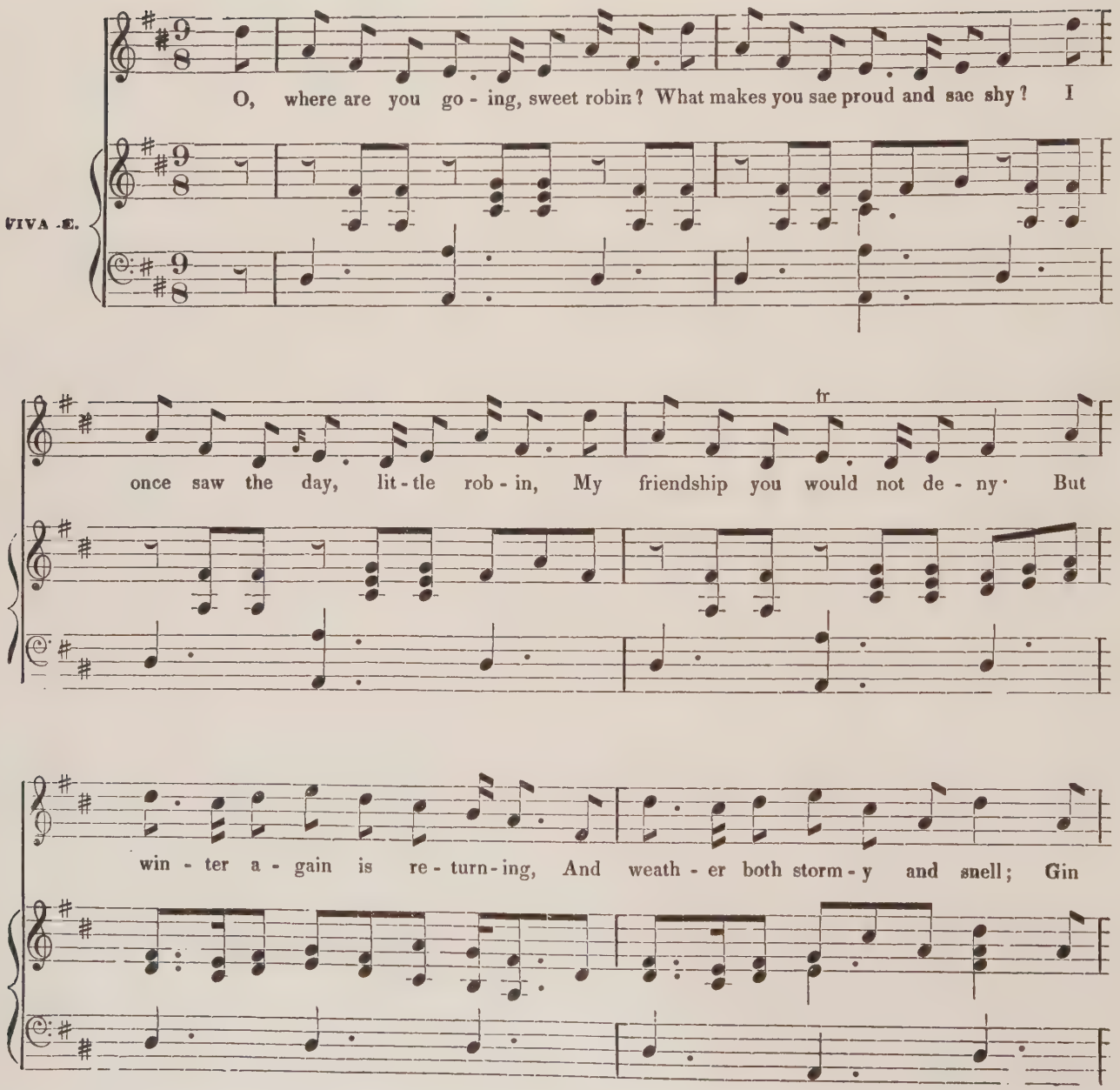
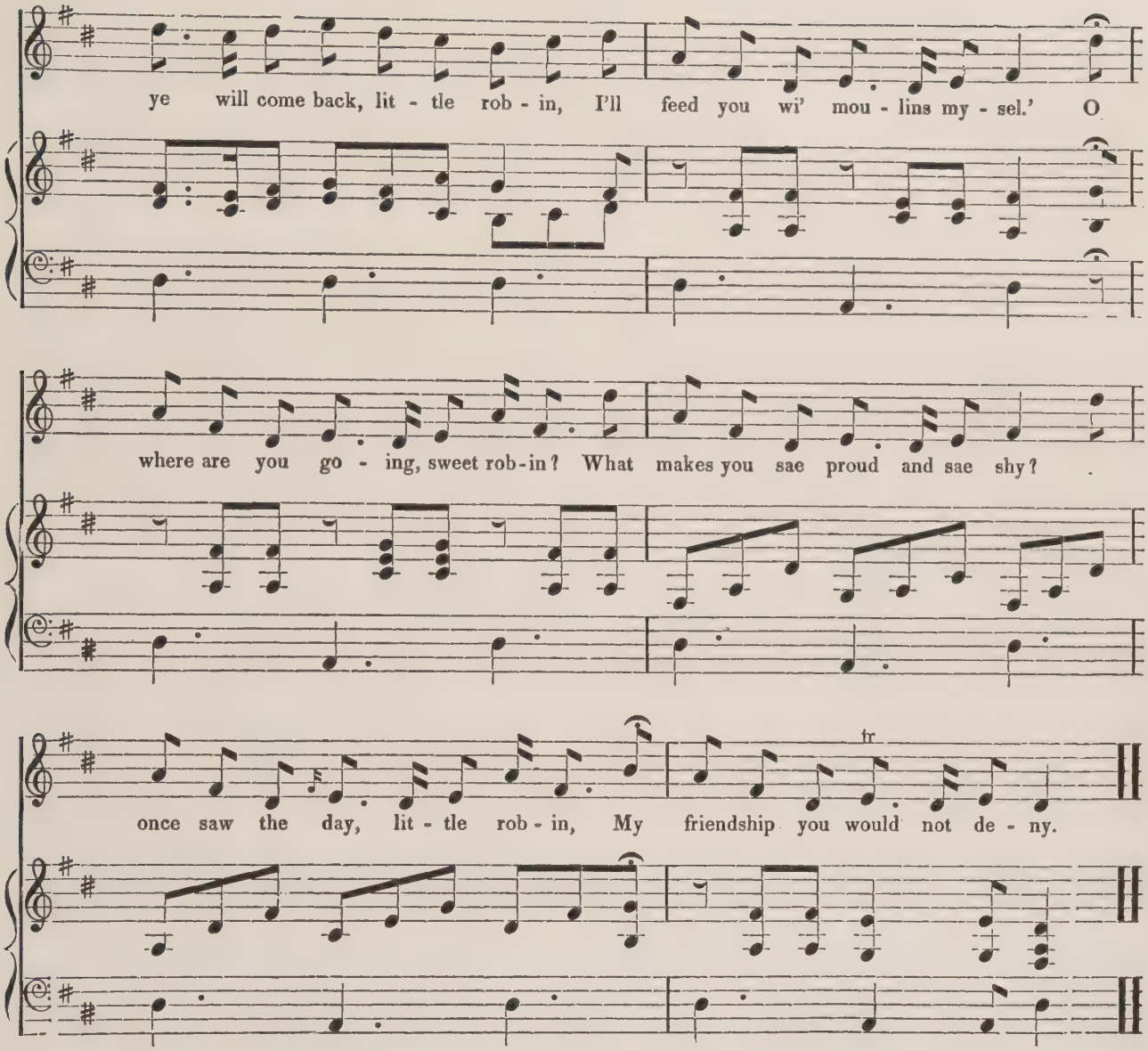
2.

O, her presence could on every star
New brilliancy confer;
And I thought the flowers were sweeter far
When they were seen with her.
Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,
Her glance was full o' joy;
And, O, her heart was true to me,
Her Highland minstrel boy.
O, her presence, &c.

3.

I ha'e played to ladies fair and gay,
In mony a southron hall;
But there was one, far, far away,
A world above them all.
And now, though weary years have fled,
I think, wi' mournful joy,
Upon the time when Mary wed
Her Highland minstrel boy.
I ha'e played, &c.

SWEET ROBIN.

It is not known who was the author either of the words or the music of this ballad.

O, where are you go - ing, sweet robin? What makes you sae proud and sae shy? I
VIVA -E.
tr
once saw the day, lit - tle rob - in, My friendship you would not de - ny· But
win - ter a - gain is re - turn - ing, And weath - er both storm - y and snell; Gin

ye will come back, lit - tle rob - in, I'll feed you wi' mou - lins my - sel.' O
where are you go - ing, sweet rob-in? What makes you sae proud and sae shy?
fr
once saw the day, lit - tle rob - in, My friendship you would not de - ny.

2.

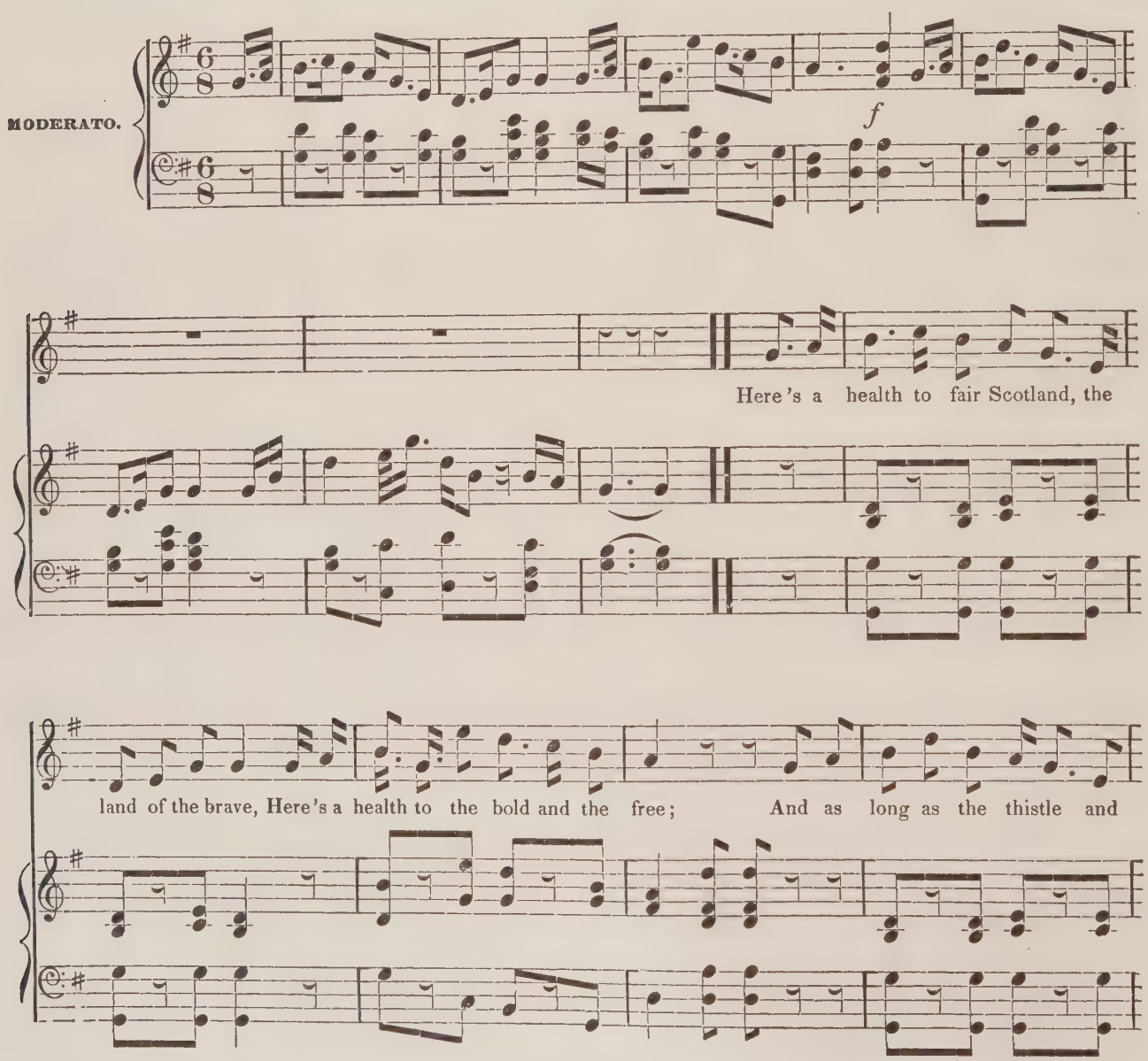
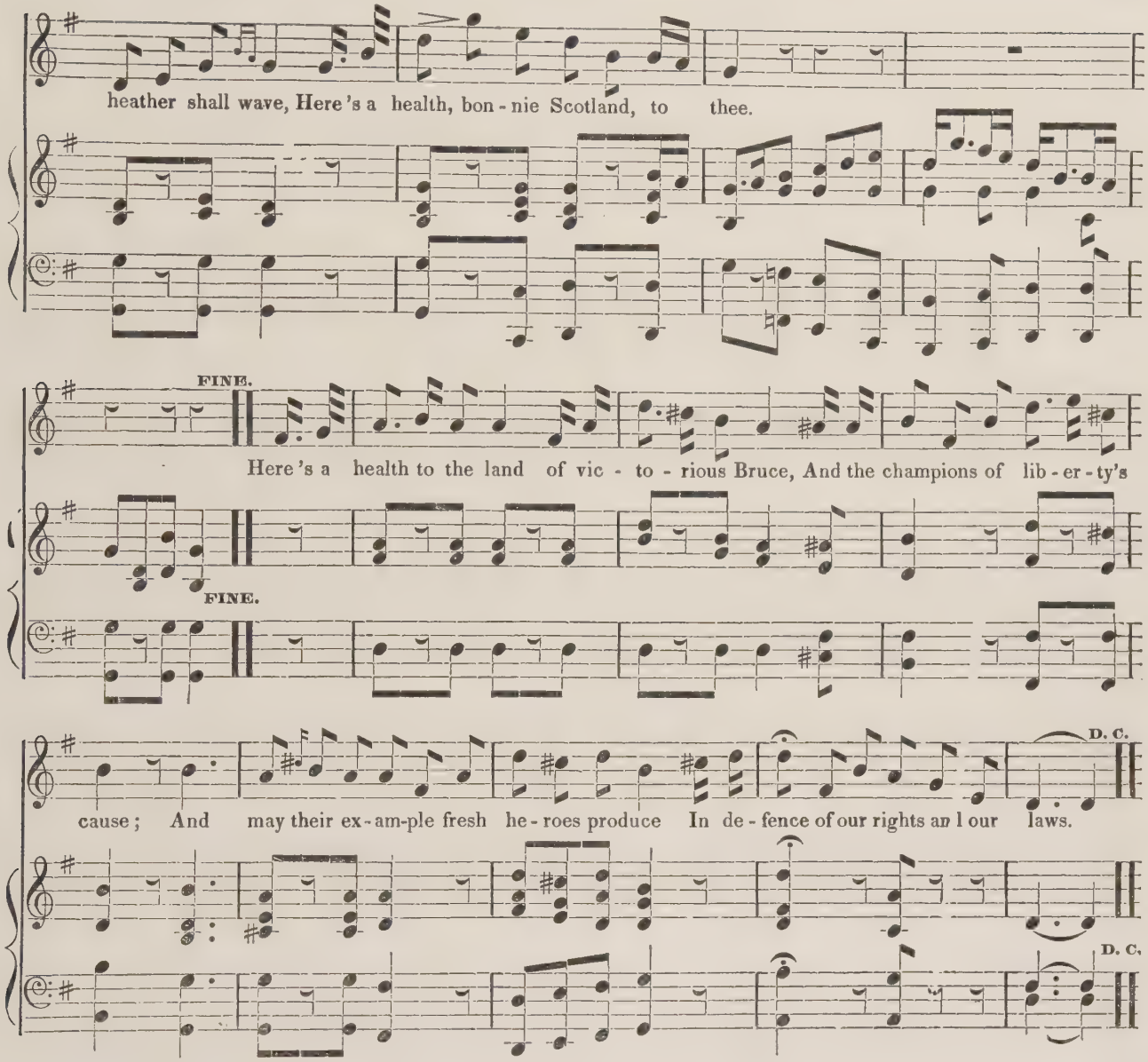
When summer comes in, little robin
Forgets all his friends and his care;
Away to the fields flies sweet robin,
To wander the groves here and there.
Though you be my debtor, sweet robin,
On you I will never lay blame;
For I've had as dear friends as robin,
Who often have served me the same.
O where are you going, &c.

3.

I once had a lover like robin,
Who long for my love did implore;
At last he took flight, just like robin,
And him I ne'er saw any more.
But should the stern blast of misfortune
Return him, as winter does thee,
Though slighted by both, little robin,
Yet both of your faults I'll forgie.
O, where are you going, &c.

HERE'S A HEALTH, BONNIE SCOTLAND, TO THEE.

Words by W. H. FREEMAN. Music by ALEXANDER LEE.


MODERATO.
f
Here's a health to fair Scotland, the
land of the brave, Here's a health to the bold and the free; And as long as the thistle and

heather shall wave, Here's a health, bon-nie Scotland, to thee.
FINE.
Here's a health to the land of vic-to-rious Bruce, And the champions of lib-er-ty's
FINE.
cause; And may their ex-am-ple fresh he-roes produce In de-fence of our rights an l our laws.
D. C.
D. C.

2.

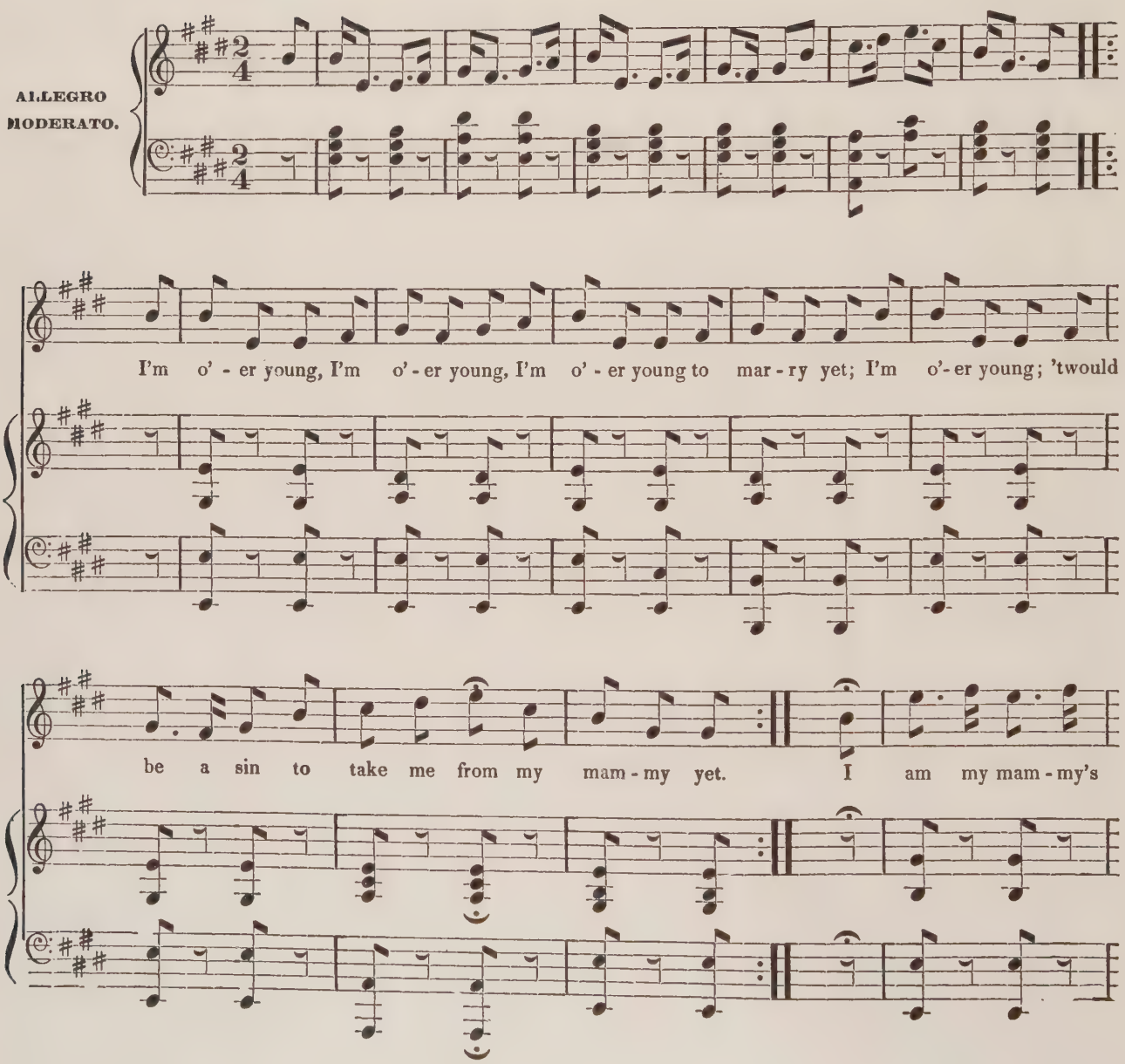
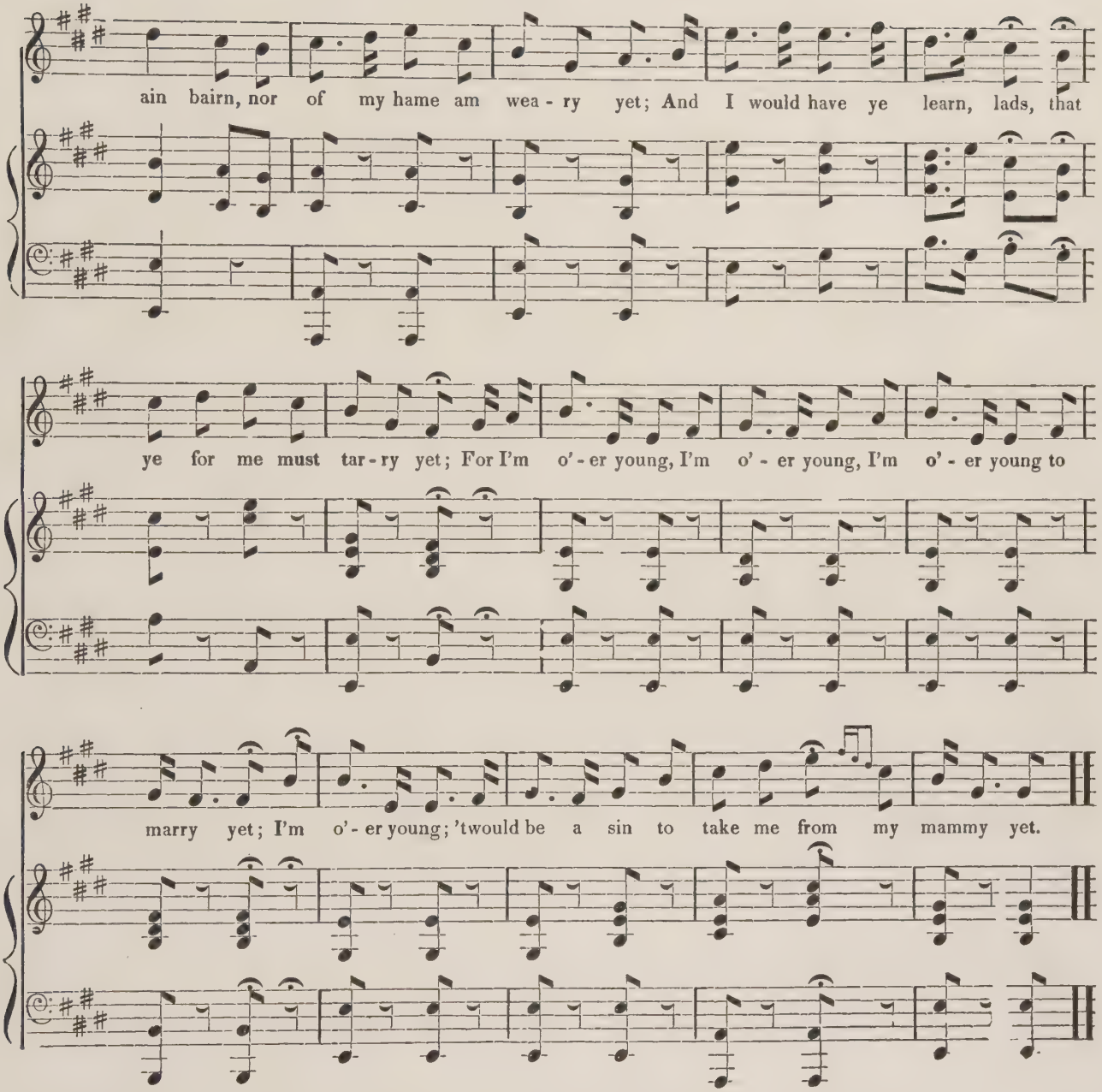
Here's a health to the land where bold Wallace unfurled
His bright banner of conquest and fame:
The terror of foeman, the pride of the world,
Long may Scotland hold dearly his name.
And still, like their fathers, our brothers are true,
And their valor with pleasure we see;
Of he wreaths that were won at renowned Waterloo
T:er: 's a bough of the laurel for thee.
Here's a health, &c

3.

Here's success to the shamrock, the thistle, the rose
May they ever in harmony twine;
And should wily discord again interpose,
Let us challenge each other in wine;
For while we're united foes threaten in vain,
And their daring our fame shall increase
Till the banner of victory, o'er land and main
Triumphant, is waving in peace
Here's a health, &c.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Arranged by A. LEE.

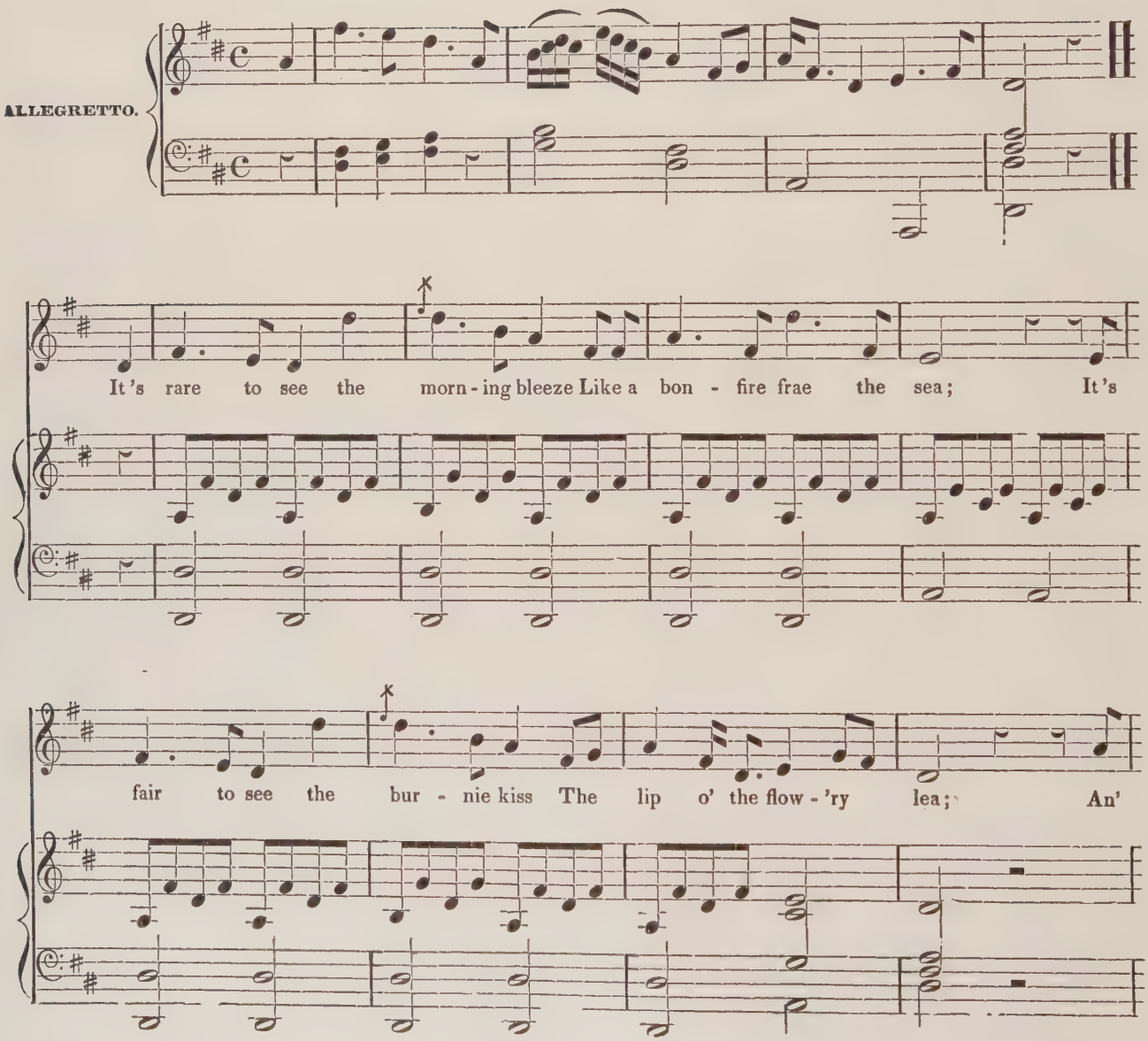

ALLEGRO MODERATO.
I'm o' - er young, I'm o' - er young, I'm o' - er young to mar - ry yet; I'm o' - er young; 'twould
be a sin to take me from my mam - my yet. I am my mam - my's

ain bairn, nor of my hame am wea - ry yet; And I would have ye learn, lads, that
ye for me must tar - ry yet; For I'm o' - er young, I'm o' - er young, I'm o' - er young to
marry yet; I'm o' - er young; 'twould be a sin to take me from my mammy yet.

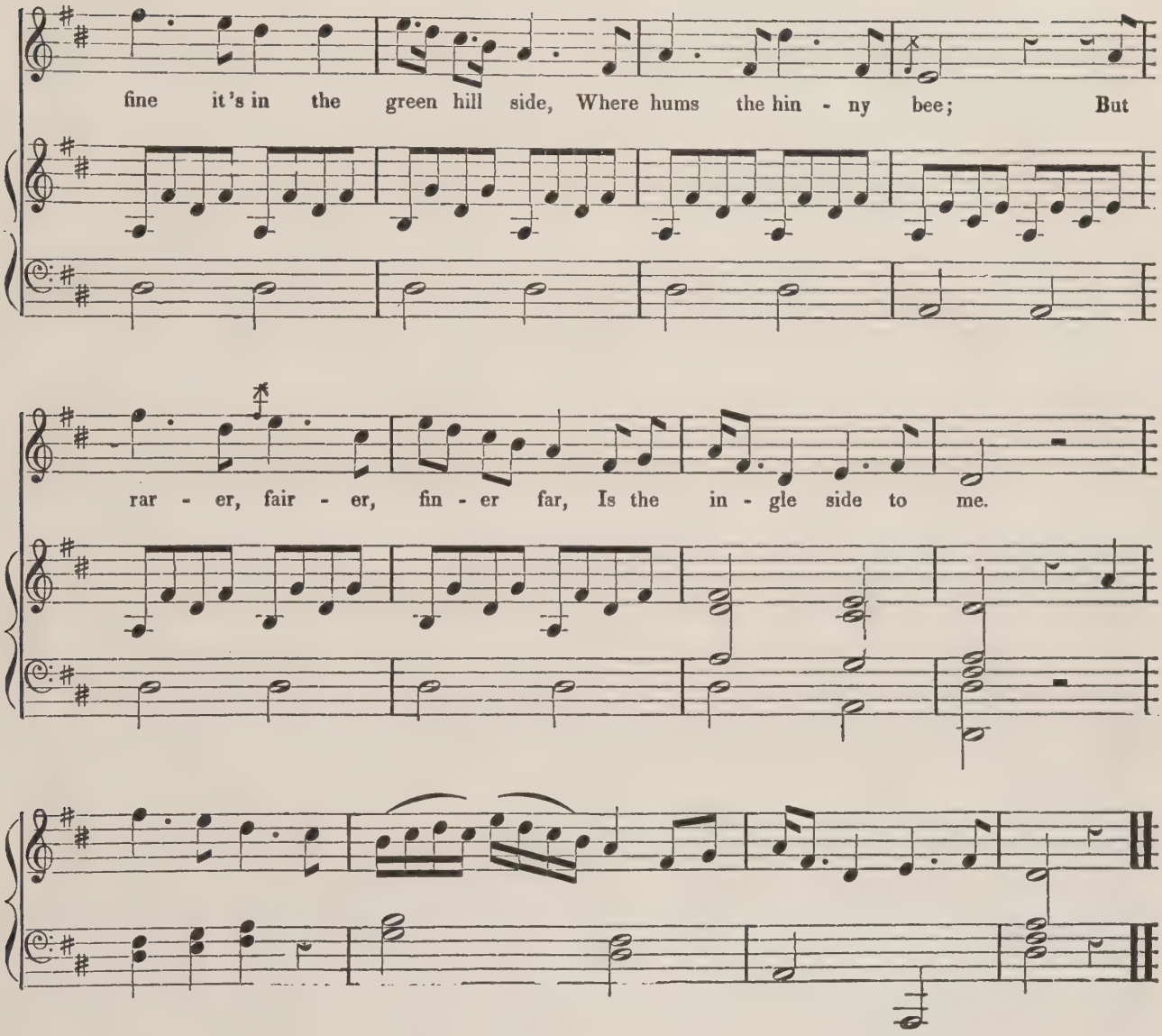
2.

:‖: I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young; 'twould be a sin to take me from my mammy yet. :‖:
I ha'e had my ain way; none dare to contradict me yet;
So soon to say I wad obey, in truth I dare not venture yet.
For I'm o'er young, &c

THE INGLE SIDE.

Words by HUGH AINSLIE. Music by T. V. WIESENTHAL.


ALLEGRETTO.
It's rare to see the morn - ing bleeze Like a bon - fire frae the sea; It's
fair to see the bur - nie kiss The lip o' the flow - 'ry lea; An'



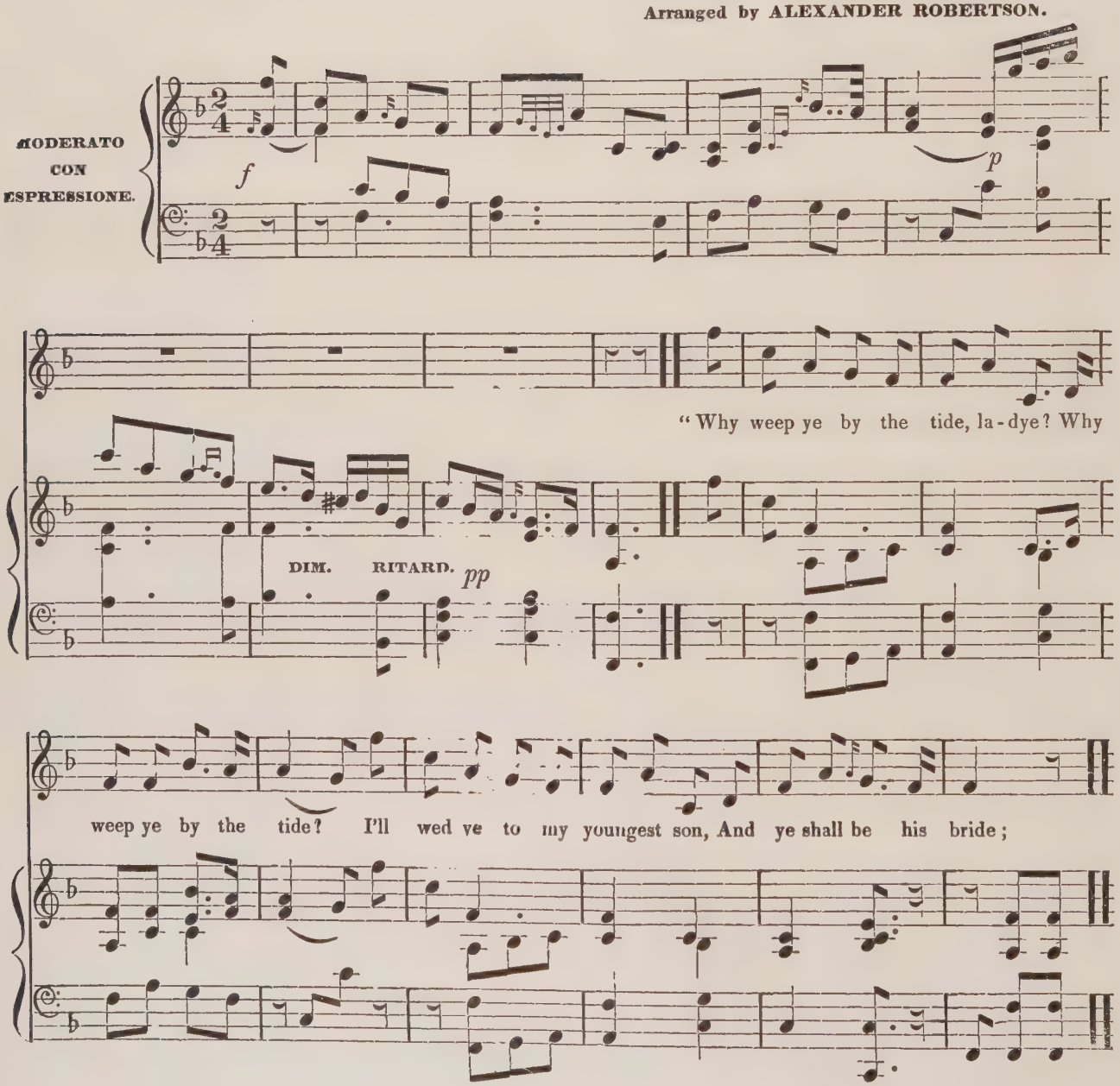
2.

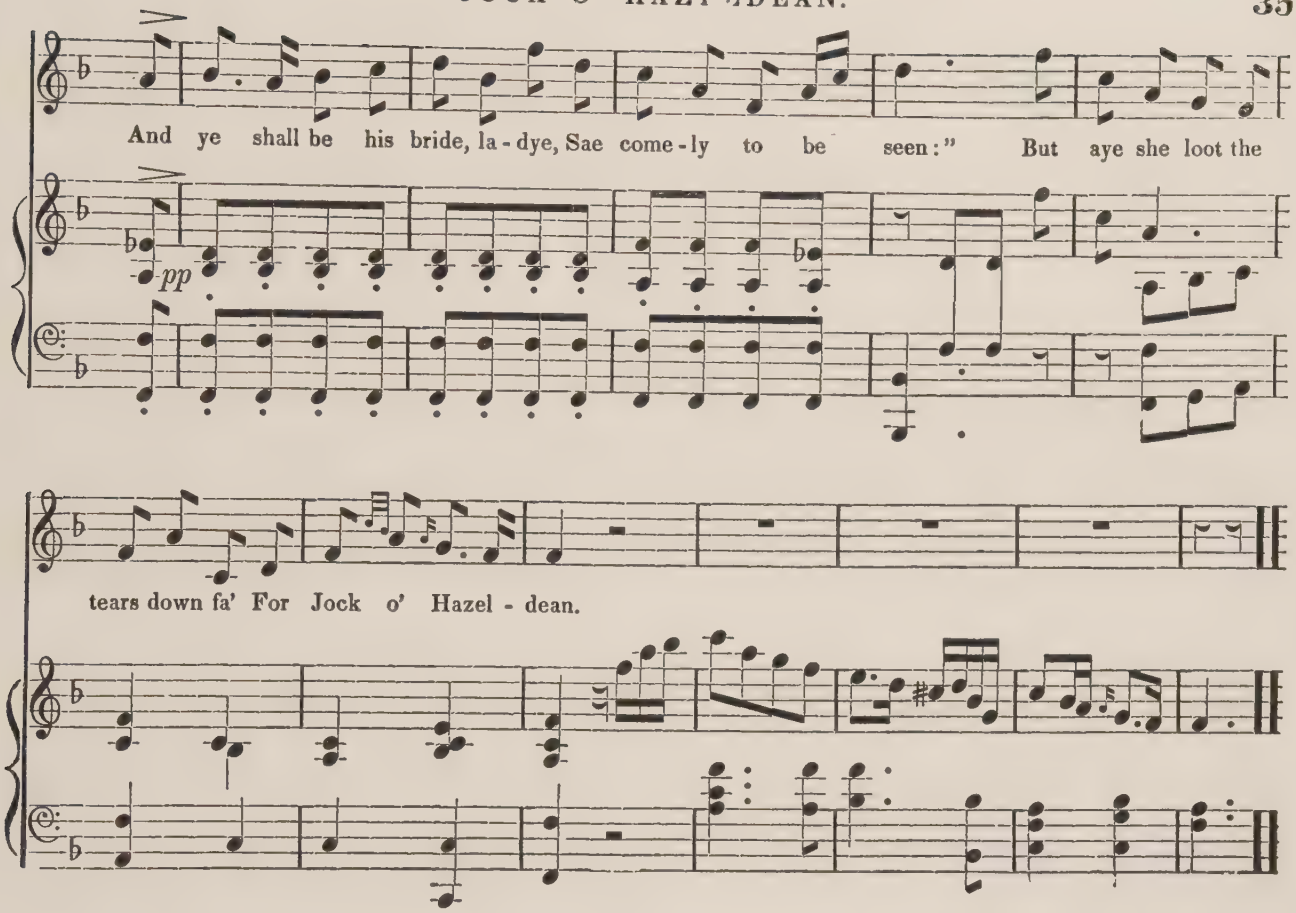
Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree,
And haughs ha'e a' the scented ware
That simmer growth can gi'e:
But the canty hearth, where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e,
That mak's to us a warl complete,
O, the ingle side's for me!

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Written by Sir Walter Scott, for Albyn's Anthology, a Collection of Highland Airs, edited by Alexander Campbell

Arranged by ALEXANDER ROBERTSON.





2.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord o' Langley-dale;
His step is first in peacefu' ha',
His sword in battle keen:"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

3.

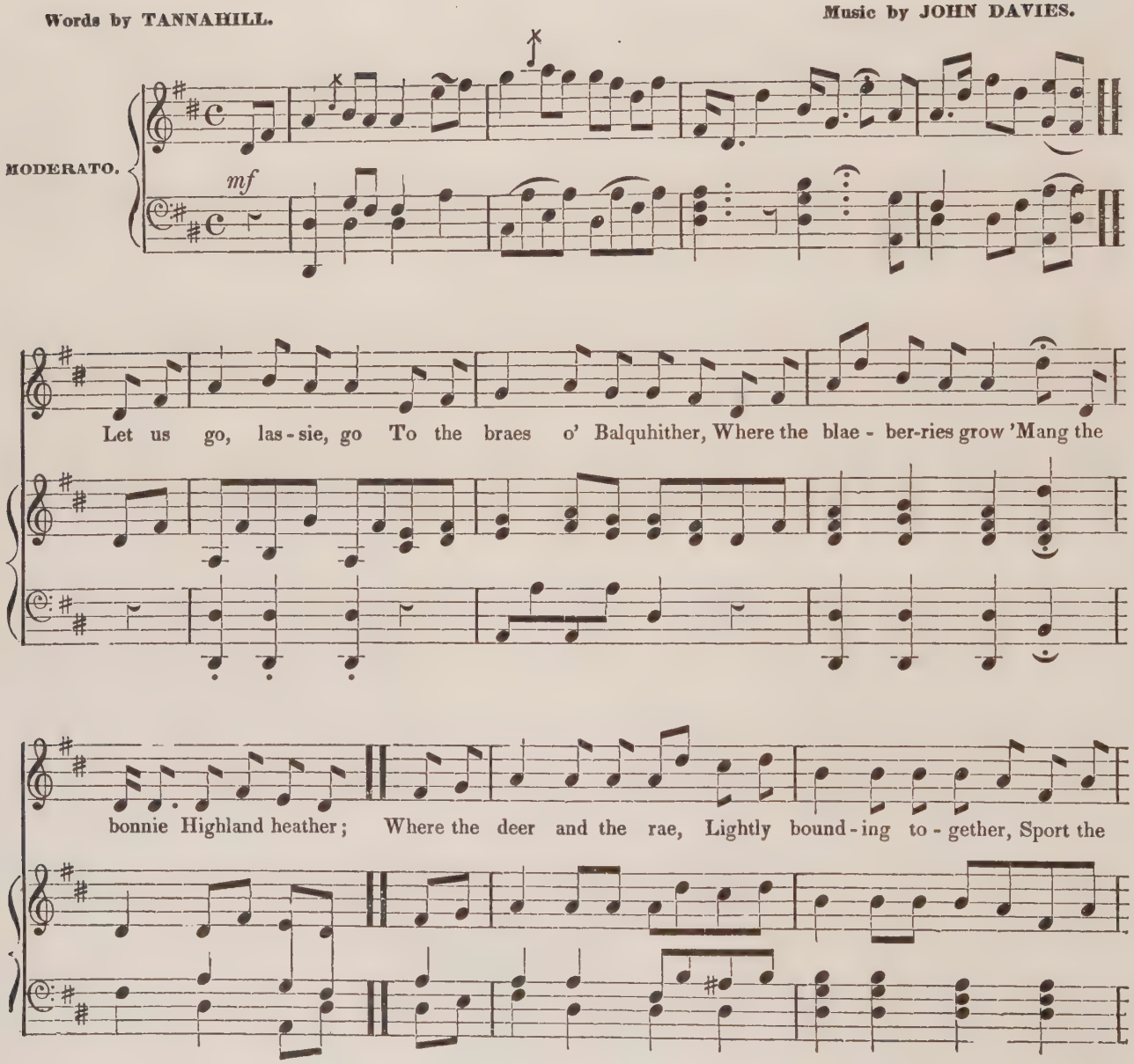
"A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen:"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

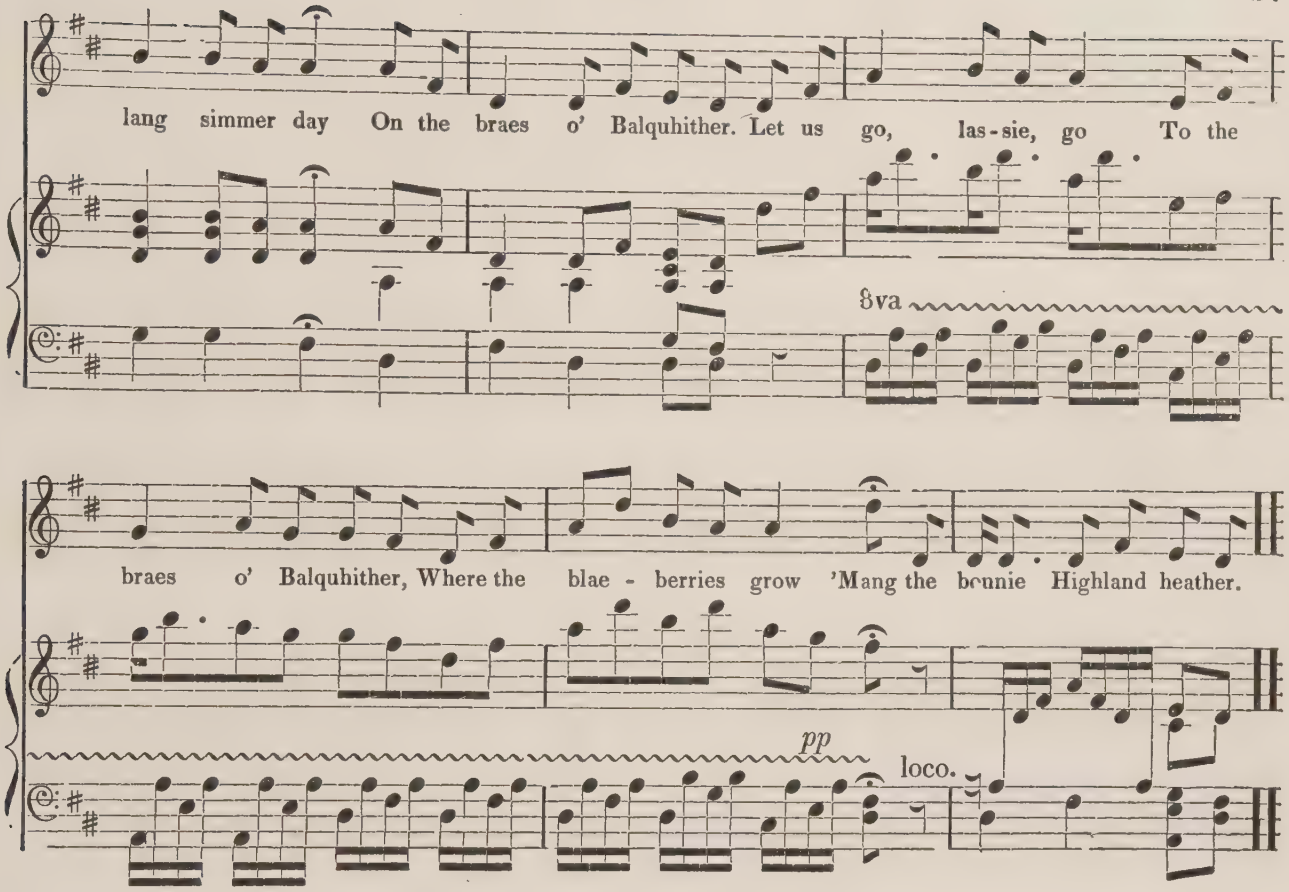
4.

The kirk was decked at morning tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight were there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha'
The ladye was not seen:—
She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

Words by TANNAHILL. Music by JOHN DAVIES.


MODERATO.
mf
Let us go, las-sie, go To the braes o' Balquhither, Where the blae-ber-ries grow 'Mang the
bonnie Highland heather; Where the deer and the rae, Lightly bound-ing to-gether, Sport the


lang simmer day On the braes o' Balquhither. Let us go, las-sie, go To the
8va
braes o' Balquhither, Where the blae - berries grow 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather.
pp
loco.

2.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
I'll range through the wilds,
And the steep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

3.

While the lads o' the South
Toil for bare war'ly treasure,
To the lads o' the North
Every day brings its pleasure:
Though simple are the joys
The brave Highlander possesses,
Yet he feels no annoys,
For he fears no distresses

4.

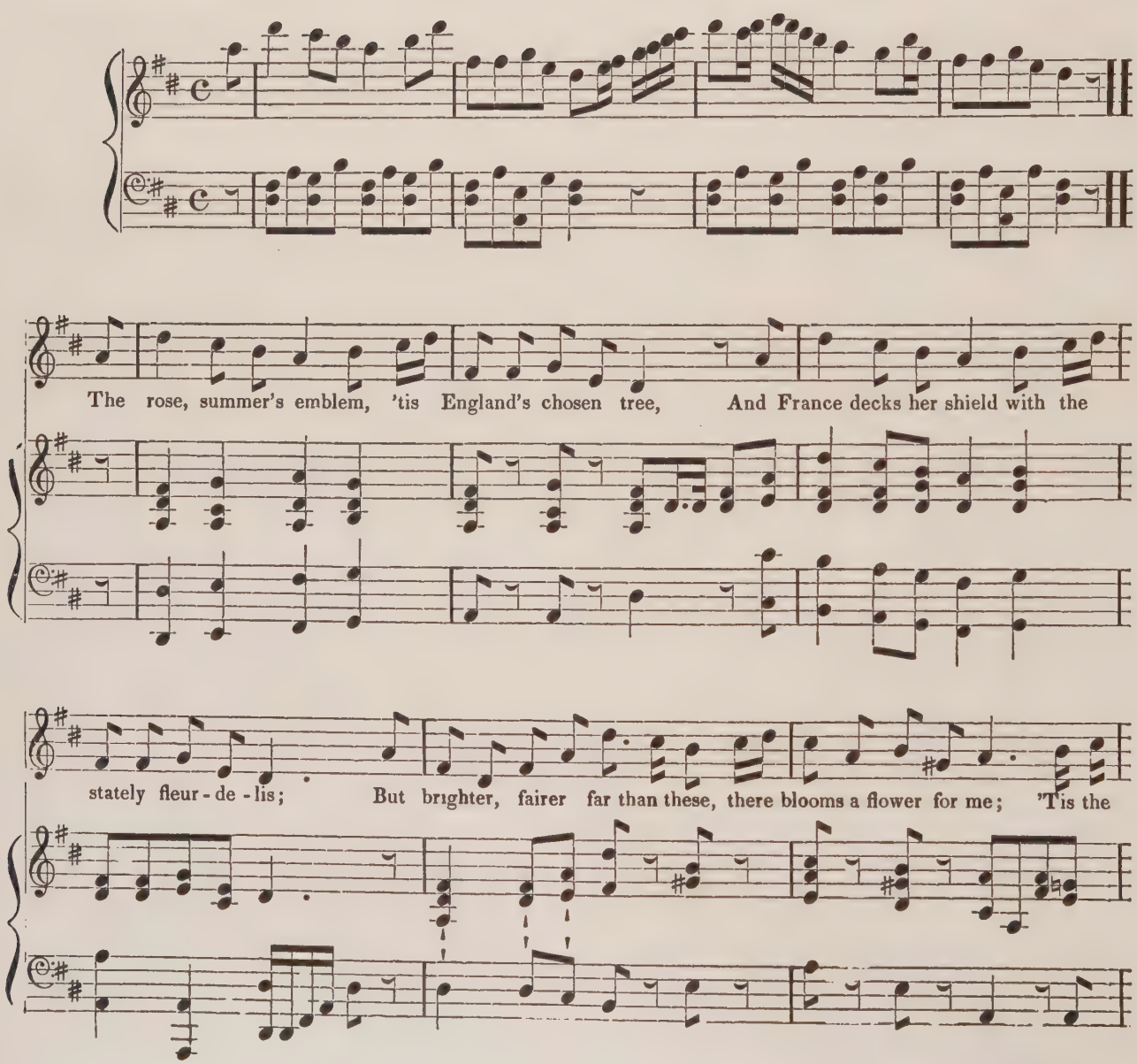
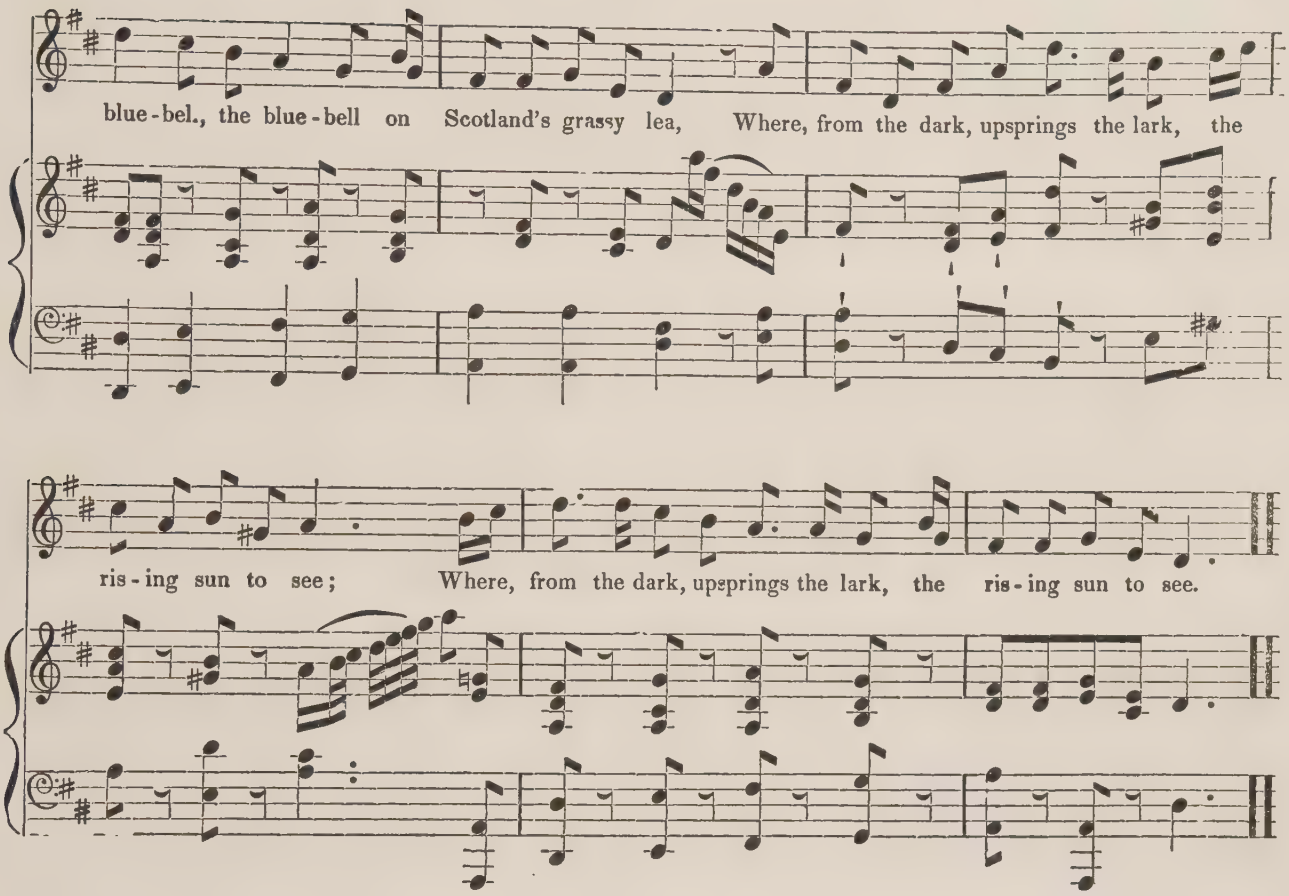
When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round his dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling
Then so merrily he'll sing
As the storm rattles o'er him,
Till the dear sheeling ring
Wi' the light lilting jorum.

5.

Now the simmer is in prime,
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming,
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns,
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither

THE BLUE-BELL OF SCOTLAND.

Words by DELTA. Arranged by JOHN THOMPSON.


The rose, summer's emblem, 'tis England's chosen tree, And France decks her shield with the
stately fleur-de-lis; But brighter, fairer far than these, there blooms a flower for me; 'Tis the

blue-bel., the blue-bell on Scotland's grassy lea, Where, from the dark, upsprings the lark, the
ris-ing sun to see; Where, from the dark, upsprings the lark, the ris-ing sun to see.

2.

My land! native land! where afar my steps have been,
Blue skies charm the eyes, and the earth is evergreen;
Yet dwelt my heart 'mid Scotland's glens, where aye in thought was seen
The bluebell, the bluebell, amid the brackens green,
And, brighter far than sun or star, the eyes of bonnie Jean.
And, brighter far, &c.

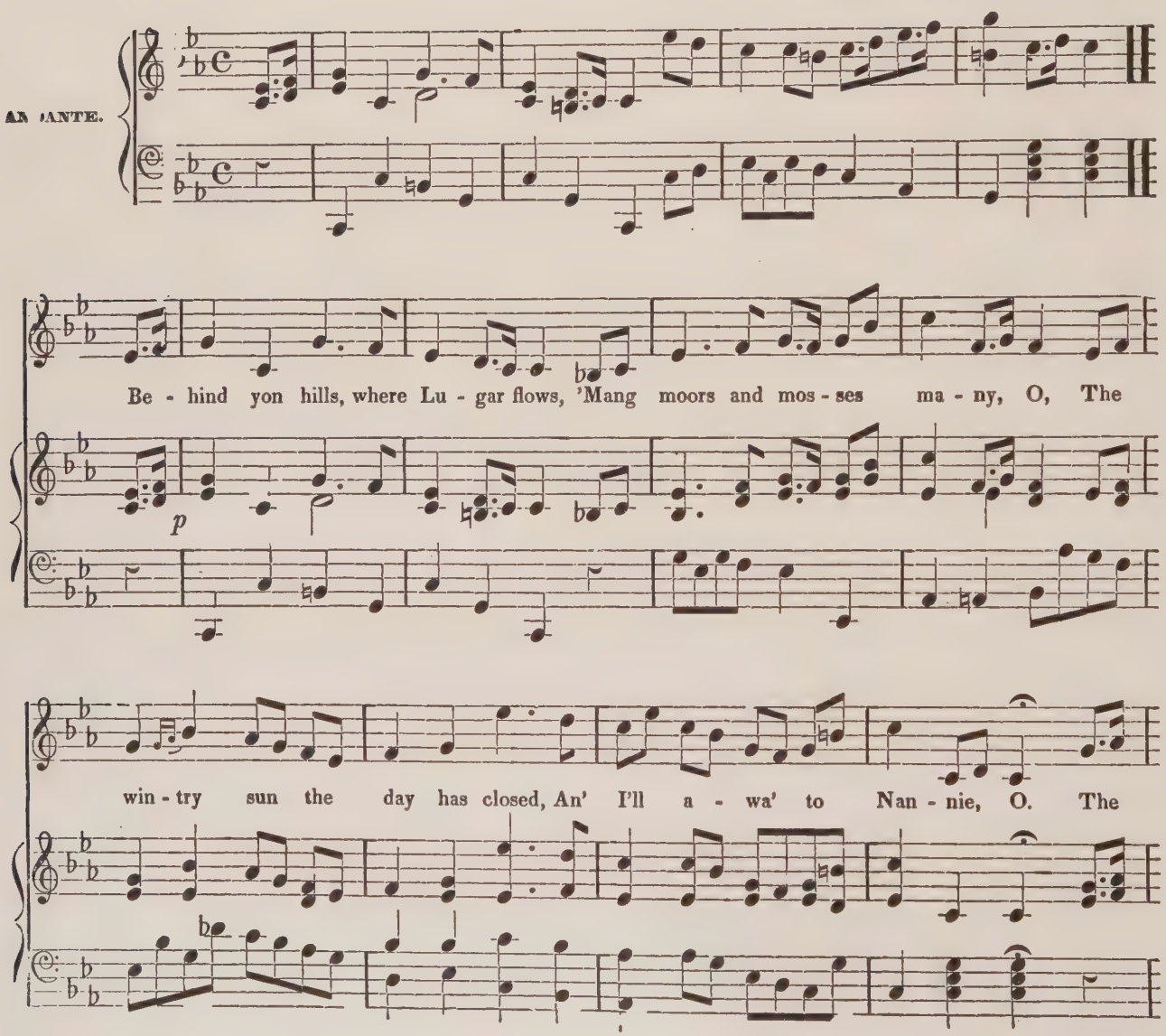
3.

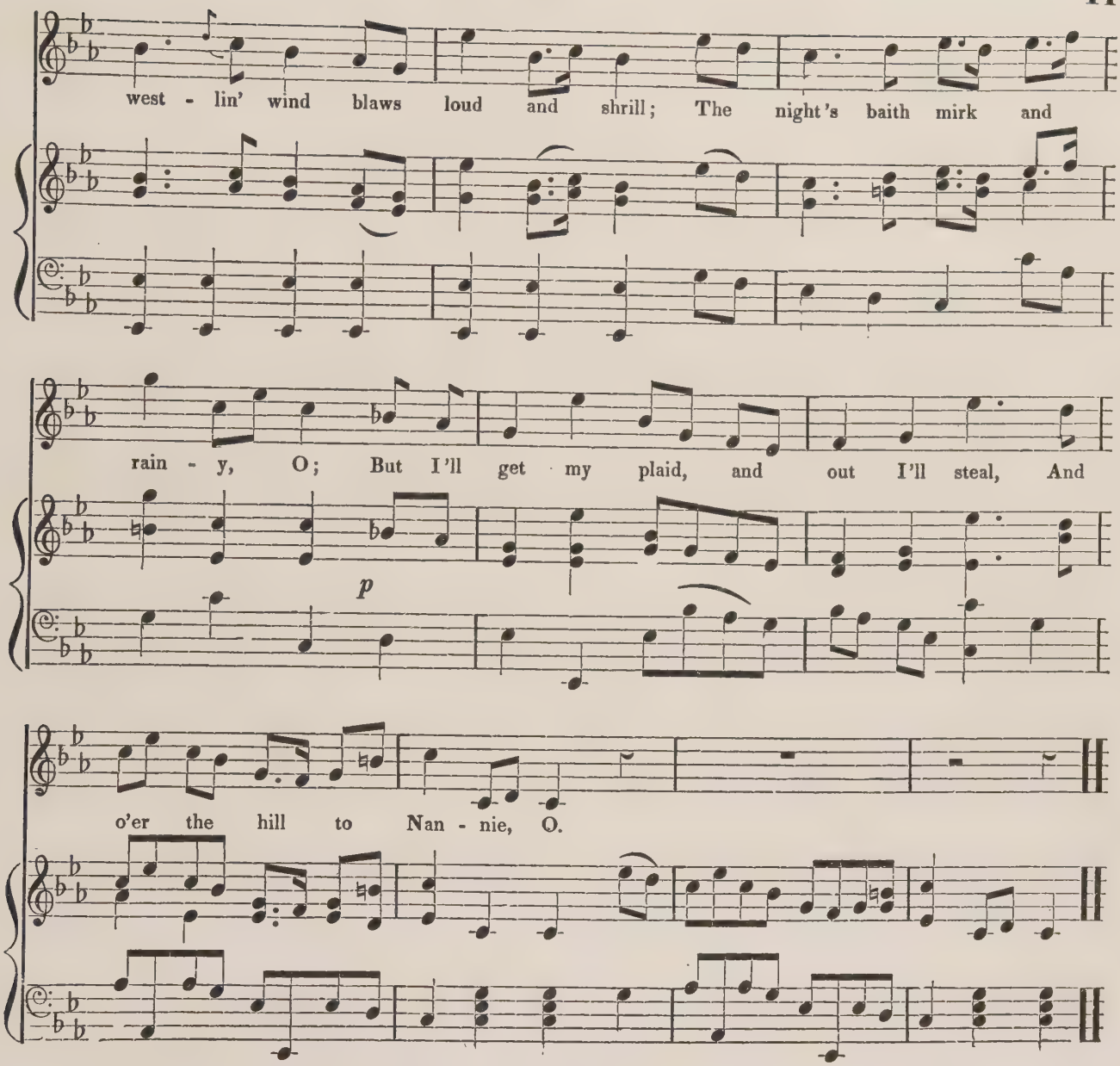
The thistle, Scotland's badge! up from freedom's soil it grew;
Her foes aye found it hedged round with rosemary and rue;
And, emblem that her daughters were modest, leal, and true,
From off the rocks, amid their locks they twined the bell of blue
The heathbell, the harebell, old Scotland's bell of blue —
The heathbell, &c.

MY NANNIE, O.

This is one of BURNS's early songs, and one of his best. The heroine was a servant girl at Calcothill near Lochlea, by name Agnes Fleming. The air is very old.

Arranged by JOHN PARRY.


AN DANTE.
Be - hind yon hills, where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang moors and mos - ses ma - ny, O, The
p
win - try sun the day has closed, An' I'll a - wa' to Nan - nie, O. The


west - lin' wind blaws loud and shrill; The night's baith mirk and
rain - y, O; But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And
p
o'er the hill to Nan - nie, O.

2.

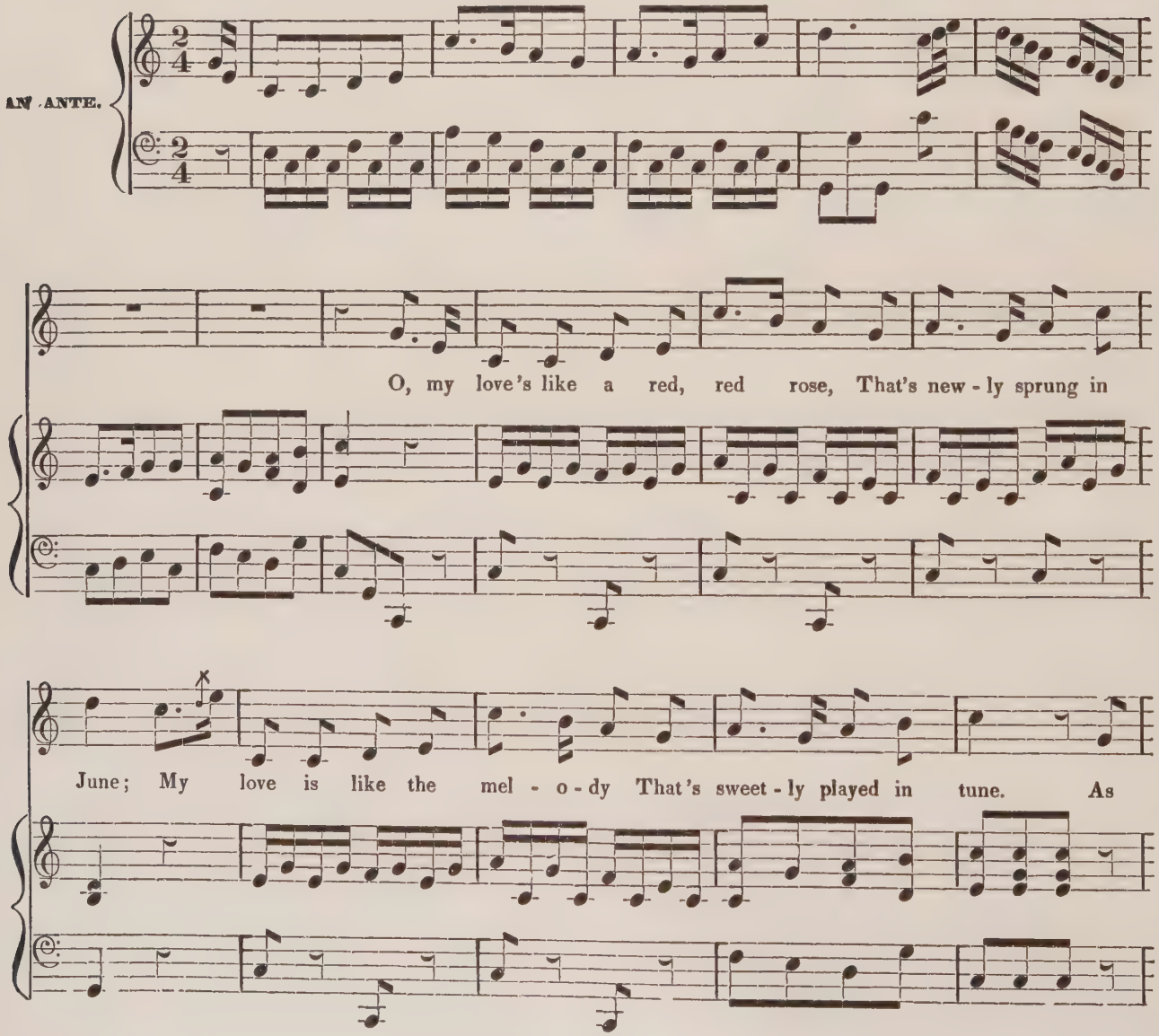
My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O

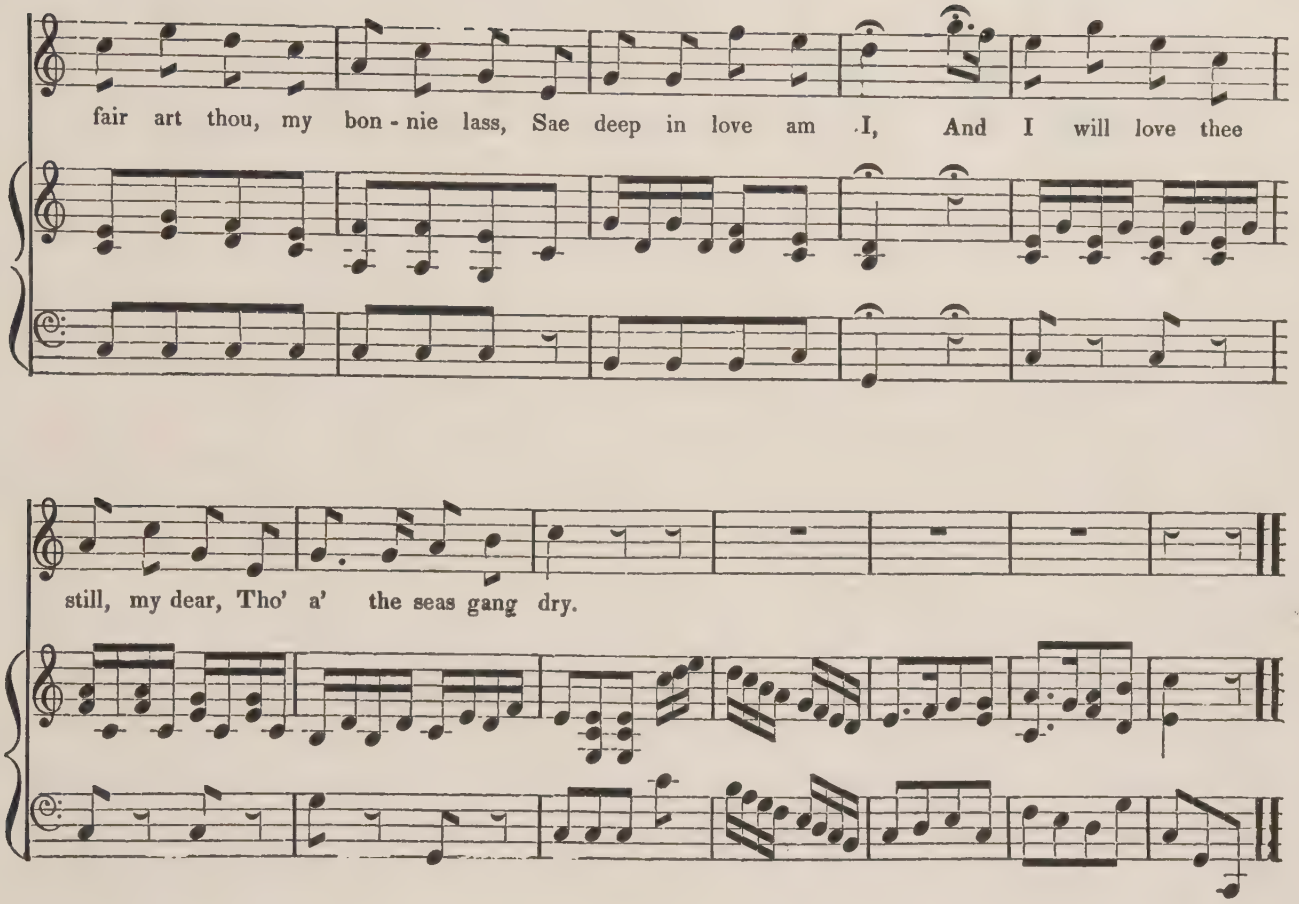
3.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,—
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
Come weal, come woe, I care na' by;
I'll tak' what heaven will send me, O
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live an' love my Nannie, O.

THE RED, RED ROSE.

Written by Burns, for Johnson's Museum. Burns says, "The tune of this song is in Neil Gow's First Collection, and is there called 'Major Graham.'"



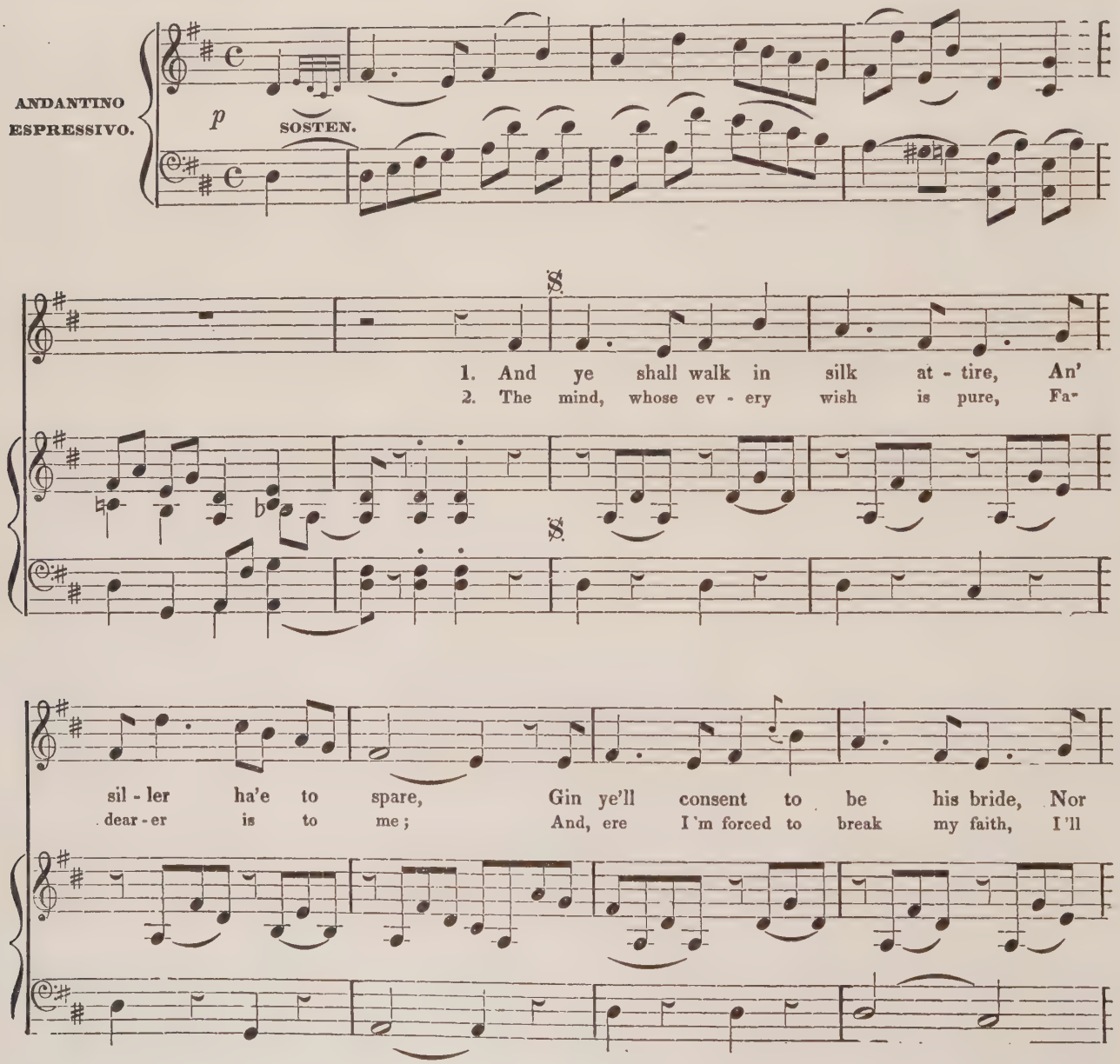
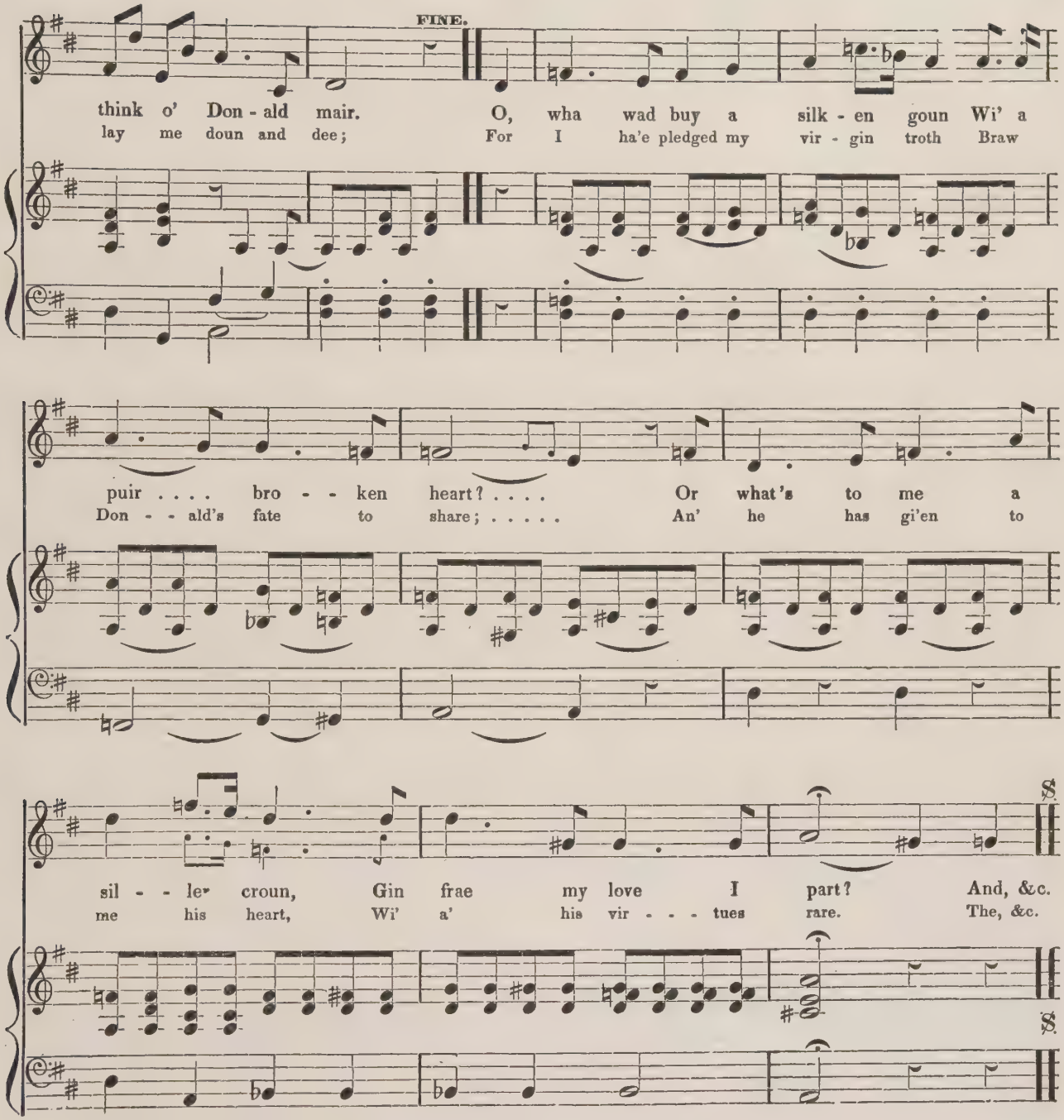


2.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
An' the rocks melt wi' the sun;
Yet I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
An' fare thee weel, my only love,
An' fare thee weel awhile;
An' I will come again, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

Words by MISS BLAMIRE.

Air, "The Siller Crown."

ANDANTINO ESPRESSIVO.
p
SOSTEN.
1. And ye shall walk in silk at - tire, An'
2. The mind, whose ev - ery wish is pure, Fa-
sil - ler ha'e to spare, Gin ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor
dear - er is to me; And, ere I'm forced to break my faith, I'll

FINE.
think o' Don - ald mair. O, wha wad buy a silk - en goun Wi' a
lay me doun and dee; For I ha'e pledged my vir - gin troth Braw
puir . . . . bro - - ken heart? . . . . Or what's to me a
Don - - ald's fate to share; . . . . . An' he has gi'en to
sil - - le croun, Gin frae my love I part? And, &c.
me his heart, Wi' a' his vir - - - tues rare. The, &c.
D.S.
D.S.

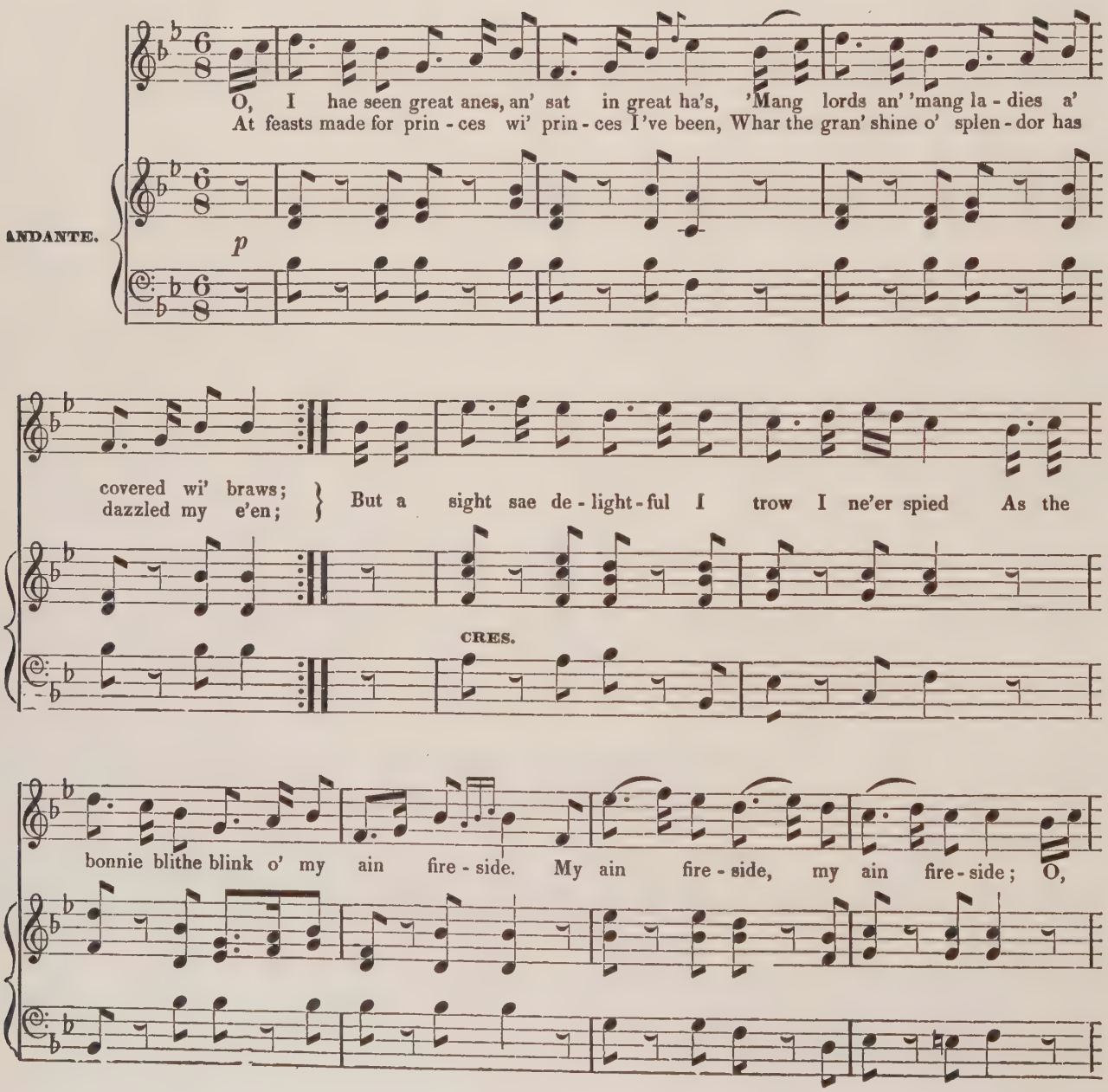
3.

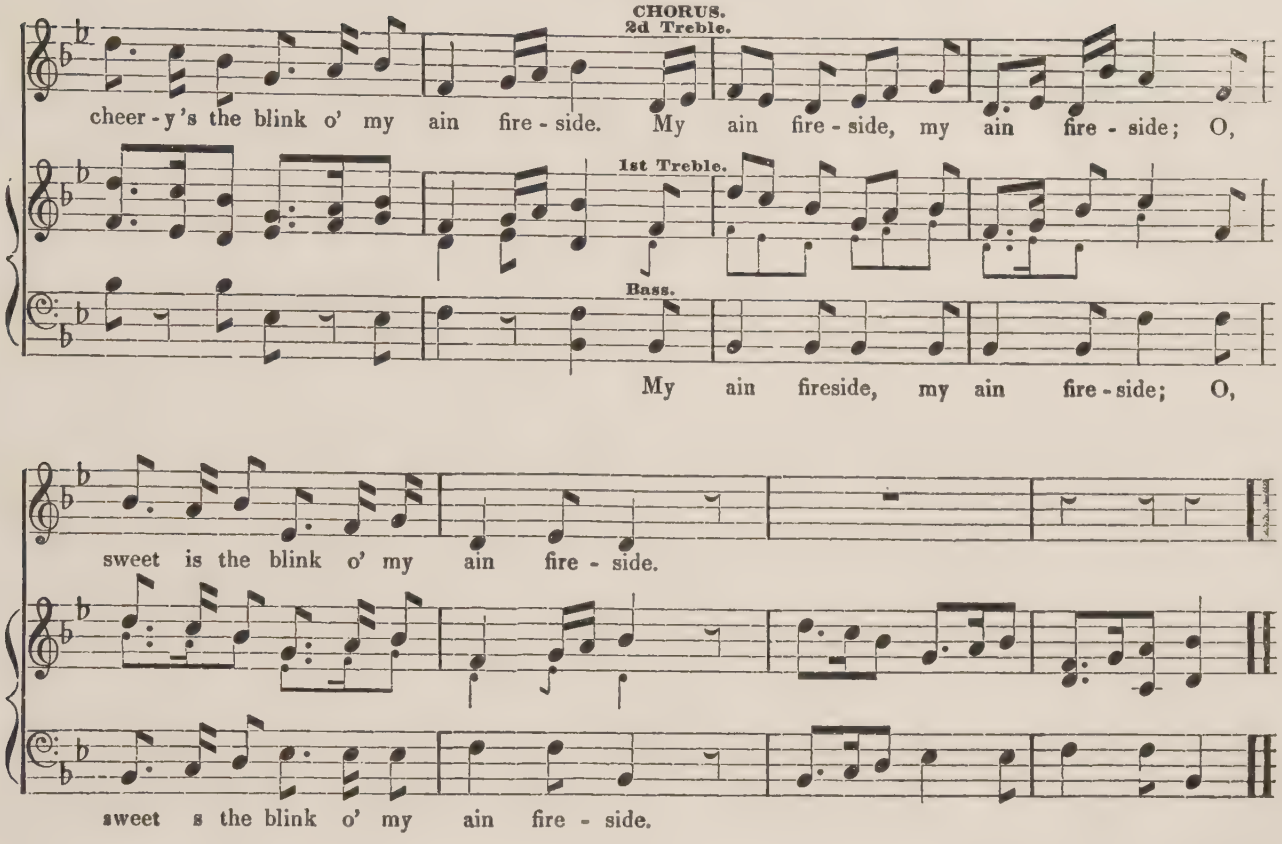
His gentle manners wan my heart:
He gratefu' took the gift;
Could I but think to see it back,
It wad be waur than theft:

For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And, ere I'm forced to break my troth,
I'll lay me doun and dee!

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Words by LIZABETH HAMILTON. Arranged by JOHN PARRY.


O, I hae seen great anes, an' sat in great ha's, 'Mang lords an' 'mang la - dies a'
At feasts made for prin - ces wi' prin - ces I've been, Whar the gran' shine o' splen - dor has
ANDANTE.
p
covered wi' braws;
dazzled my e'en;
But a sight sae de - light - ful I trow I ne'er spied As the
CRES.
bonnie blithe blink o' my ain fire - side. My ain fire - side, my ain fire - side; O,


CHORUS.
2d Treble.
cheer - y's the blink o' my ain fire - side. My ain fire - side, my ain fire - side; O,
1st Treble.
Bass.
My ain fireside, my ain fire - side; O,
sweet is the blink o' my ain fire - side.
sweet s the blink o' my ain fire - side.

2.

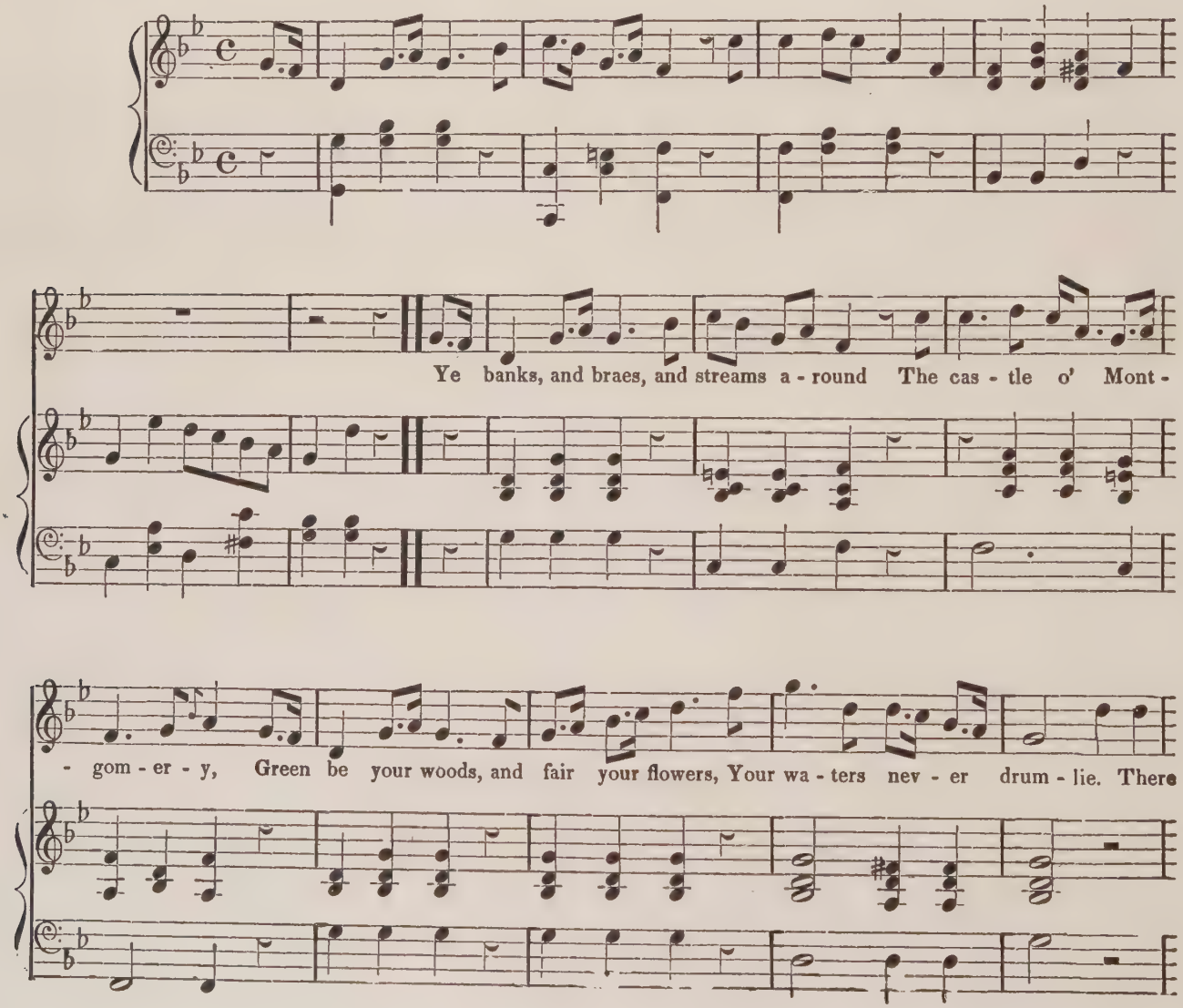
Ance mair, Gude be thanket, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, an' nae malice to fear;
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, &c.

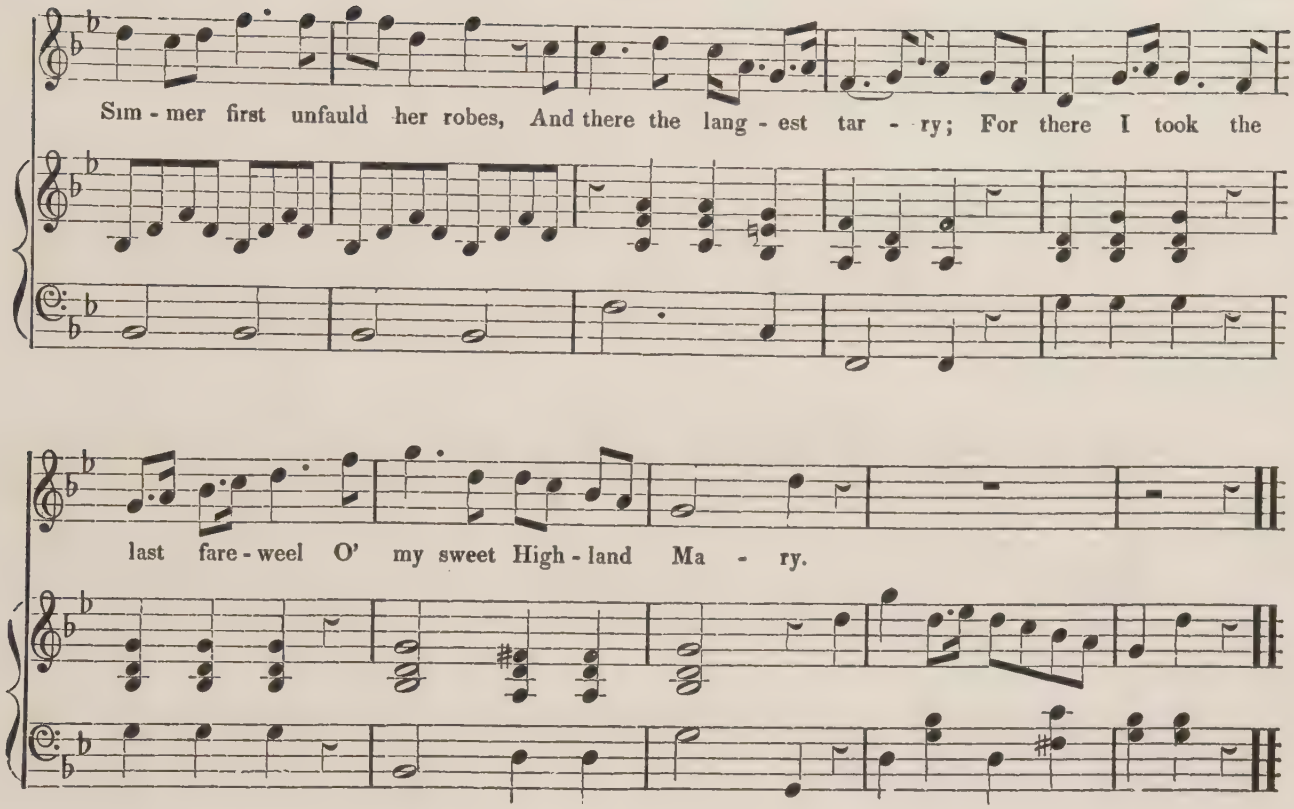
3.

When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearth-stane,
My heart loups sae light, I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's doun on the win', it is clean out o' sight;
Past troubles, they seem but as dreams o' the night
I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
An' mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e;
Nae fletchings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride—
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, &c.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Written by Burns, to the beautiful old air of "Kath'rine Ogie." The story of "Highland Mary" is now familiar to all readers. In a letter to Thompson, the poet says, "The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days, and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity."


Ye banks, and braes, and streams a - round The cas - tle o' Mont -
- gom - er - y, Green be your woods, and fair your flowers, Your wa - ters nev - er drum - lie. There



2.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As, underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

3.

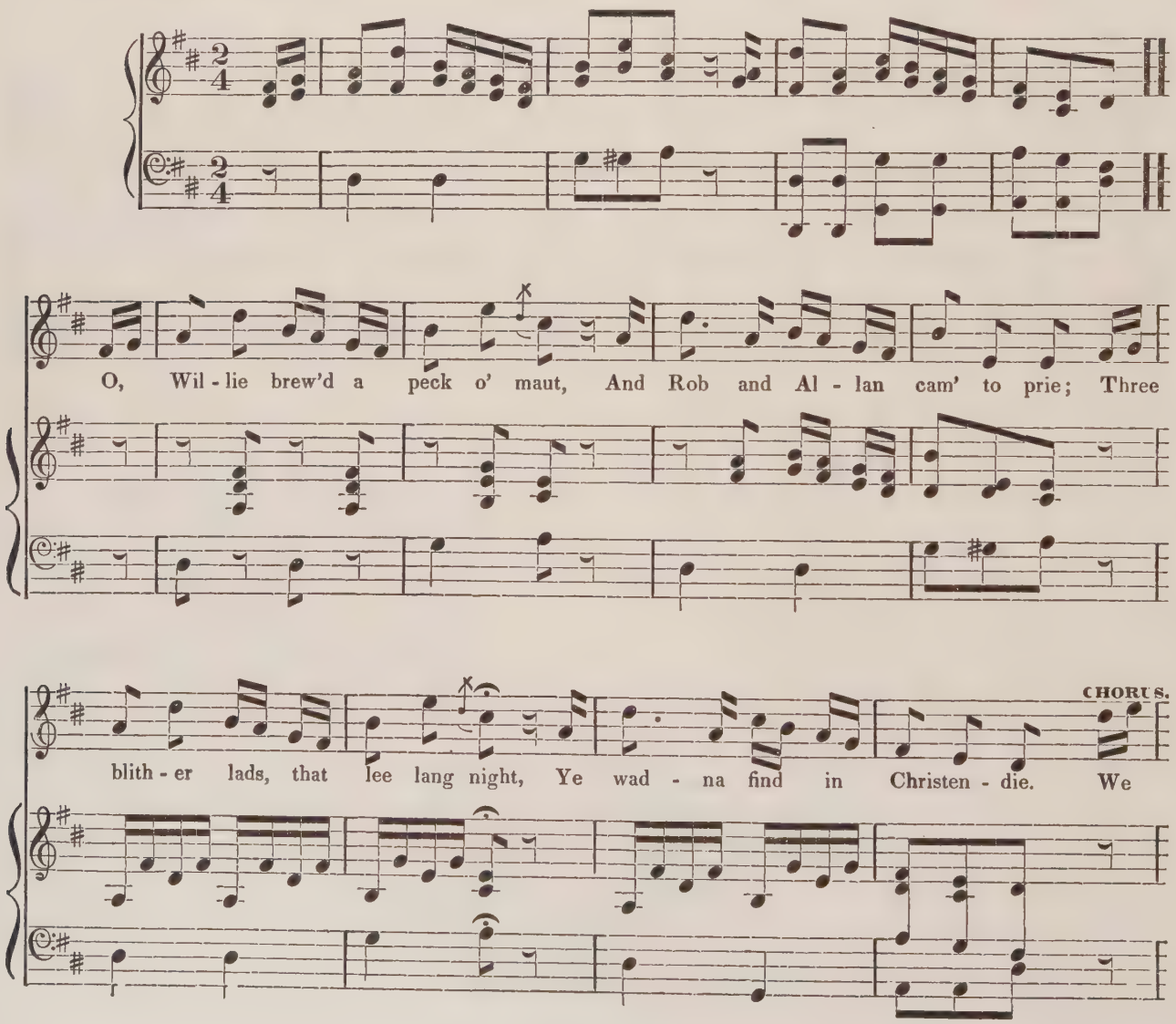
Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder.
But, O! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now, green 's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

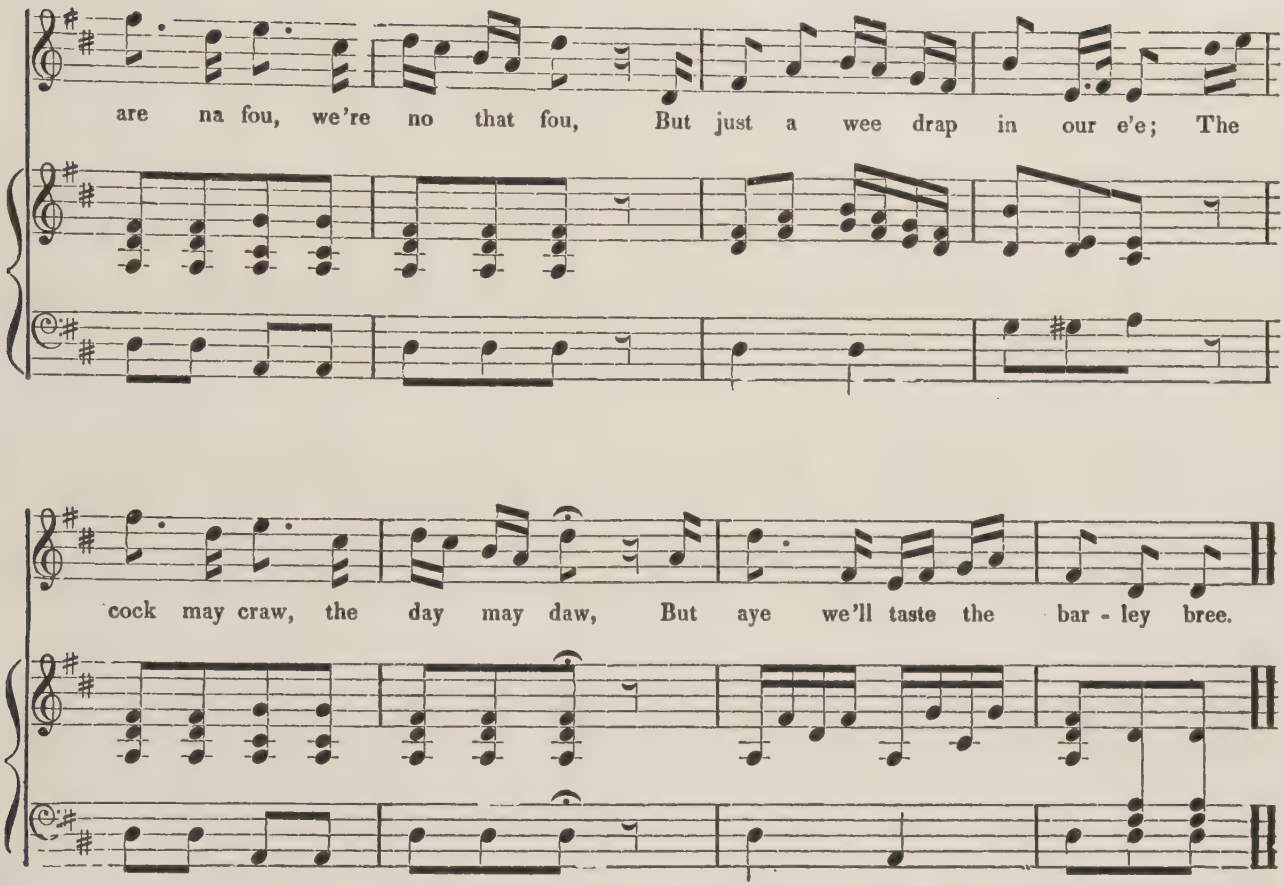
4.

O! pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still, within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

Written by Burns, in 1789, and set to music by Allan Masterton. It has been pronounced the best of all Burns's bacchanalian pieces The meeting which it celebrates took place between the Poet, William Nichol, of the High School, Edinburgh, and Allan Masterton another schoolmaster and musical amateur. Nichol had bought a small farm, named "Laggan," in the parish of Dunscore, Dumfries shire, where he spent the autumn vacations. Masterton and Burns went on a visit to the "illustrious lord of Laggan's many hills.' Nichol, as in duty bound, produced his best. Tradition asserts, that day dawned long ere the guests arose to depart. "The air i. Masterton's," says Burns; "the song is mine. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, to celebrate the business."


O, Wil - lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Al - lan cam' to prie; Three
CHORUS.
blith - er lads, that lee lang night, Ye wad - na find in Christen - die. We



2.

Iere are we met, three merry boys;
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a nicht we've merry been,
And mony moe we hope to be.
We are nae fou, &c.

3.

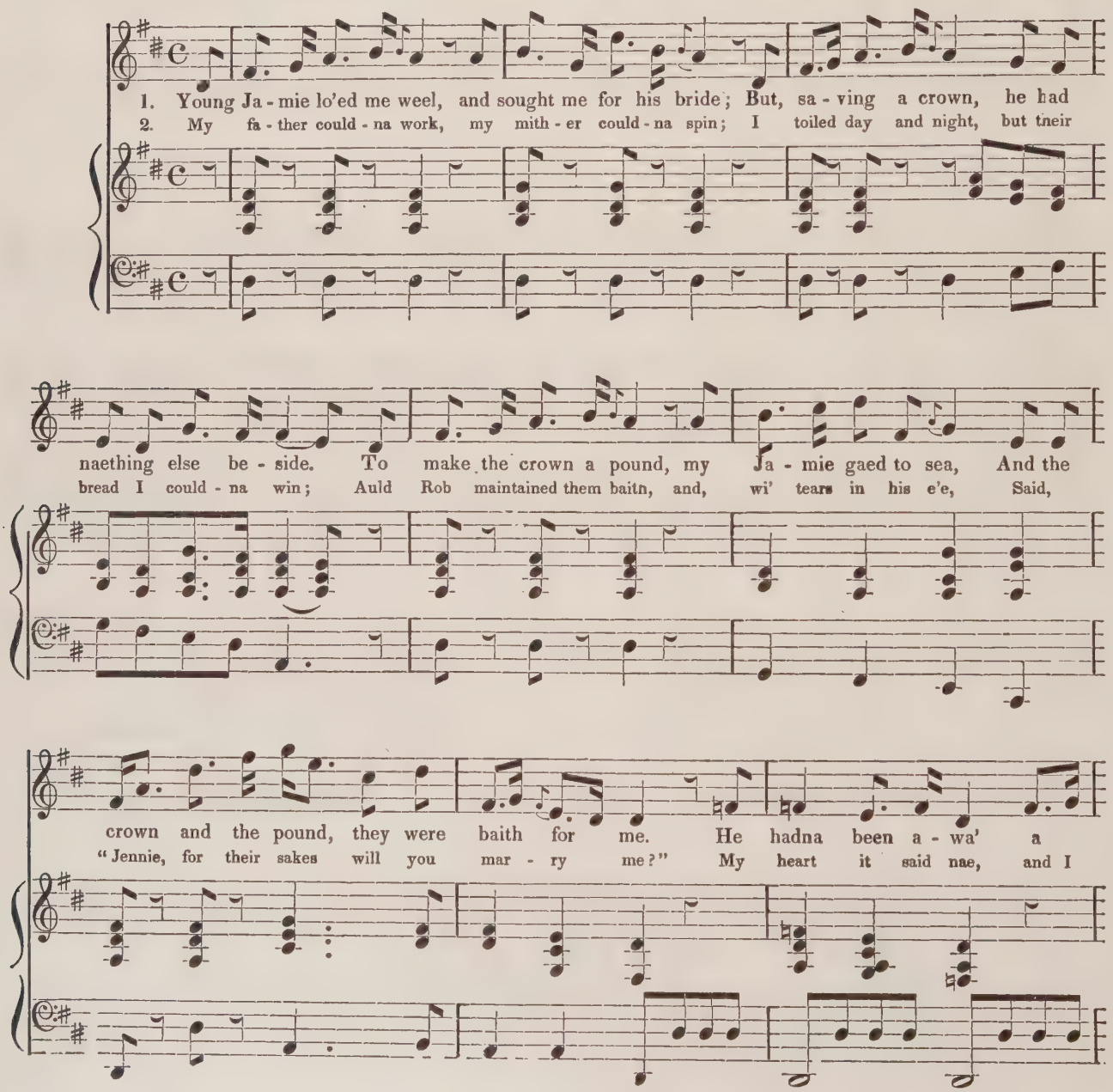
It is the mune—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bricht to wyle us hame;
But, by my sooth, she'll wait awee.
We are nae fou, &c.

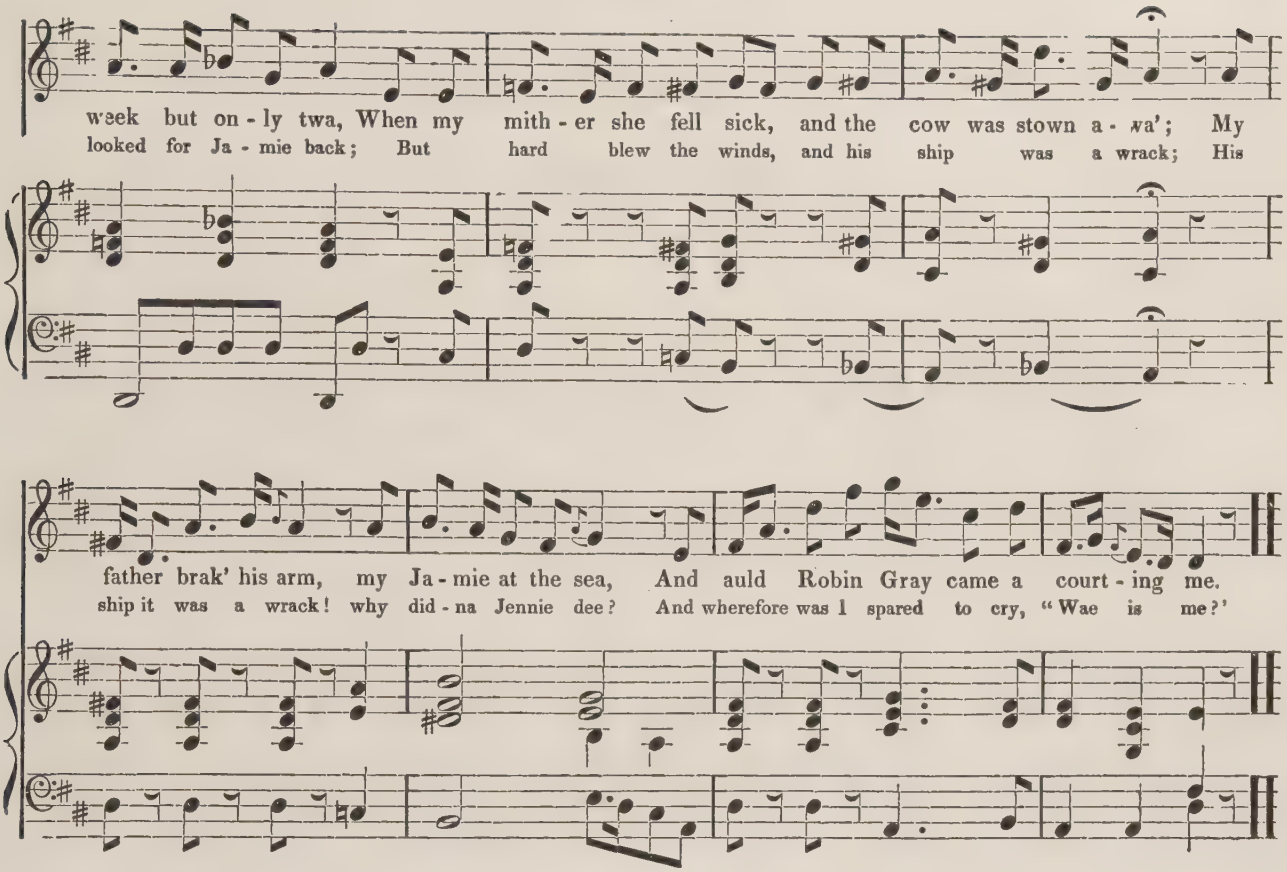
4.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loun is he;
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three.
We are nae fou, &c.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

This little ballad, which records a tragedy in domestic life of heart-rending pathos, was written by Lady Ann Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcarras. Music by the Rev. William Leeves.


1. Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride; But, sa - ving a crown, he had
2. My fa - ther could - na work, my mith - er could - na spin; I toiled day and night, but their
naething else be - side. To make the crown a pound, my Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the
bread I could - na win; Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e, Said,
crown and the pound, they were baith for me. He hadna been a - wa' a
"Jennie, for their sakes will you mar - ry me?" My heart it said nae, and I


week but on - ly twa, When my mith - er she fell sick, and the cow was stown a - wa'; My
looked for Ja - mie back; But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack; His
father brak' his arm, my Ja - mie at the sea, And auld Robin Gray came a court - ing me.
ship it was a wrack! why did - na Jennie dee? And wherefore was I spared to cry, "Wae is me?'

3.

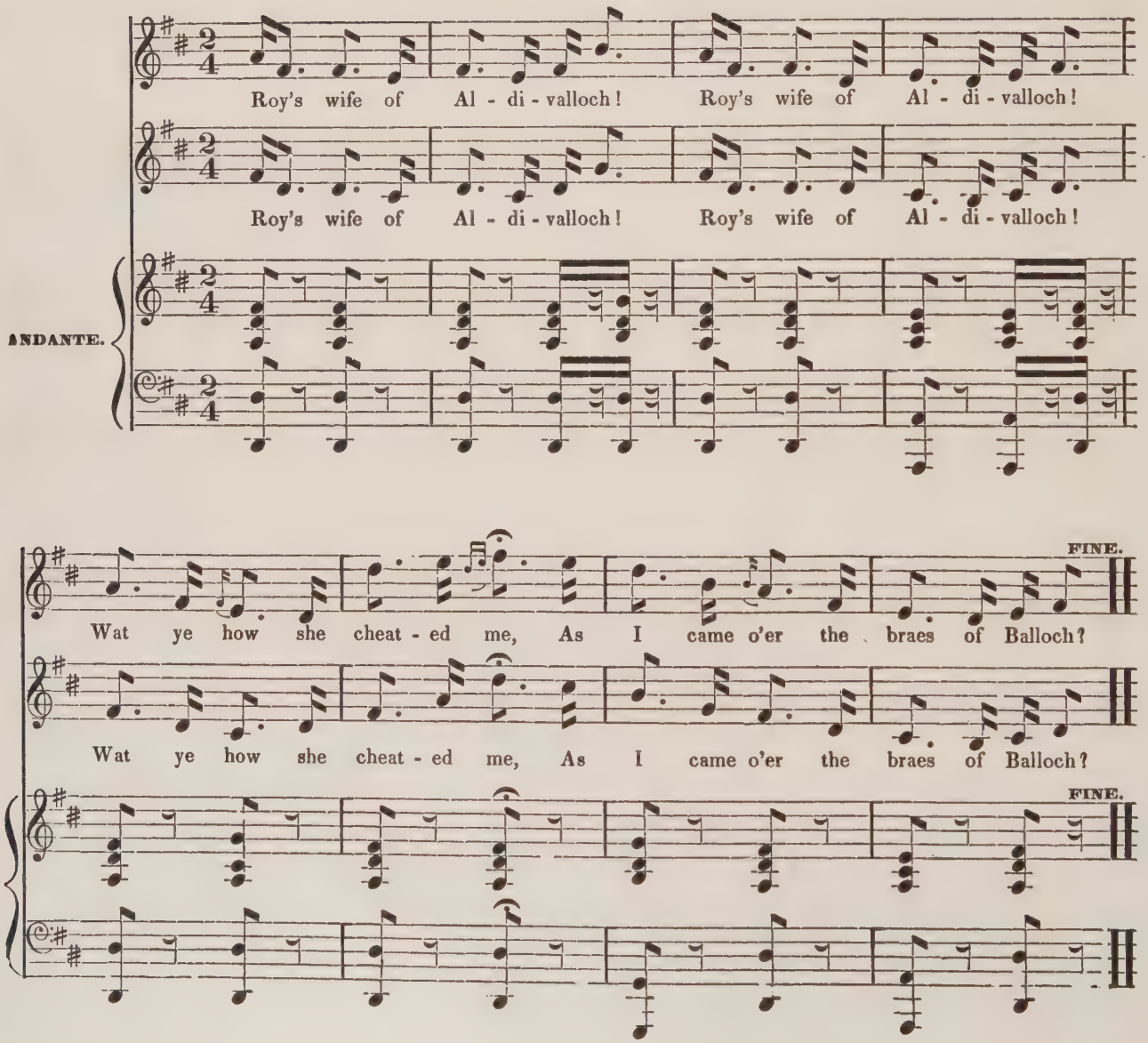
My father argued sair; my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break.
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.
I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I 'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

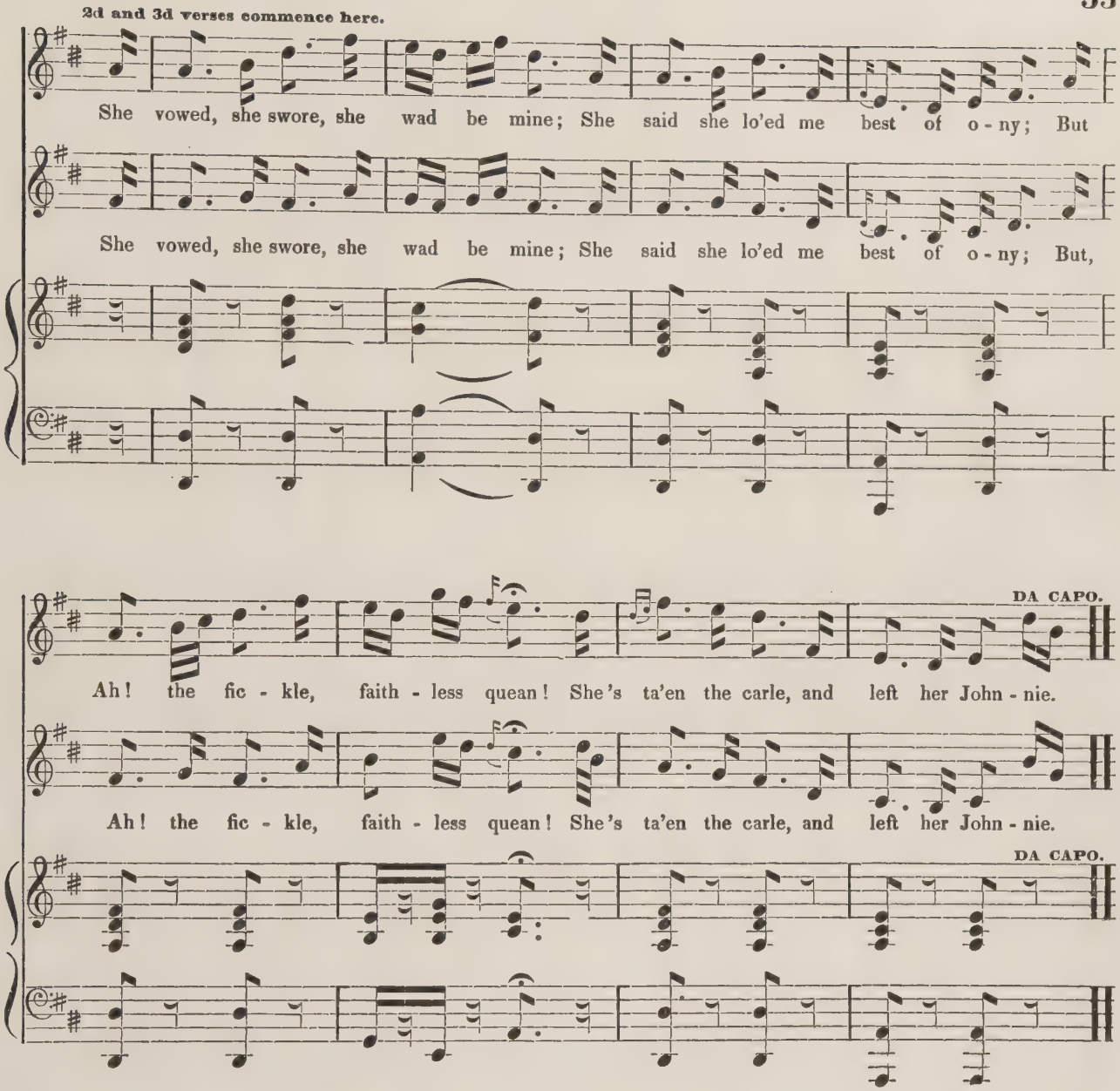
4.

O, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say!
Ae kiss we took — nae mair — I bade him gang awa'.
I wish that I were dead; but I'm nae like to dee;
And why do I live to say, "Wae is me?"
I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gudewife aye to be
For auld Robin Gray he is kind to me.

ROY'S WIFE.

Old Melody

Written by MRS. GRANT, of Carron.

Roy's wife of Al - di - valloch! Roy's wife of Al - di - valloch!
Roy's wife of Al - di - valloch! Roy's wife of Al - di - valloch!
ANDANTE.
Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?
FINE.
Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?
FINE.


2d and 3d verses commence here.
She vowed, she swore, she wad be mine; She said she lo'ed me best of o - ny; But
She vowed, she swore, she wad be mine; She said she lo'ed me best of o - ny; But,
DA CAPO.
Ah! the fic - kle, faith - less quean! She's ta'en the carle, and left her John - nie.
Ah! the fic - kle, faith - less quean! She's ta'en the carle, and left her John - nie.
DA CAPO.

2.

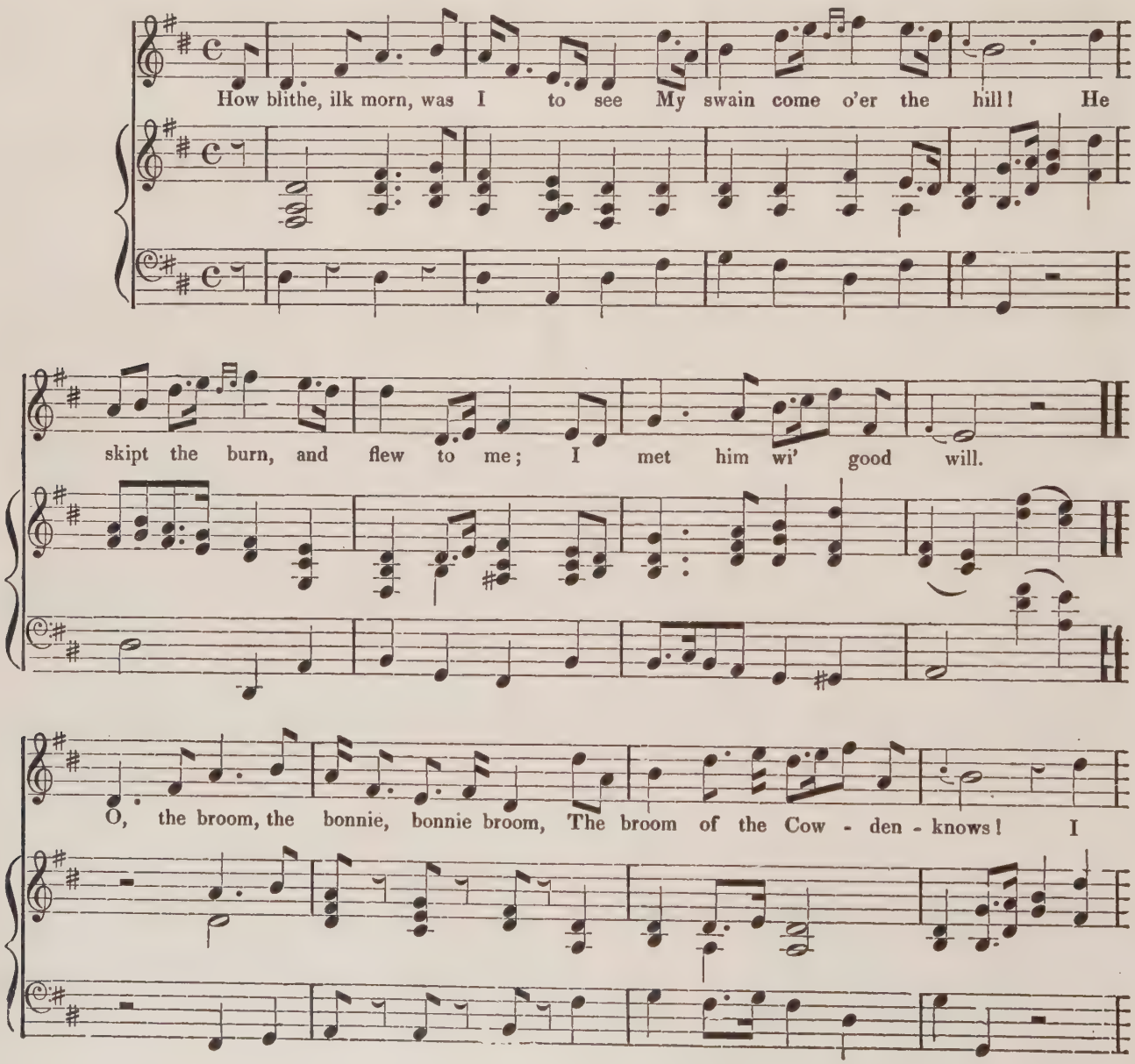
O, she was a canty quean;
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife, &c.

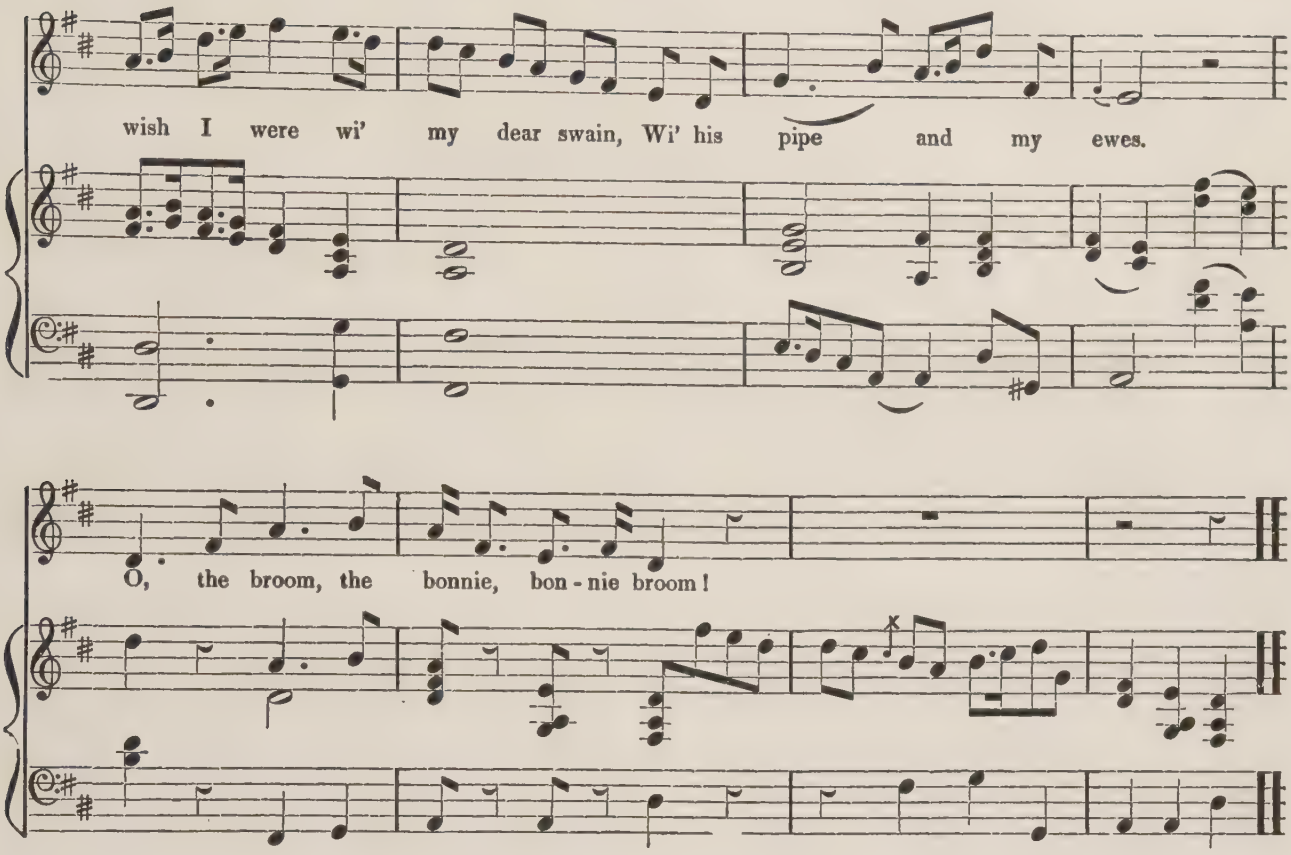
3.

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie,—
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's forever left her Johnnie
Roy's wife, &c.

THE BROOM OF THE COWDENKNOWS.

This fine old melody is of great antiquity, and is known to have existed at least before the union of the crowns of Scotland and England, in 1603. The words, to which the tune was originally united, are lost, with the exception of the chorus. The author of the verses here given is unknown; but they are subscribed with the initials "S. R.," in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany.


How blithe, ilk morn, was I to see My swain come o'er the hill! He
skipt the burn, and flew to me; I met him wi' good will.
O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom, The broom of the Cow - den - knows! I



2.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay;
He gathered in my sheep at night,
And cheered me a' the day.
O, the broom, &c.

3.

He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood listening by;
E'en the dull cattle stood and gazed,
Charmed wi' his melody.
O, the broom, &c.

4.

While thus we spent our time by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied no the fairest dame,
Though e'er so rich and gay.
O, the broom, &c.

5.

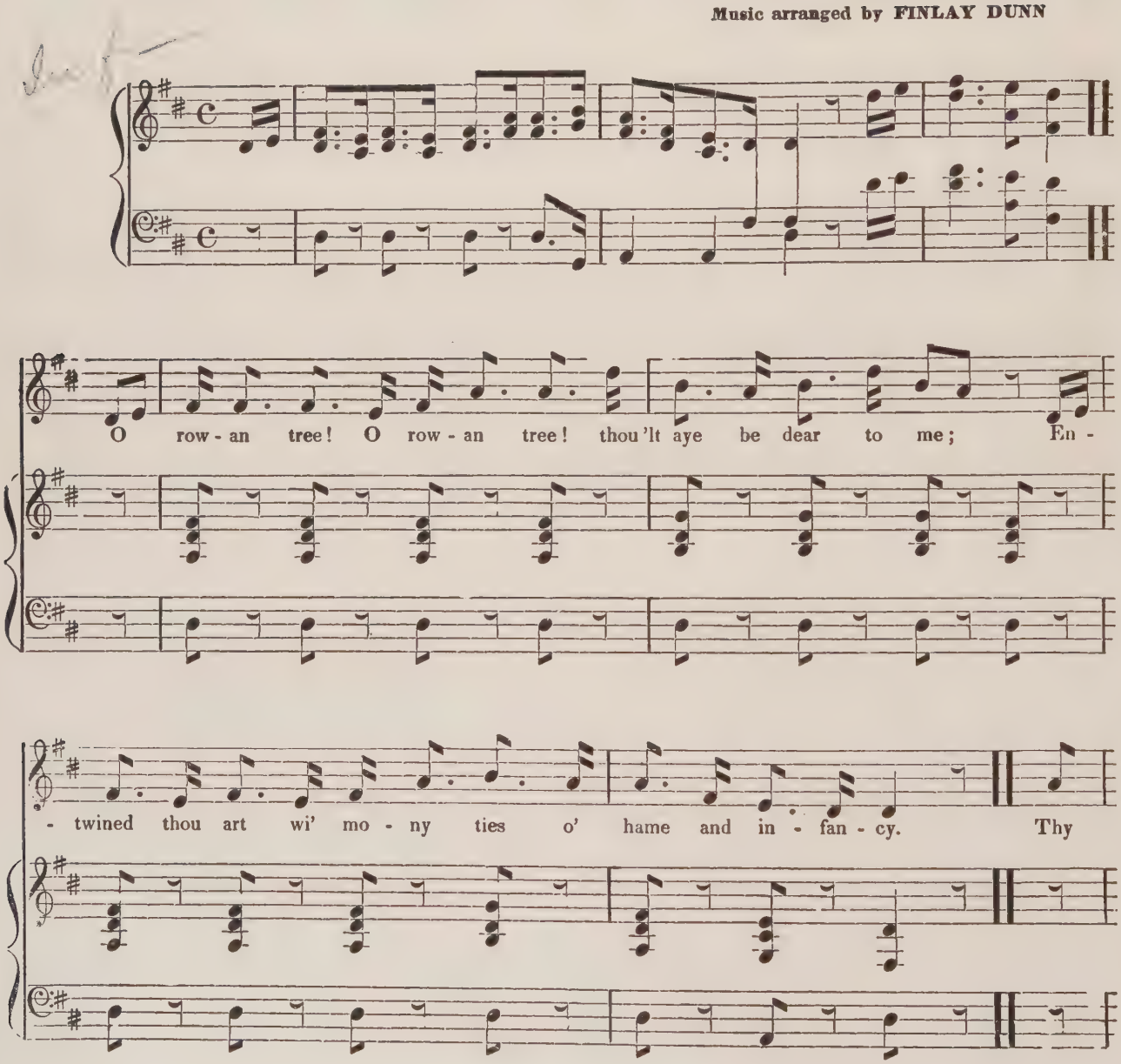
Hard fate! that I should banished be
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I loved the kindest swain
That ever yet was born!
O, the broom, &c.

6.

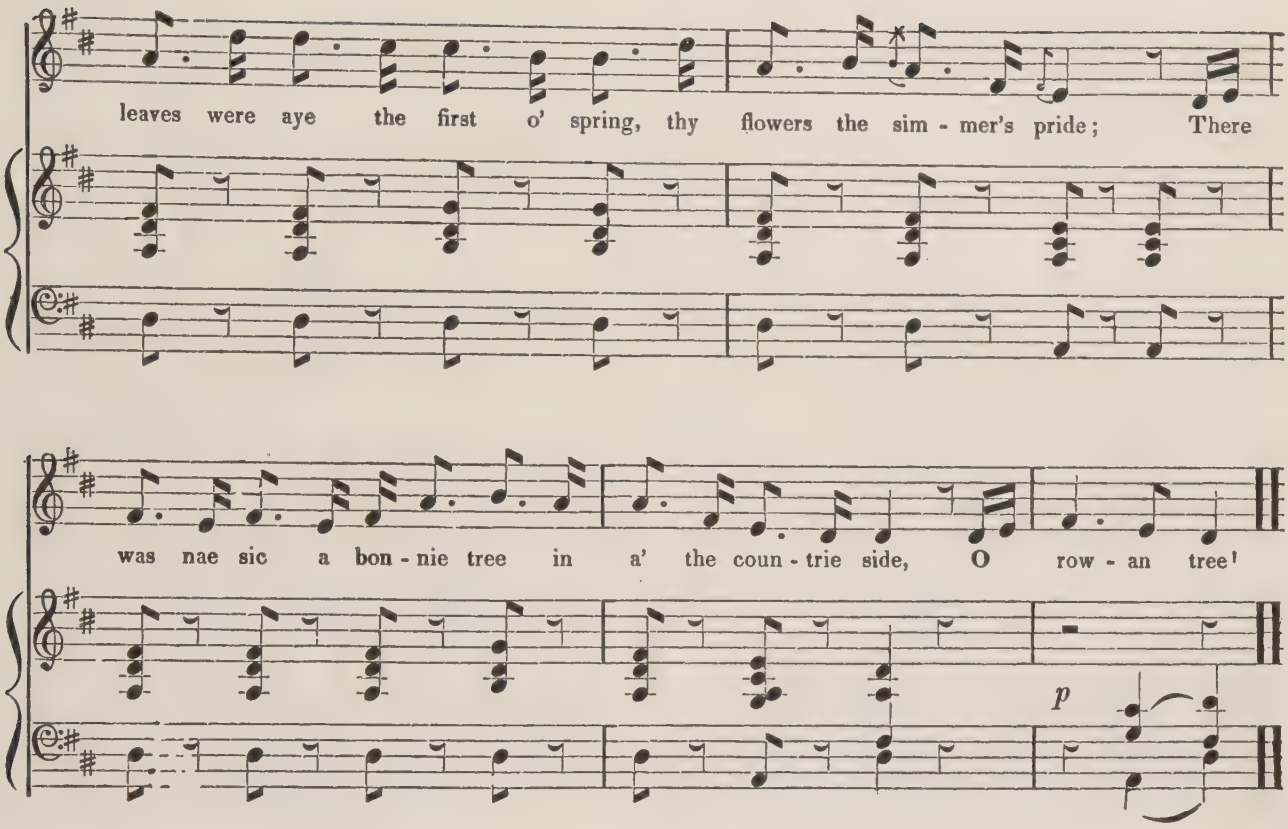
Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
Fareweel, a' pleasures there!
Ye gods! restore me to my swain—
It's a' I crave or care.
O, the broom, &c.

THE ROWAN TREE.*

Music arranged by FINLAY DUNN



* The mountain ash.


leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flowers the sim - mer's pride; There
was nae sic a bon - nie tree in a' the coun - trie side, O row - an tree!
p

2.

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white!
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright!
We sat aneath thy spreading shade; the bairnies round thee ran;
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang,
O rowan tree!

3.

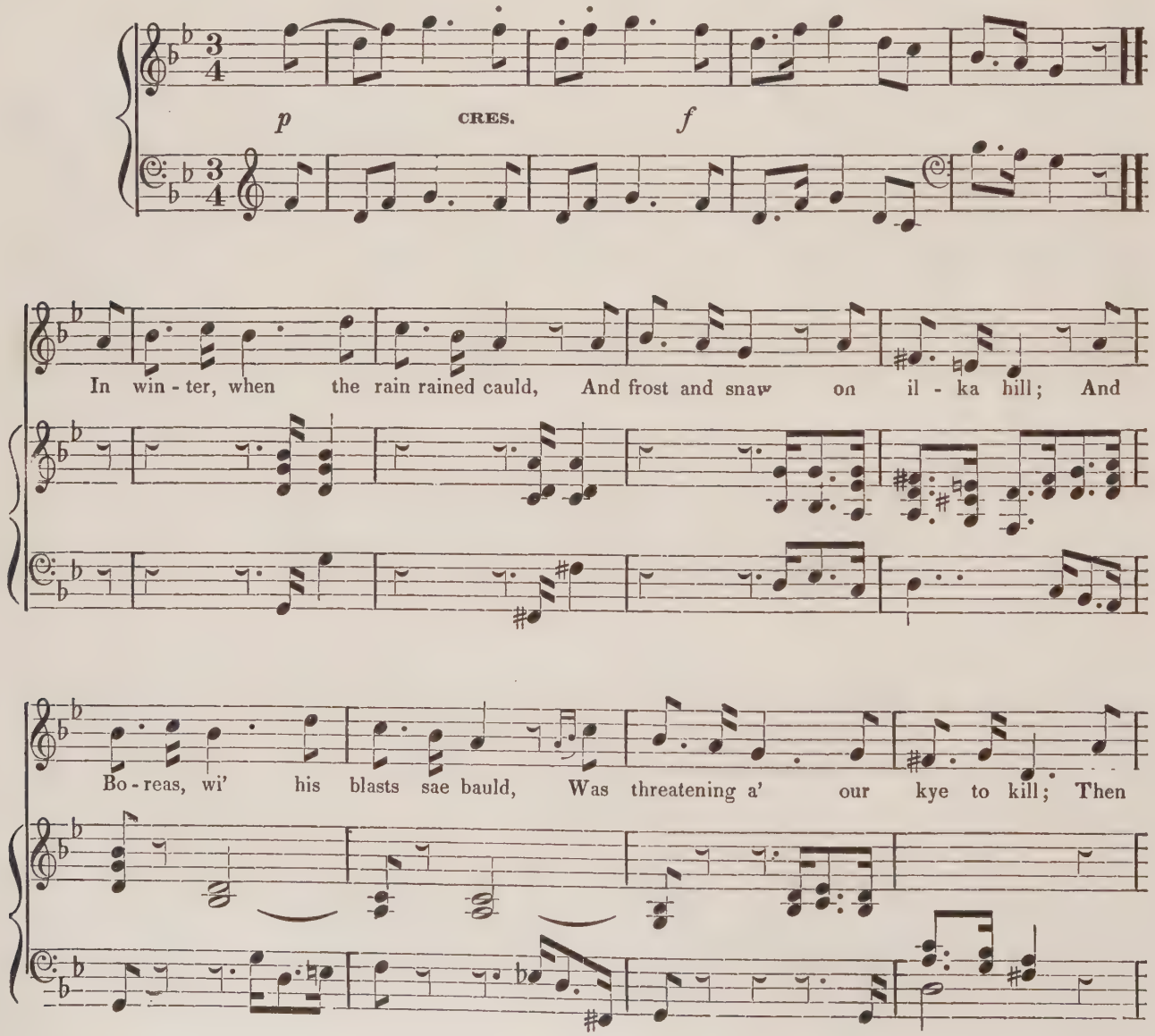
On thy fair stem were mony names, which now nae mair I see:
But they're engraven on my heart; forgot they ne'er can be!
My mother! O, I see her still! she smiled our sports to see;
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, wi' Jamie at her knee,
O rowan tree!

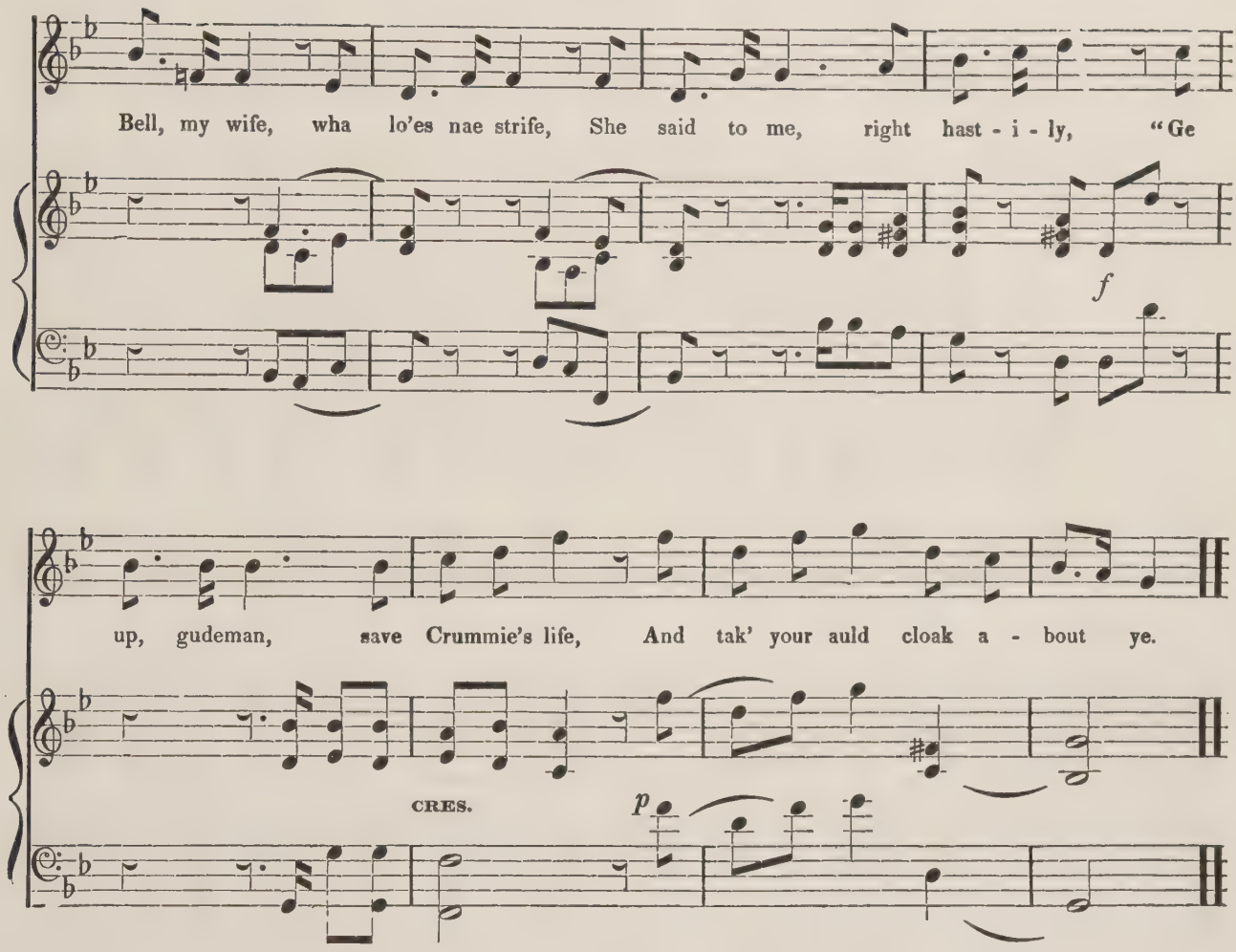
4.

O, there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm:
How sweet was then my mother's voice in the Martyr's psalm!
Now, a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the rowan tree;
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy
O rowan tree!

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

The antiquity of this song is sufficiently proved from a fragment of it being quoted in Shakspeare's tragedy of Othello published in 161. The following is a part of the version which appeared in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany.


p
CRES.
f
In win - ter, when the rain rained cauld, And frost and snaw on il - ka hill; And
Bo - reas, wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was threatening a' our kye to kill; Then


Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife, She said to me, right hast - i - ly, "Ge
f
up, gudeman, save Crummie's life, And tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.
CRES.
p

2.

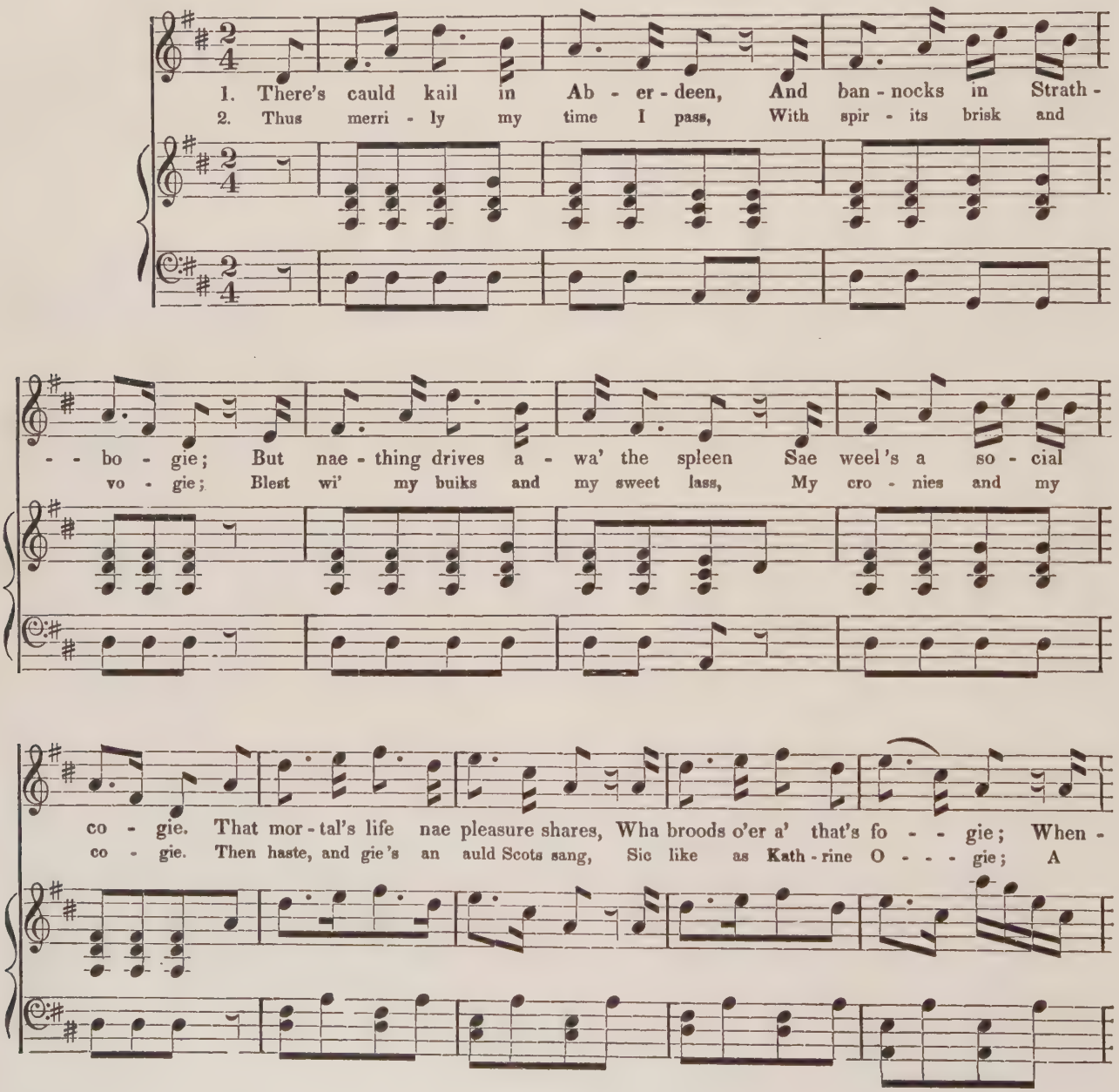
"My Crummie is a useſu' cow,
And she is come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne.
Get up, gudeman; it is fu' time;
The sun shines frae the lift sae high;
Sloth never made a gracious end,—
Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye."

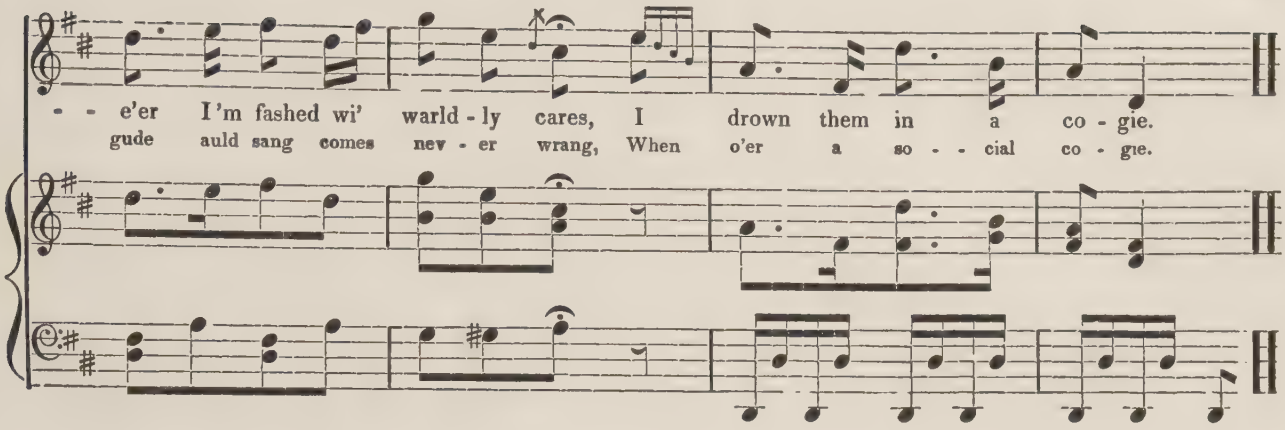
3.

My cloak was ance a gude gray cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I ha'e sworn
To ha'e a new cloak about me.

THERE'S CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

There are several versions of this popular song; but the following, written by William Reid, late bookseller, o Glasgow, is generally adopted.


1. There's cauld kail in Ab - er - deen, And ban - nocks in Strath -
2. Thus merri - ly my time I pass, With spir - its brisk and
- - bo - gie; But nae - thing drives a - wa' the spleen Sae weel's a so - cial
vo - gie; Blest wi' my buiks and my sweet lass, My cro - nies and my
co - gie. That mor - tal's life nae pleasure shares, Wha broods o'er a' that's fo - - gie; When -
co - gie. Then haste, and gie's an auld Scots sang, Sic like as Kath - rine O - - - gie; A



TEE-TOTAL SONG.

1.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And bannocks in Strathbogie;
And morn and e'en they're blithe and bein,
That haud them frae the cogie.
Now haud ye frae the cogie, lads,
And bide ye frae the cogie;
I'll tell ye true, ye'll never rue
O' passin' by the cogie.

2.

Young Will was braw, and weel put on,
Sae blithe was he and vogie;
And he got bonnie Mary Don,
The flower o' a' Strathbogie.
Wha wad hae thocht, at wooing time,
He'd e'er forsaken Mary?
And ta'en him to the tipplin' trade,
Wi' boozin' Rab and Harry?

3.

Sair Mary wrought, sair Mary grat;
She scarce could lift the ladle;
Wi' pithless feet, 'tween ilka greet,
She rocked the borrowed cradle.
Her weddin' plenishin' was gane;
She never thought to borrow;
Her bonnie face was waxin' wan, —
And Will wrought all the sorrow.

4.

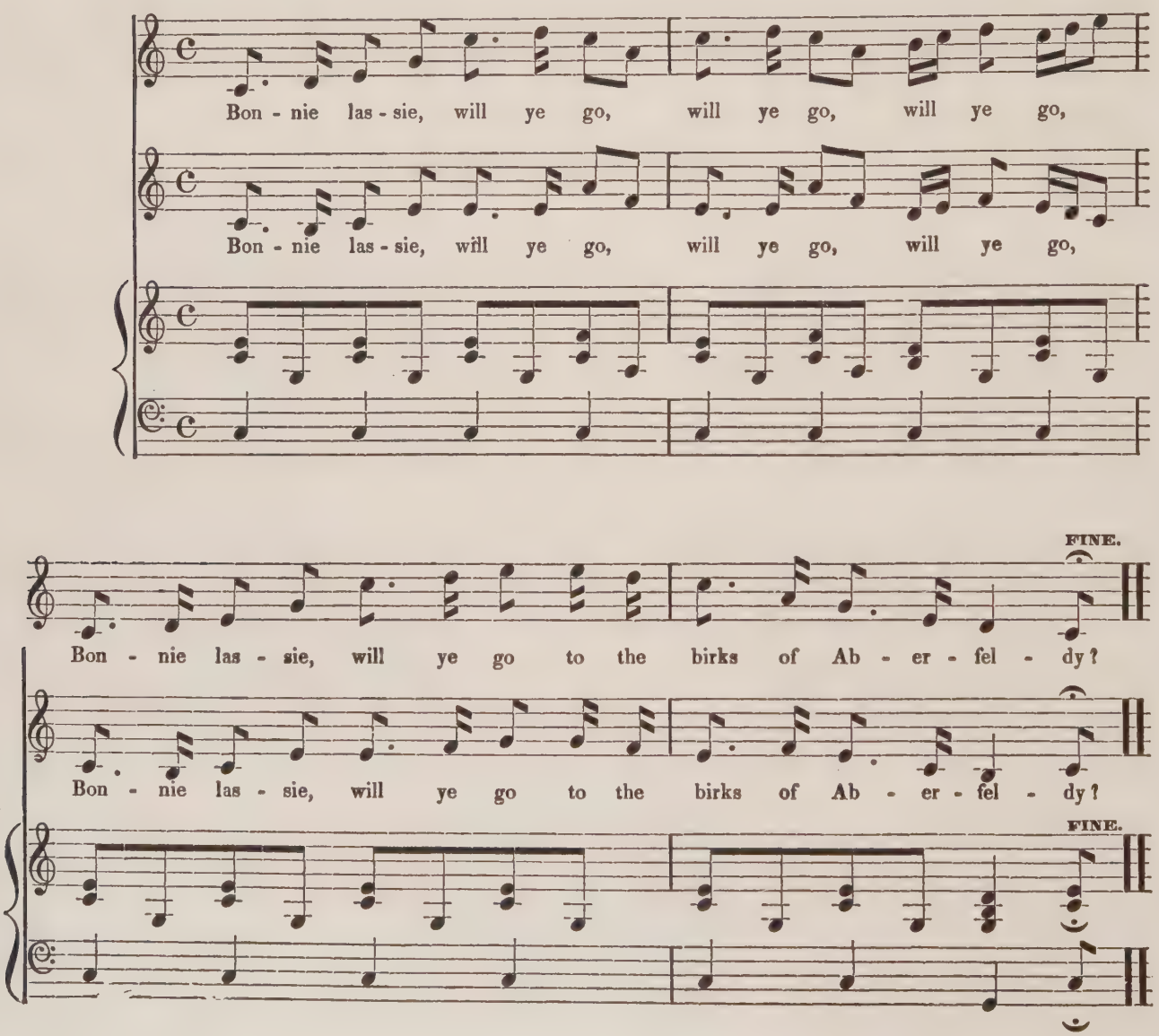
He's reelin' hame ae winter night,
Some later nor the gloamin';
He's ta'en the rig, he's missed the brig,
And Bogie's o'er him foamin'!
Wi' broken banes, out o'er the stanes,
He creepit up Strathbogie;
And a' the nicht, he prayed wi' might,
To keep him frae the cogie.

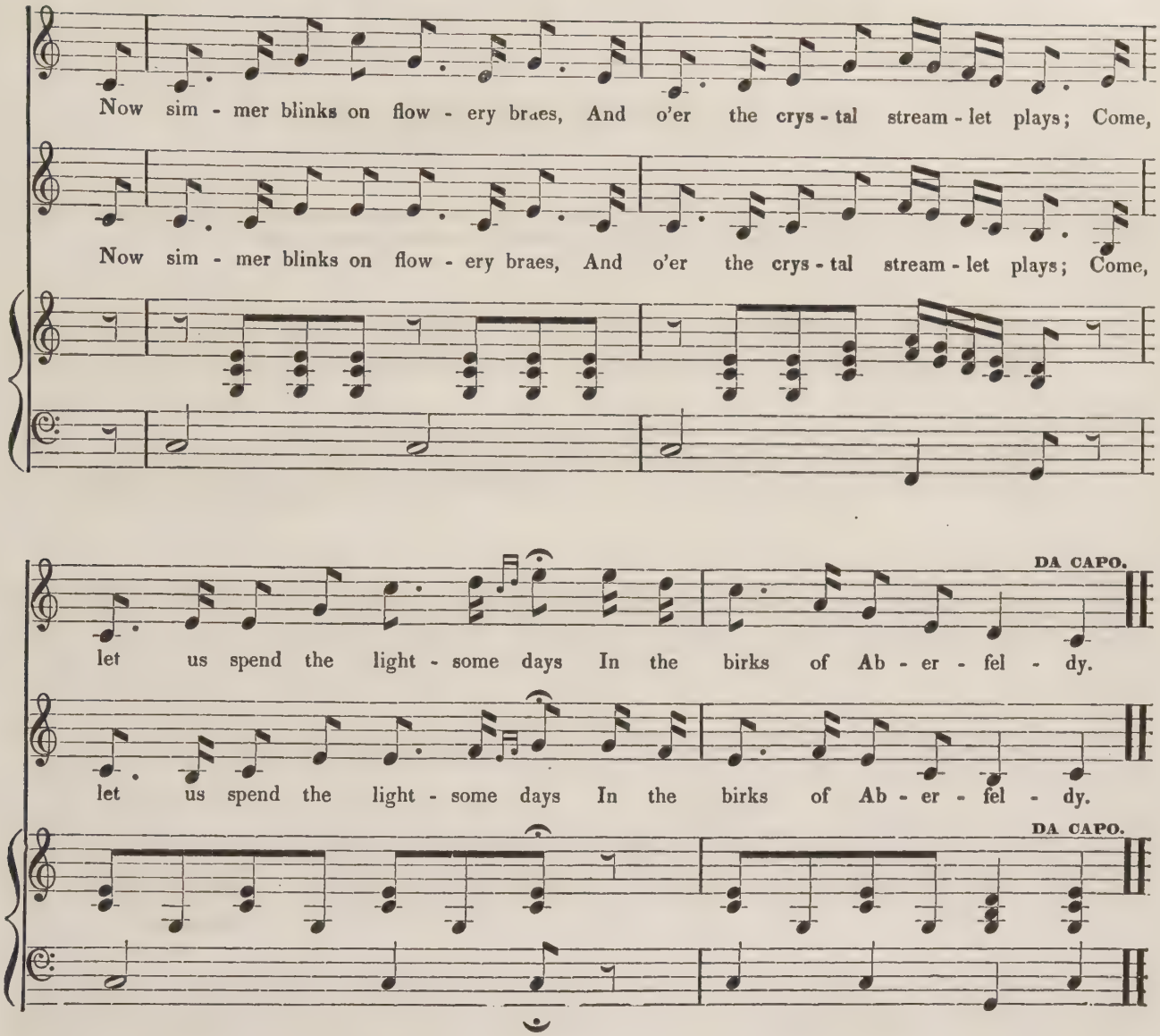
5.

Now Mary's heart is light again;
She's neither sick nor silly;
For auld or young, nae sinfu' tongue
Could e'er entice her Willie.
And aye the sang thro' Bogie rang,
"O, haud ye frae the cogie!
The weary gill's the sorest ill
On braes o' fair Strathbogie"

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

This was composed by Burns, to the old tune of the "Birks of Abergeldy," in 1787, while standing under the falls of Aberfeldy, near Moness, in Perthshire. The tune is to be found in Playford's "Dancing Master," printed in 1657.


Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
FINE.
Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go to the birks of Ab - er - fel - dy?
Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go to the birks of Ab - er - fel - dy?
FINE.


Now sim - mer blinks on flow - ery braes, And o'er the crys - tal stream - let plays; Come,
Now sim - mer blinks on flow - ery braes, And o'er the crys - tal stream - let plays; Come,
let us spend the light - some days In the birks of Ab - er - fel - dy.
DA CAPO.
let us spend the light - some days In the birks of Ab - er - fel - dy.
DA CAPO.

2.

While o'er their head the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lichtly flit, on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

3.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's;
The foamin' stream, deep roarin', fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

4.

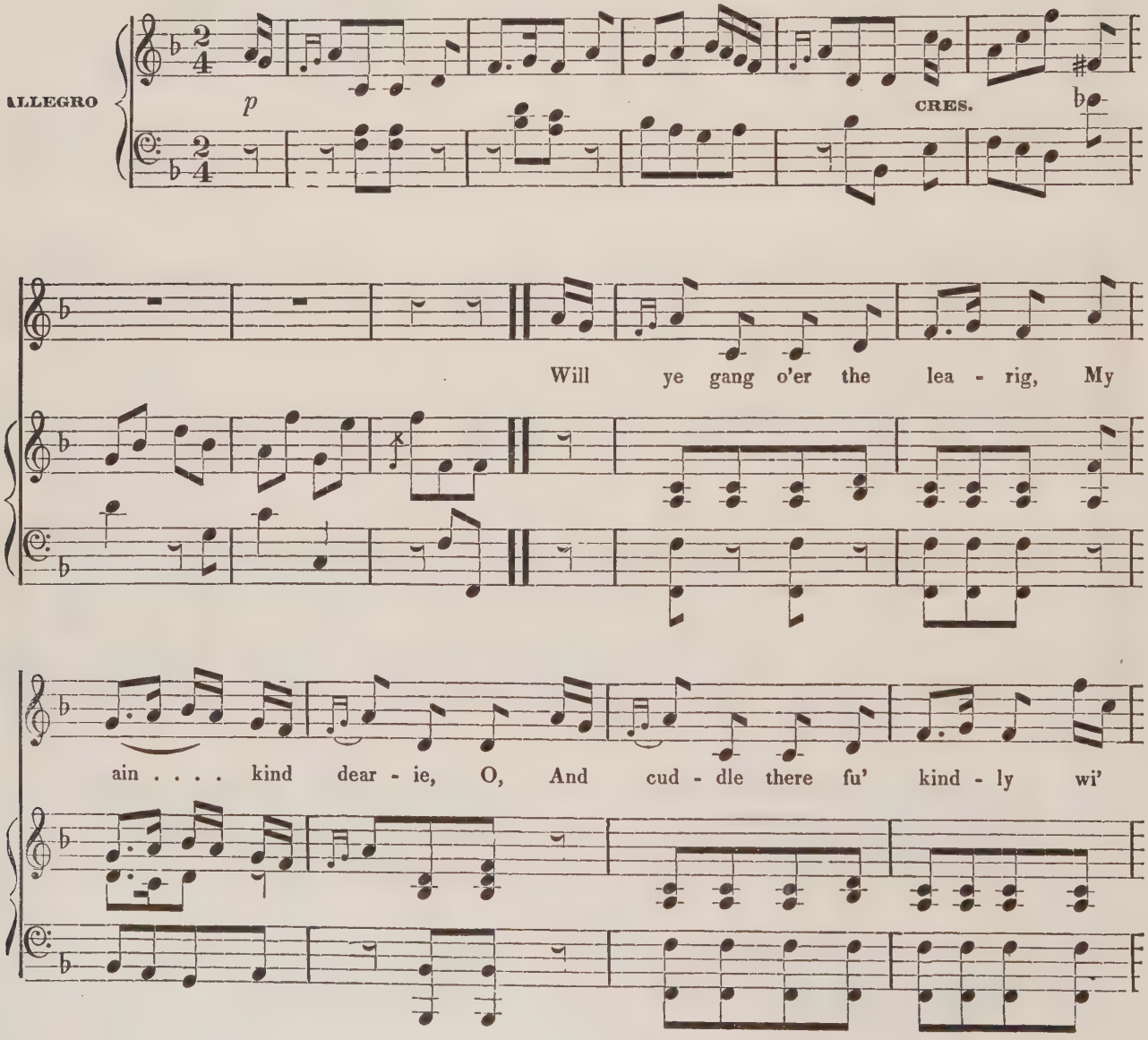
The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers;
White ower the linn the burnie pours,
And, risin', weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

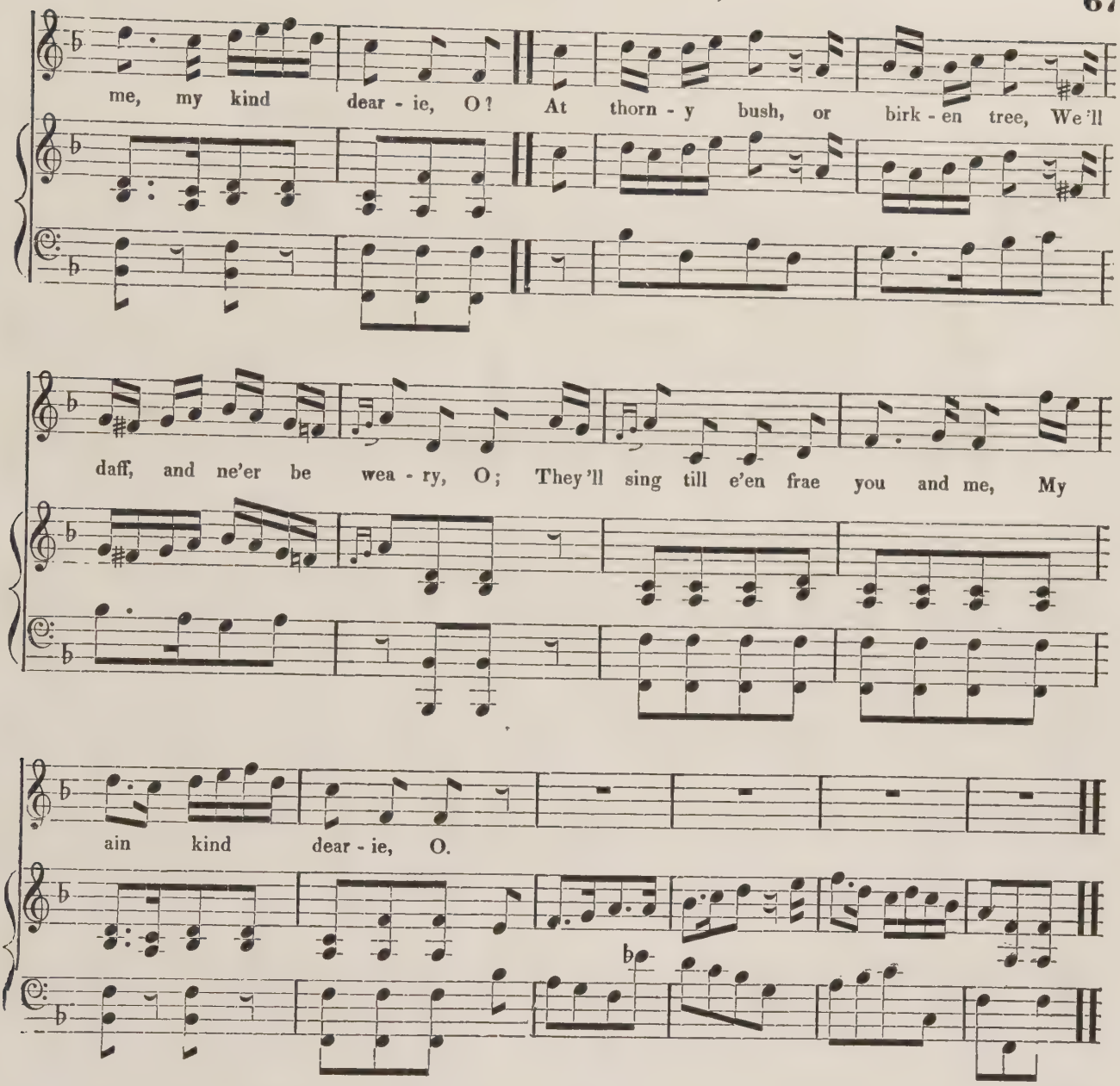
5.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee;
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blessed wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

The first two stanzas of this song are by the ill-fated Robert Ferguson; the third is one of several added by William Reid, who was sometimes extremely fortunate in the additions he made to popular ditties.




me, my kind dear - ie, O! At thorn - y bush, or birk - en tree, We'll
daff, and ne'er be wea - ry, O; They'll sing till e'en frae you and me, My
ain kind dear - ie, O.

2.

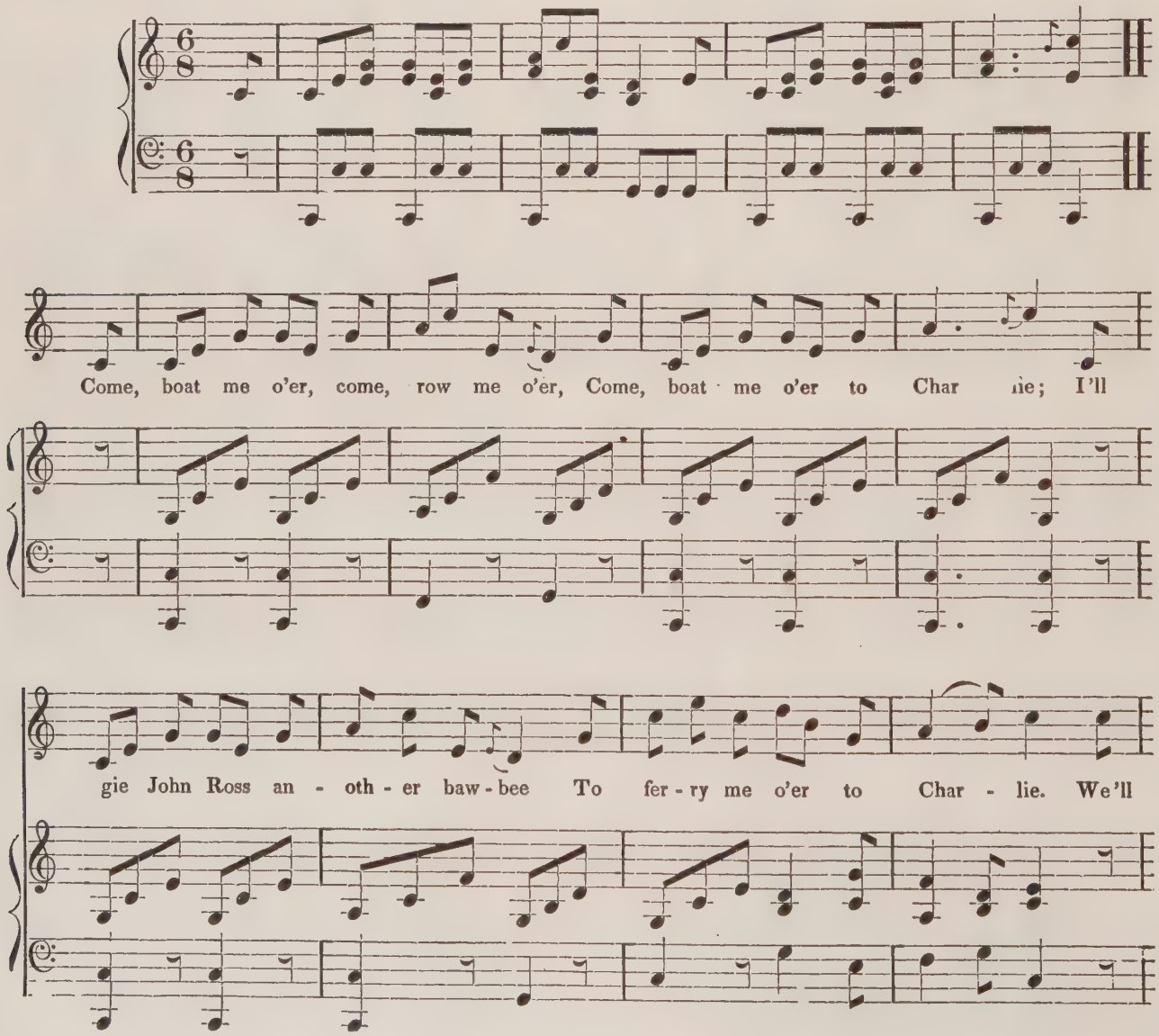
Nae herds wi' kent or colly there
Shall ever come to fear ye, O;
But laverocks, whistling in the air,
Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.
While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my jo;
Upon the lea my pleasure grows,
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.

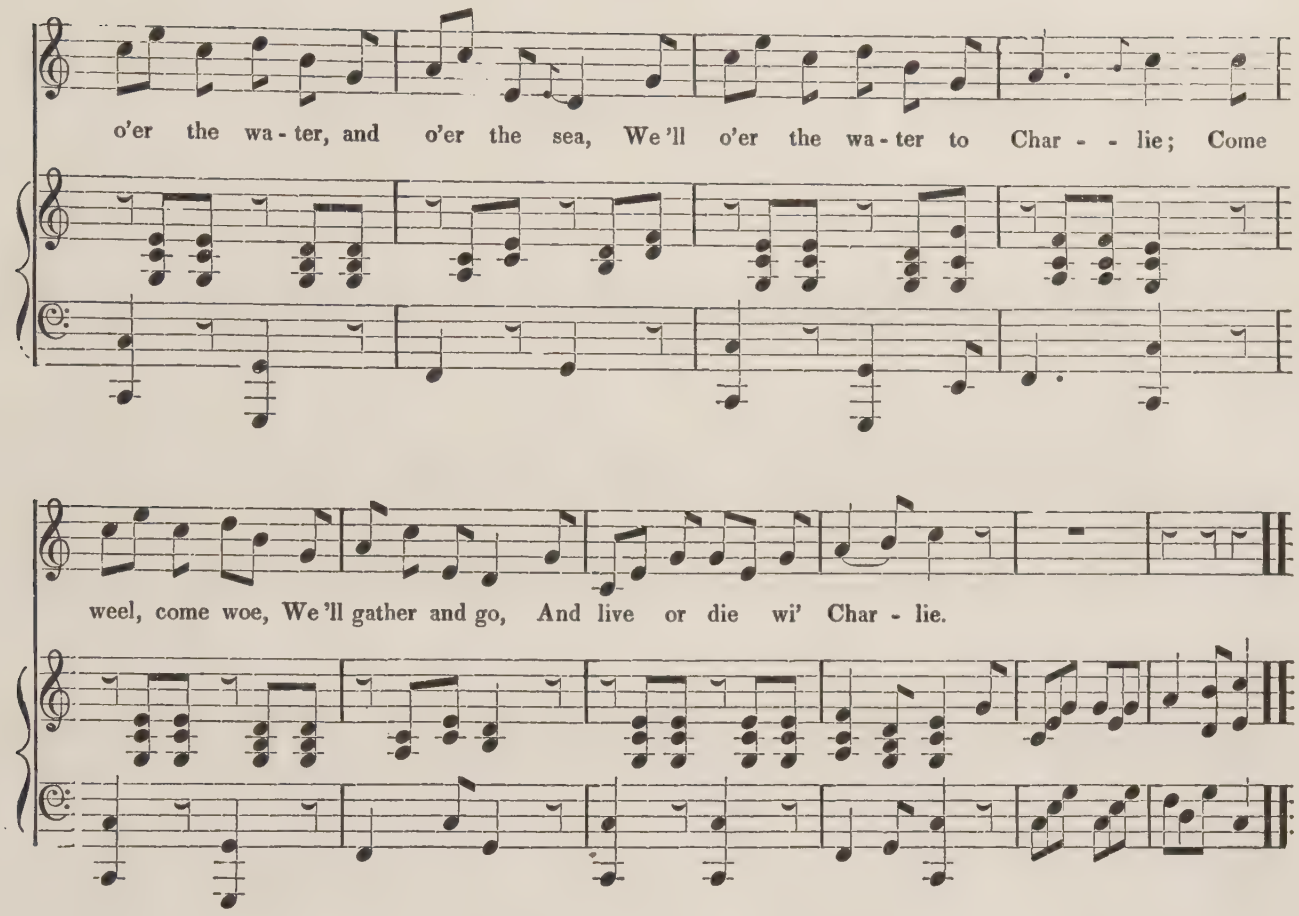
3.

For though the night were ne'er sae dark,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.
While in this wearie warld o' wae,
This wilderness sae dreary, O,
What makes me blithe, and keeps me sae?
'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

This popular Jacobite song has been subjected to various alterations, so that few copies read alike. We give Hogg's version, in his "Relics." The tune is older than the '45, and it is probable that there was some old song with that burthen, before the Jacobitical effusion.





2.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be that abhor him;
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's face before him!

3.

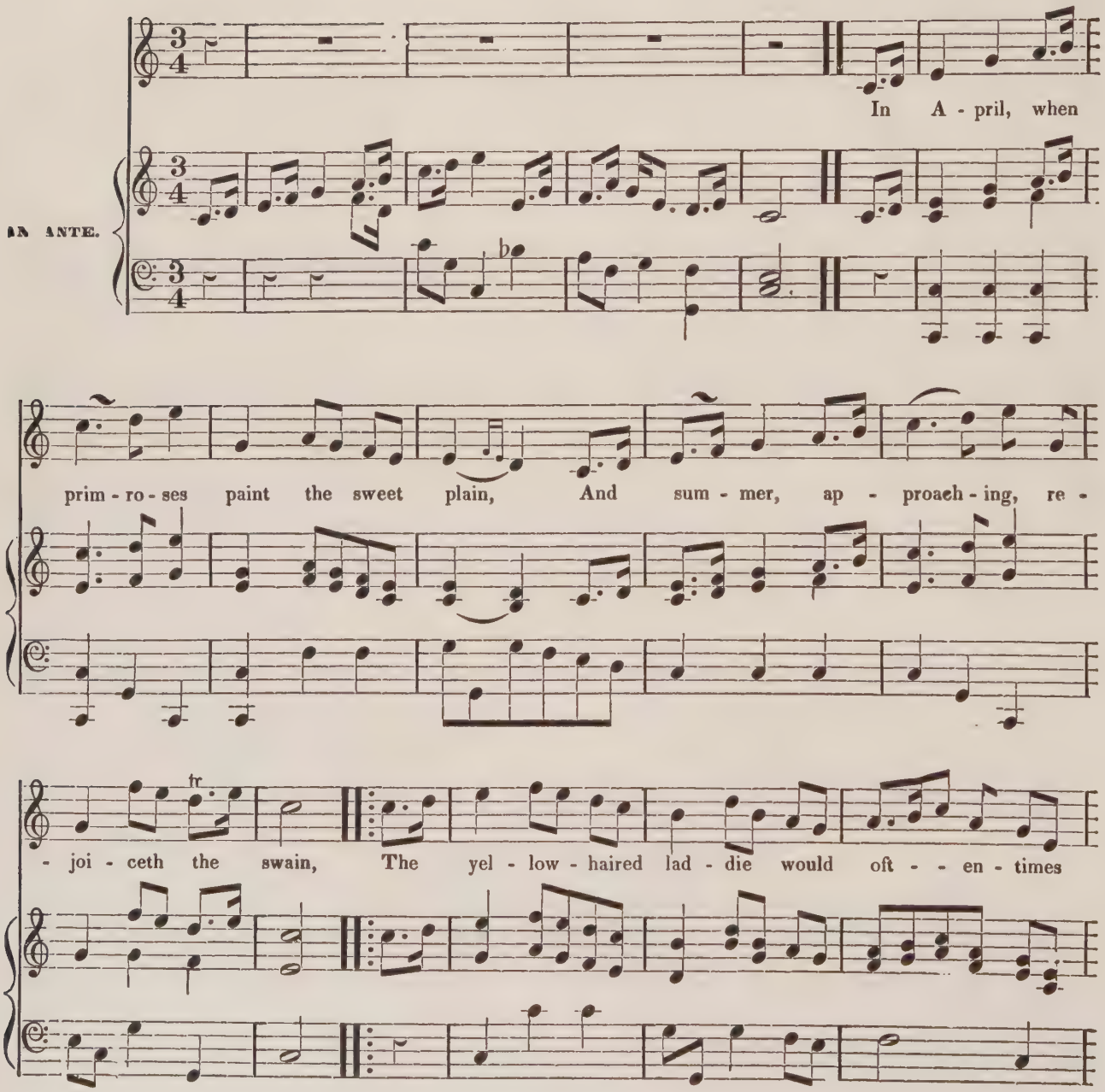
I swear by moon and stars sae bricht,
And the sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gie them a' for Charlie.

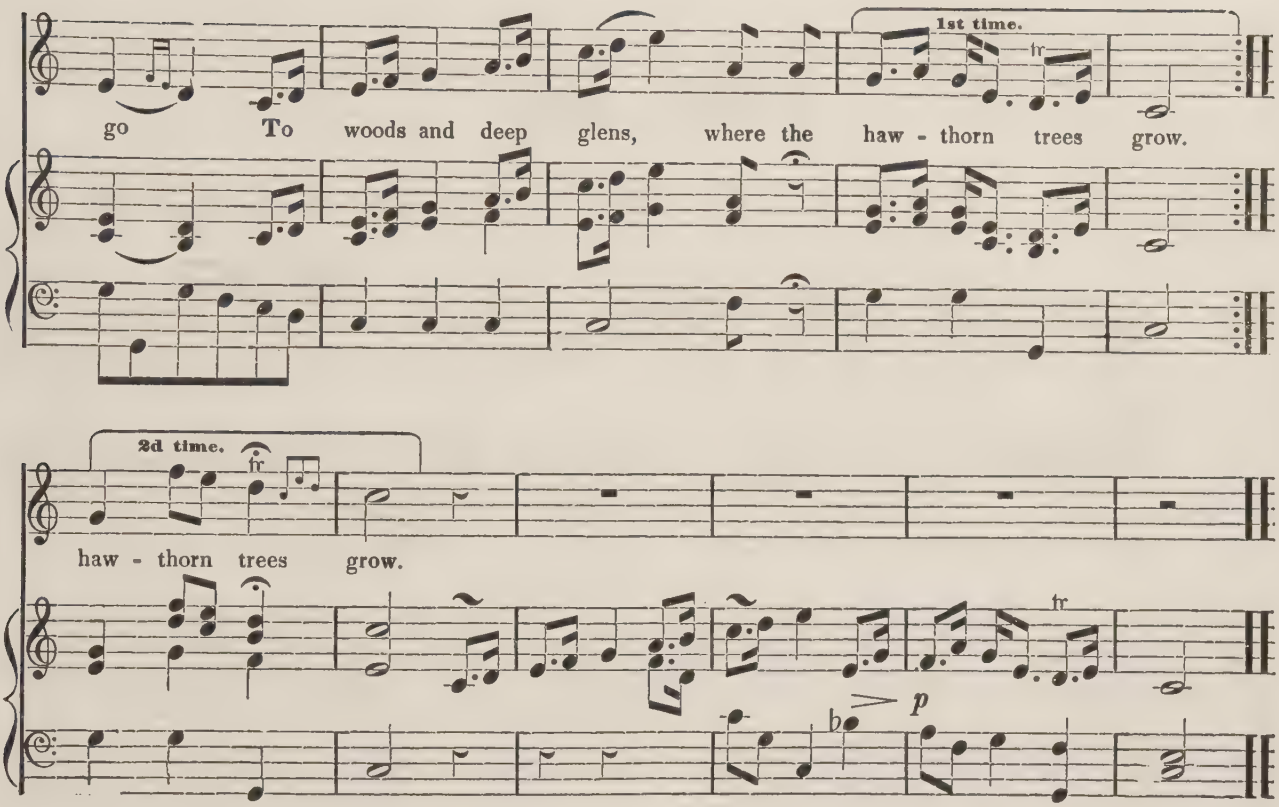
4.

I ance had sons, I now hae nane;
I bred them, toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie.

THE YELLOW-HAIRED LADDIE.

Written by ALLAN RAMSAY.


IN ANTE.
In A - pril, when
prim - ro - ses paint the sweet plain, And sum - mer, ap - proach - ing, re -
tr
- joi - ceth the swain, The yel - low - haired lad - die would oft - - en - times



2.

There, under the shade of an old sacred oak,
With freedom he sung his loves evening and morn;
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies unseen danced around.

3.

The shepherd thus sung, "Though young Maddie be fair,
Her beauty is dashed with a scornful, proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;
Her breath's like the breezes perfumed in the spring

4.

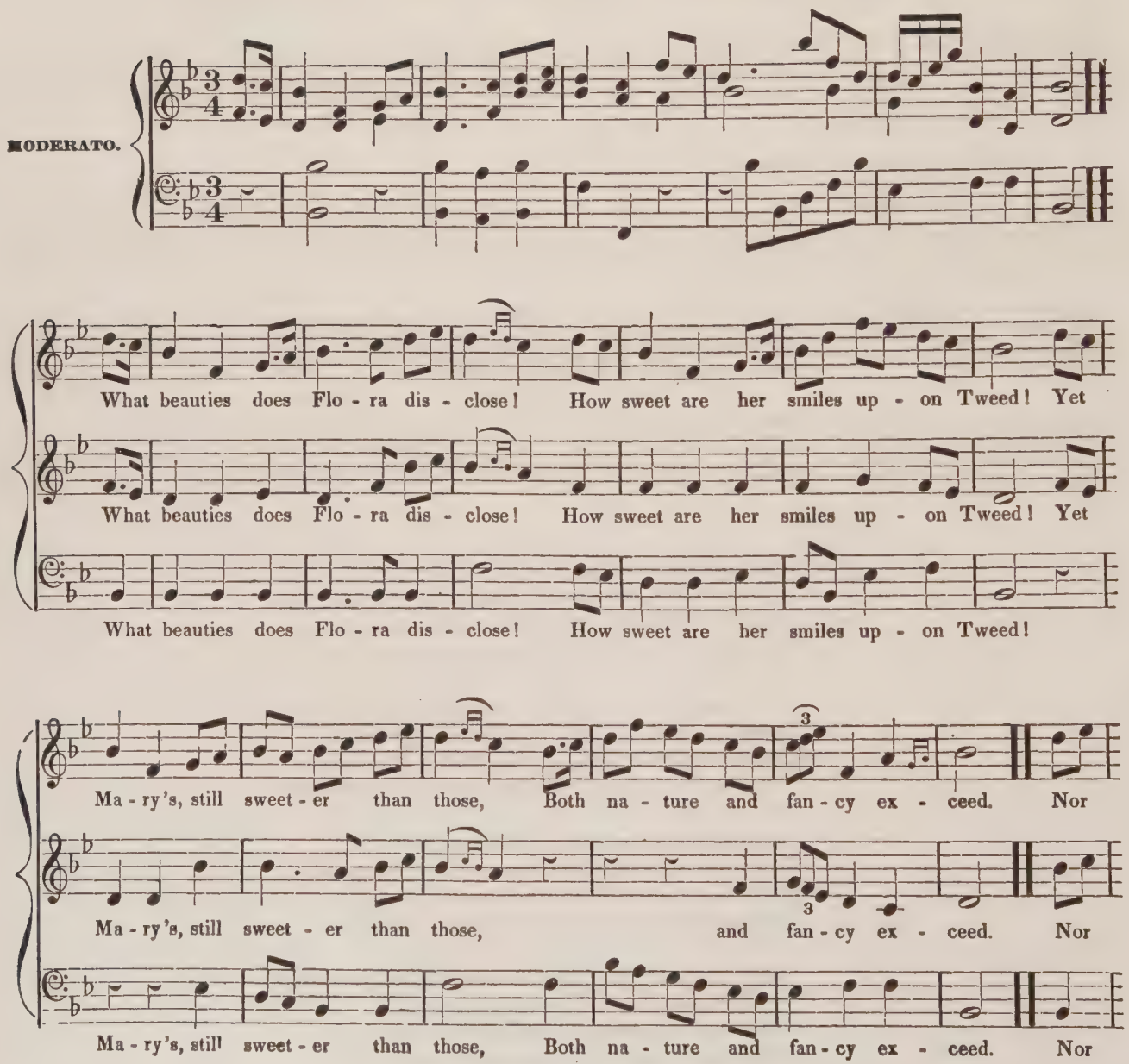
That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth
But Susie was faithful, good-humored, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

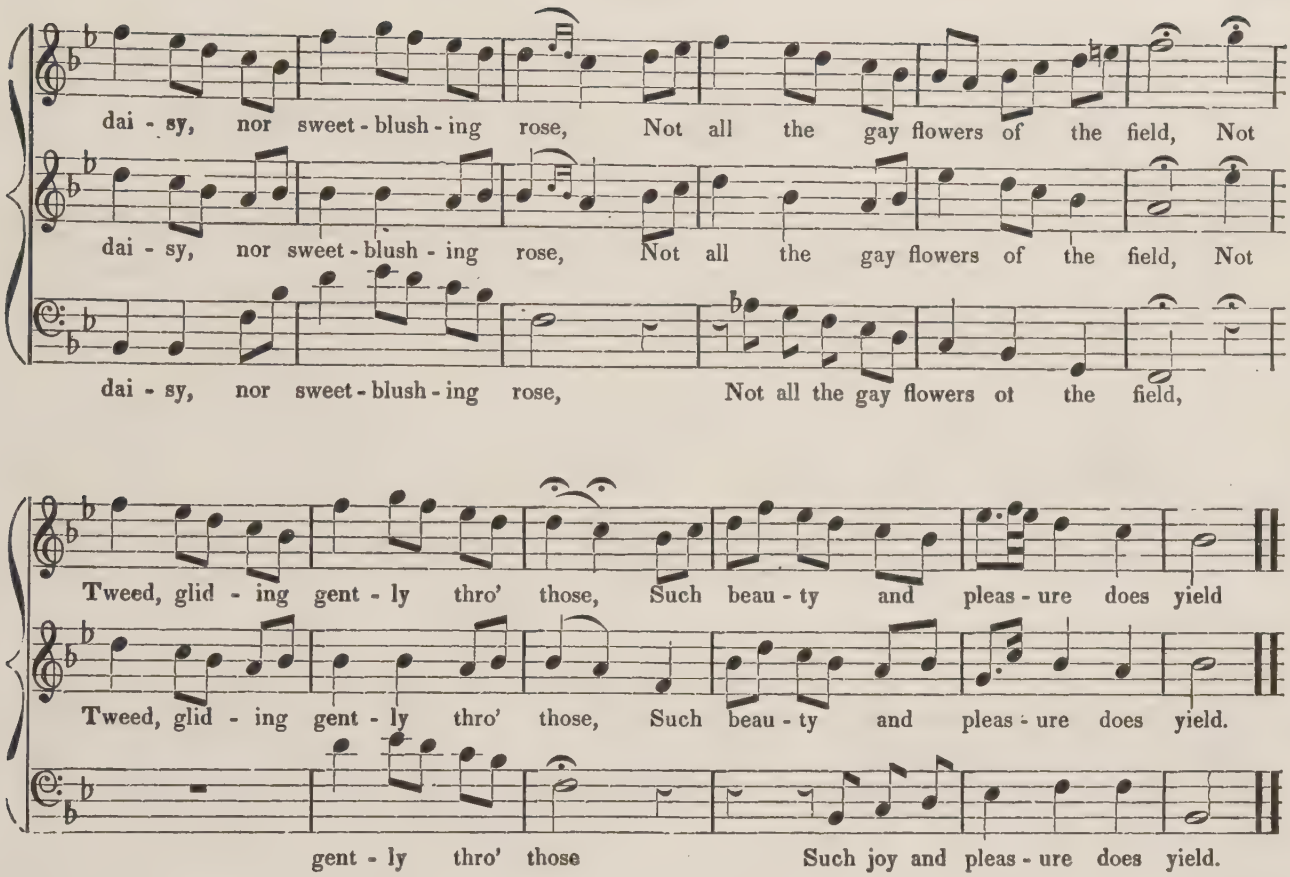
5.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour."
Then sighing, he wished, would but parents agree,
That witty, sweet Susan his mistress might be

TWEED SIDE.

Written by WILLIAM CRAWFORD.


MODERATO.
What beauties does Flo - ra dis - close! How sweet are her smiles up - on Tweed! Yet
What beauties does Flo - ra dis - close! How sweet are her smiles up - on Tweed! Yet
What beauties does Flo - ra dis - close! How sweet are her smiles up - on Tweed!
Ma - ry's, still sweet - er than those, Both na - ture and fan - cy ex - ceed. Nor
Ma - ry's, still sweet - er than those, and fan - cy ex - ceed. Nor
Ma - ry's, still sweet - er than those, Both na - ture and fan - cy ex - ceed. Nor


dai - sy, nor sweet - blush - ing rose, Not all the gay flowers of the field, Not
dai - sy, nor sweet - blush - ing rose, Not all the gay flowers of the field, Not
dai - sy, nor sweet - blush - ing rose, Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Tweed, glid - ing gent - ly thro' those, Such beau - ty and pleas - ure does yield
Tweed, glid - ing gent - ly thro' those, Such beau - ty and pleas - ure does yield.
gent - ly thro' those Such joy and pleas - ure does yield.

2.

The warblers are heard in the grove,—
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird and sweet-cooing dove
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead;
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feathered folks sing.

3.

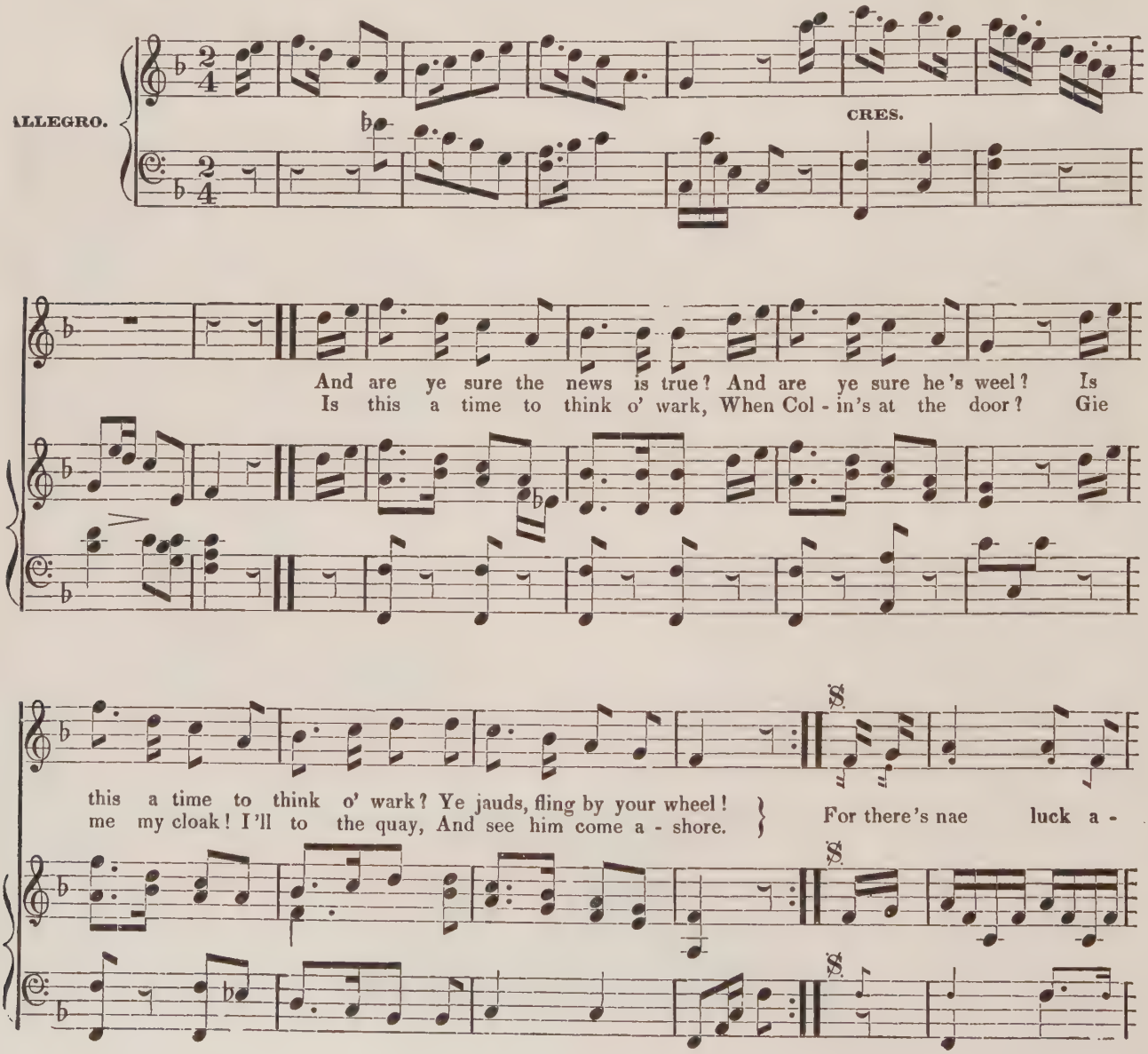
How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest:
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

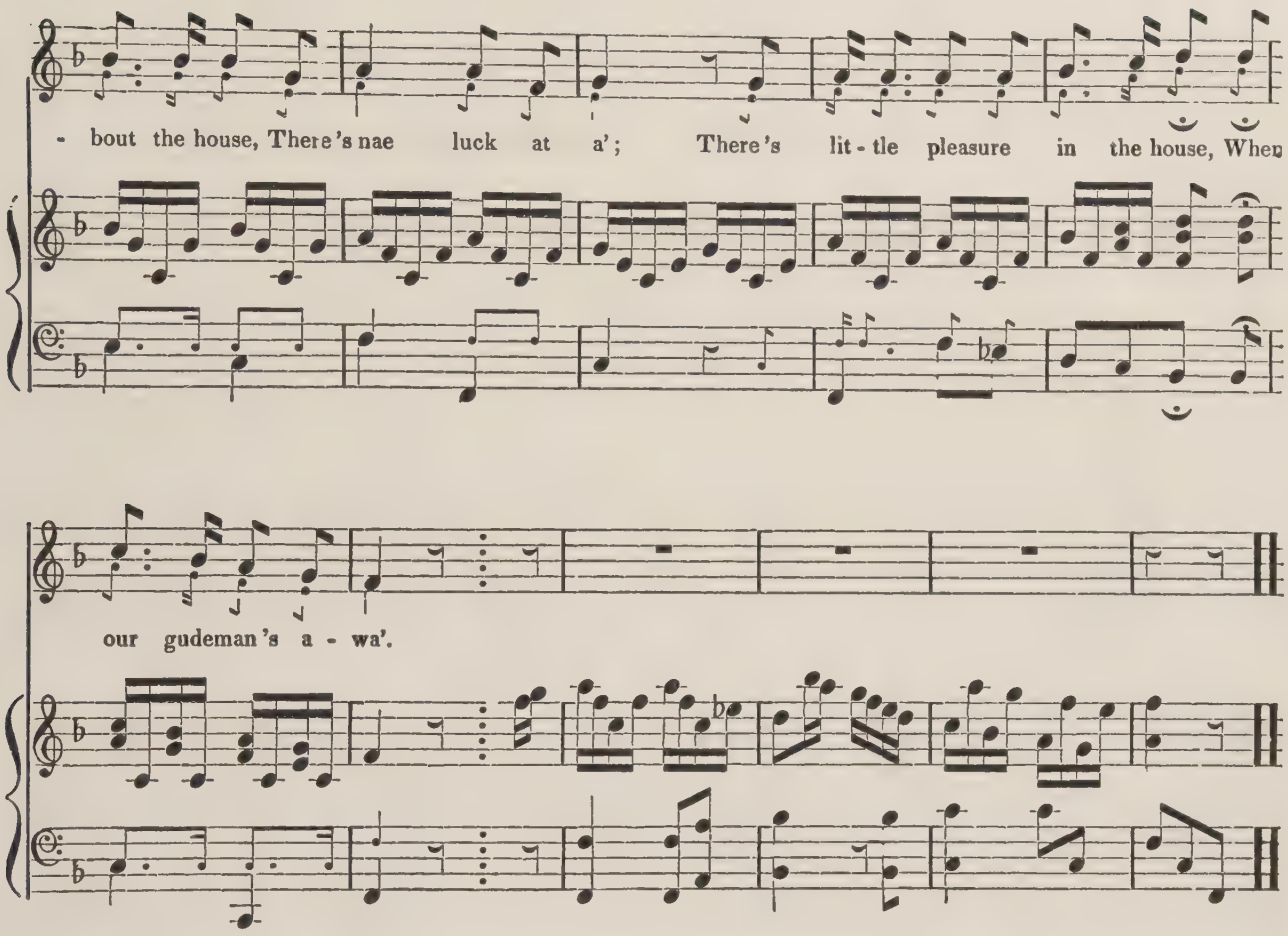
4.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
O, tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on smooth-winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

"This," says Burns, "is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language. About the year 1771 or 1772, it came first on the streets as a ballad; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period." Burns says nothing about the authorship of the song, which has been made in later days a subject of much dispute. It was by some ascribed to WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE; and by others it was claimed as the production of a poor school-mistress, named JEAN ADAMS. The third stanza, as it stands in the present copy, was written by DR. BEATTIE.


ALLEGRO.
CRES.
And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is
Is this a time to think o' wark, When Col - in's at the door? Gie
this a time to think o' wark? Ye jauds, fling by your wheel!
me my cloak! I'll to the quay, And see him come a - shore.
For there's nae luck a -



2.

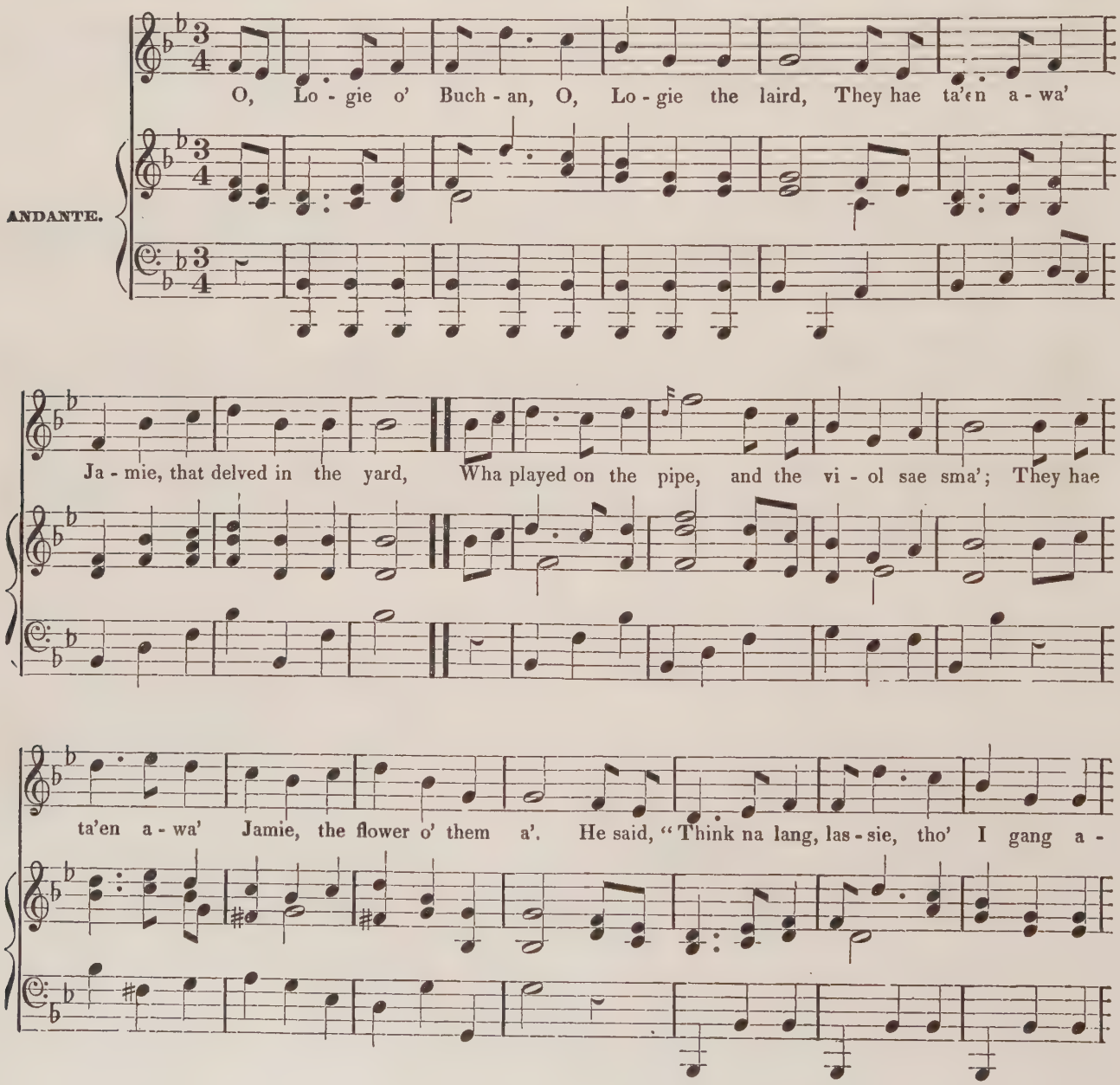
Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech;
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair!
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought!
In troth, I m like to greet!
For there's nae luck, &c.

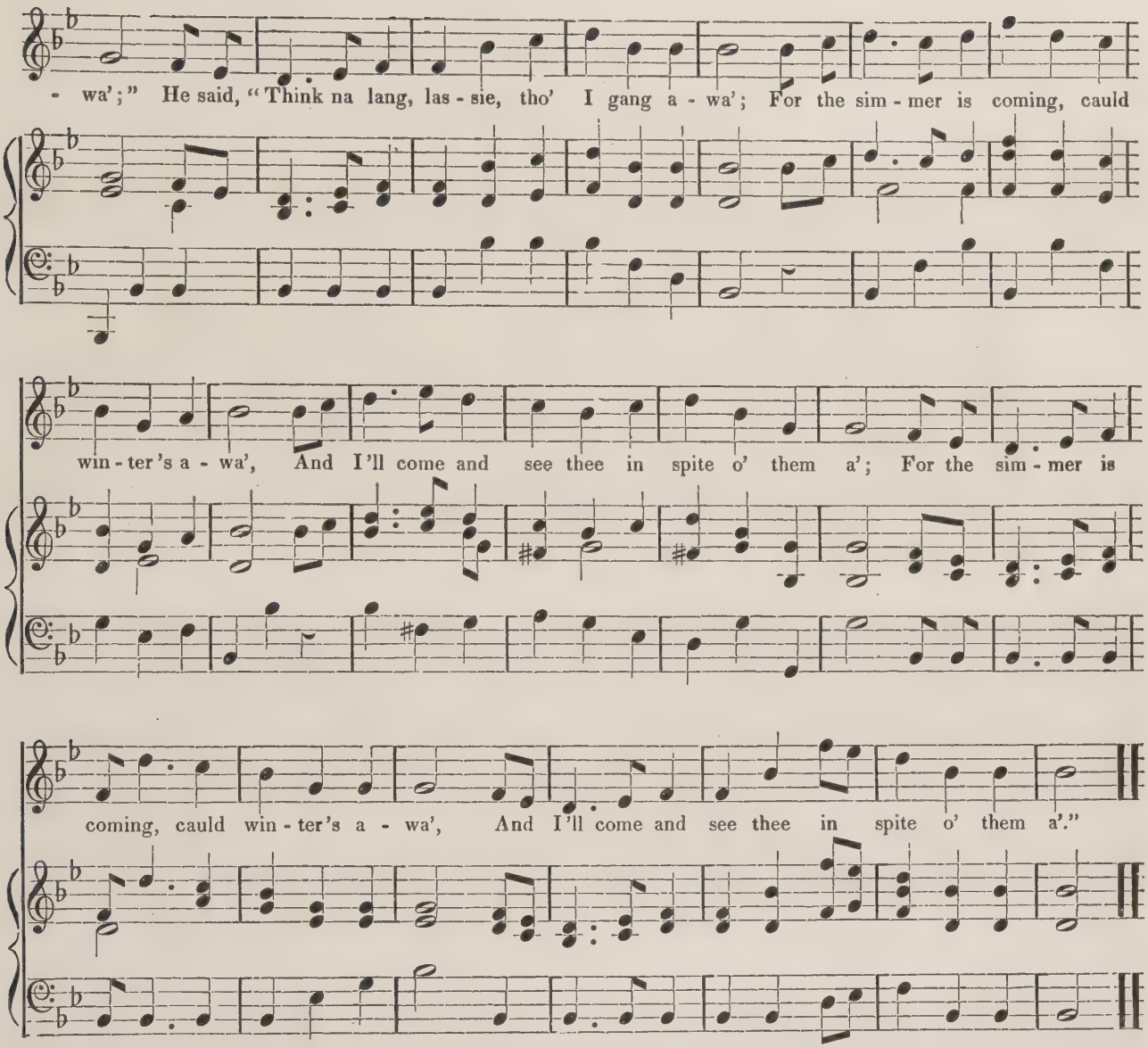
3.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirl'd through my heart,
They're a' blawn by; I hae him safe;
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain—
The neist we never saw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

O, LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

This fine, natural song, which is united to an air equally beautiful and simple, has been ascribed to GEORGE HALKET who died in 1756 The Logie is situated in Crimond, Aberdeenshire; and the hero of the piece was a James Robertson, gardener at the place of Logie


ANDANTE.
O, Lo - gie o' Buch - an, O, Lo - gie the laird, They hae ta'en a - wa'
Ja - mie, that delved in the yard, Wha played on the pipe, and the vi - ol sae sma'; They hae
ta'en a - wa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'. He said, "Think na lang, las - sie, tho' I gang a -


- wa';" He said, "Think na lang, las - sie, tho' I gang a - wa'; For the sim - mer is coming, cauld
win - ter's a - wa', And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'; For the sim - mer is
coming, cauld win - ter's a - wa', And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'."

2.

Tho' Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a hadden, and siller forbye,
Yet I'd tak' mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him wi' the houses and land.
He said, &c.

3.

My dadd e looks sulky; my minnie looks sour;
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They're nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, &c.

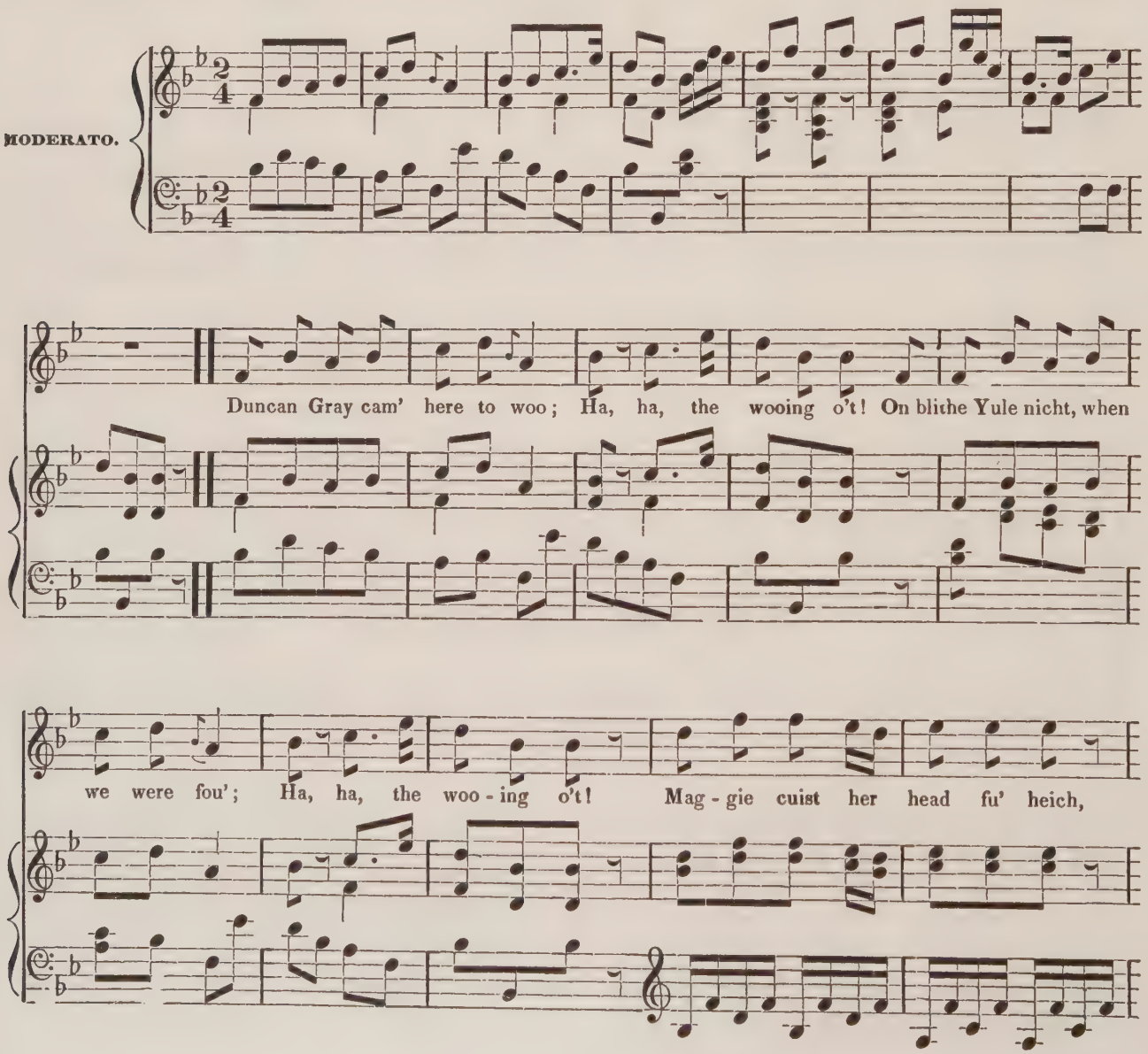
4.

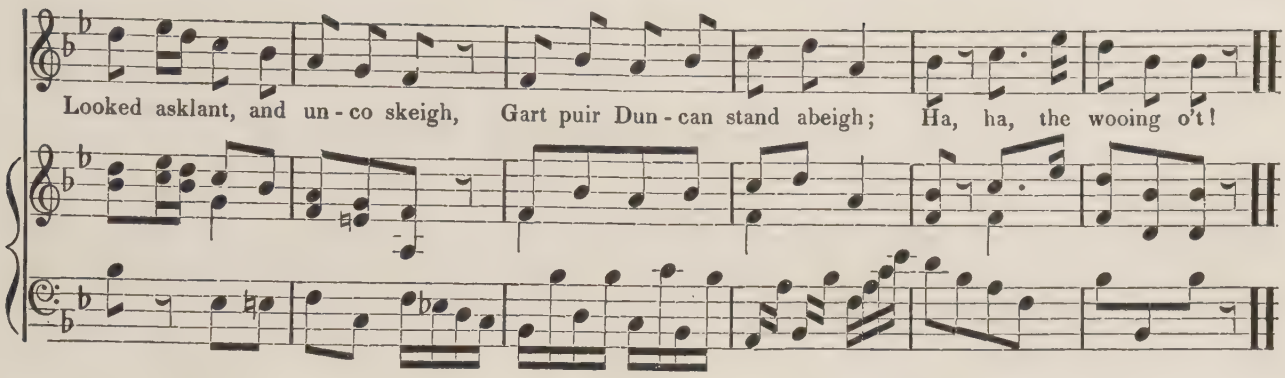
I sit on my creepie, I spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence; he brak' it in twa,
And gied me the hauf o't when he gaed awa'.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide nae awa';
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide nae awa';
The simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a',
For the simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
And ve'll come and see me in spite o' them a

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray is said to have been a carter or carman in Glasgow, about the beginning of the last century; and the tune which goes by his name is said to have been taken down from his whistling. Burns wrote the following words to the melody, in 17[illegible], for "Thompson's Collection." Its humor and spirit have made it a universal favorite.


MODERATO.
Duncan Gray cam' here to woo; Ha, ha, the wooing o't! On blithe Yule nicht, when
we were fou'; Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't! Mag - gie cuist her head fu' heich,



2.

Duncan fleeched, and Duncan prayed;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Duncan sighed, baith out and in;
Grat his een baith bleert and blin';
Spak' o' louping ower a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

3.

Time and chance are but a tide;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Slichtit love is sair to bide;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
"Shall I, like a fool," quoth he,
"For a hauchty hizzy dee?
She may gae to — France, for me!"
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

4.

How it comes, let doctors tell;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Meg grew sick, as he grew well;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Something in her bosom wrings;
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een! they spak' sic things;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

5.

Duncan was a lad o' grace;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Maggie's was a piteous case;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Duncan couldna be her death;
Swelling pity smoored his wrath;
Now they're crouse and cantie baith;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

This song is introduced as a finale to the opera of Rob Roy, and is sung to the tune of "Duncan Gray." The author is unknown

1.

Pardon, now, the bold outlaw,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Grant him mercy, gentles a',
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Let your hands and hearts agree;
Set the Highland laddie free;
Make us sing, wi' muckle glee,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

2.

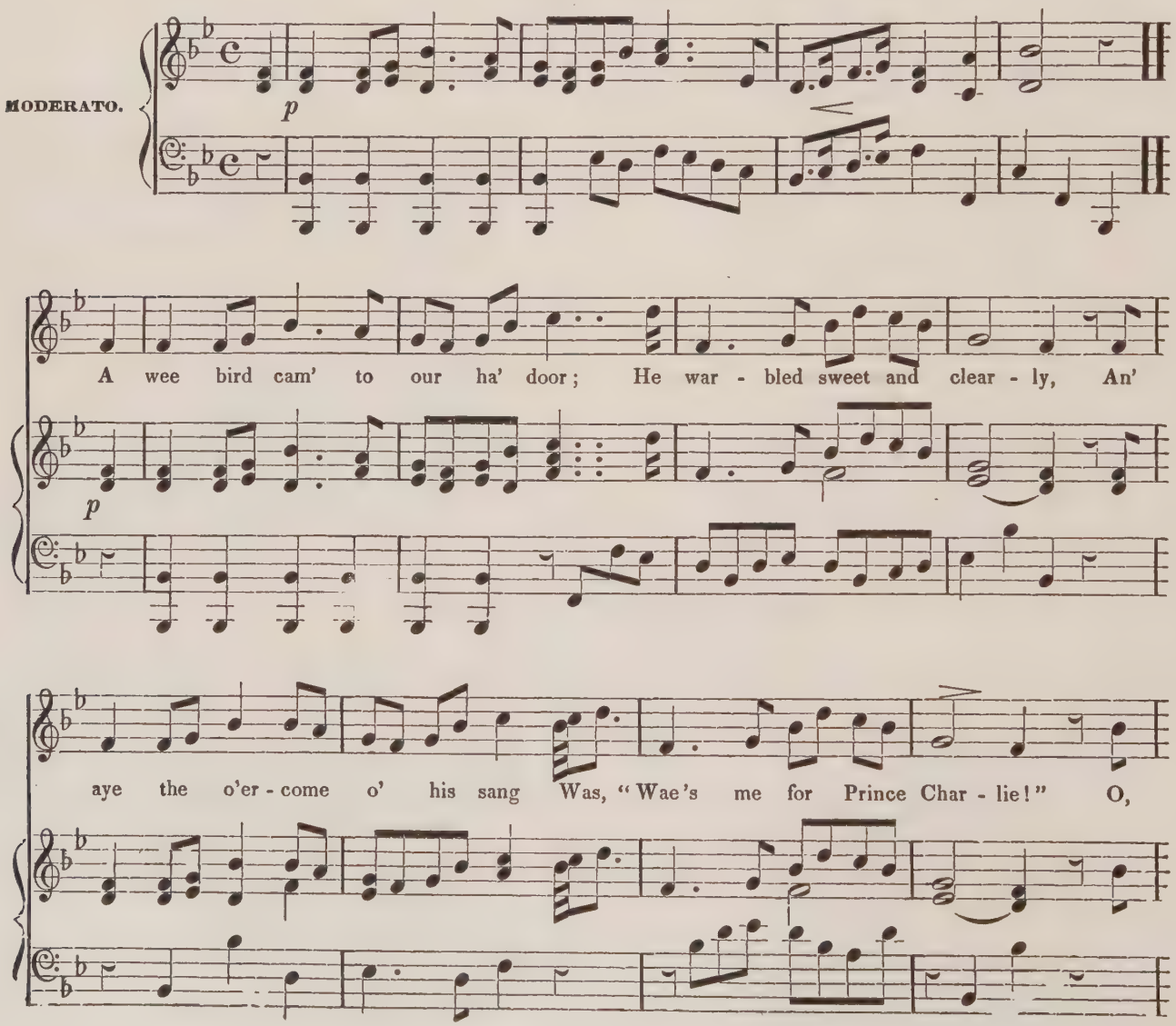
Long the state has doomed his fa',
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Still he spurned the hatefu' law,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Scots can for their country die;
Ne'er frae Britain's foes they flee.
A' that's past forget — forgie —
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

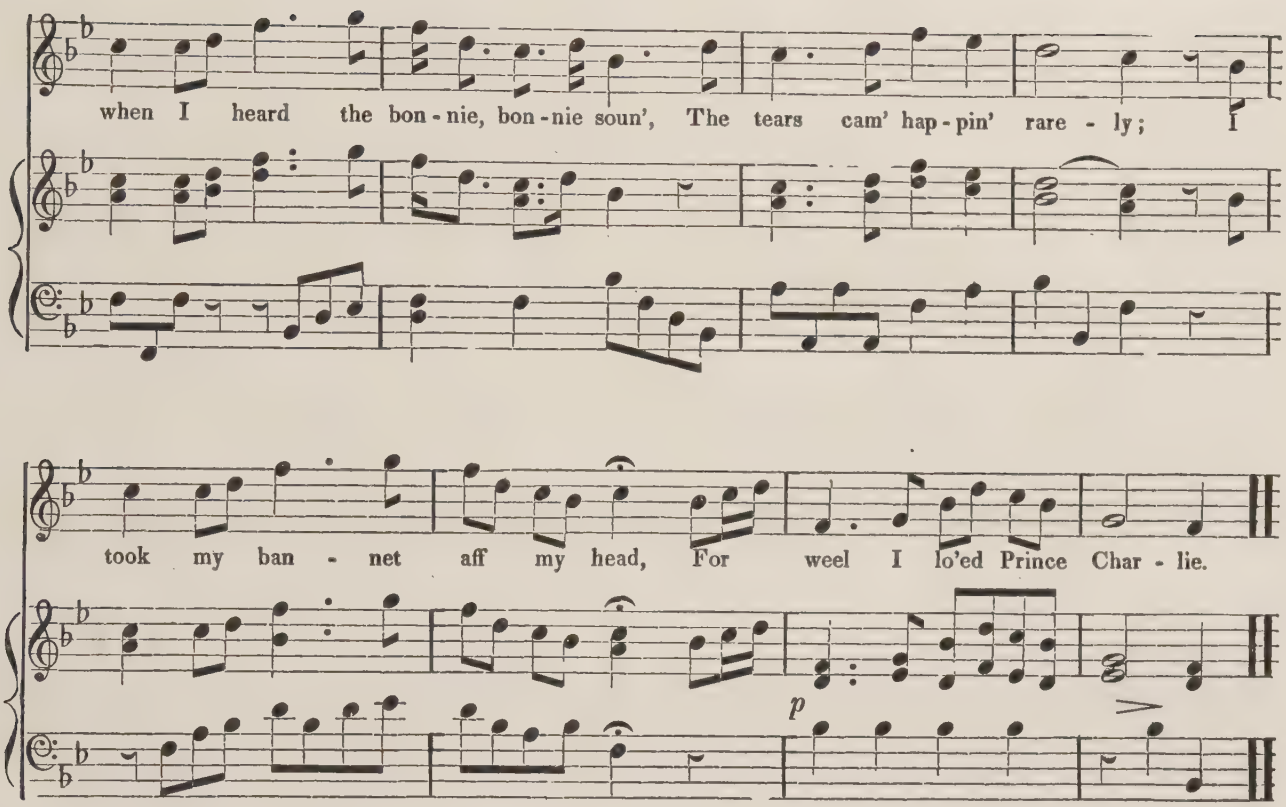
3.

Scotland's fear, and Scotland's pride,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Your award must now abide,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Lang your favors hae been mine —
Favors I will ne'er resign;
Welcome, then, for auld lang syne,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

The author of this sweetly-tender Jacobite strain was WILLIAM GLEN, a native of Glasgow, who died about 1824. He was, for some period of his life, a manufacturer in his native city; but his latter days were marked by the poet's too frequent lot—poverty and mistortune. He wrote a variety of songs and other poetical pieces; but the present one is, perhaps, his happiest. It is sung to the old air of "Johnnie Faa, or the Gipsey Laddie."


MODERATO.
p
A wee bird cam' to our ha' door; He war - bled sweet and clear - ly, An'
p
aye the o'er - come o' his sang Was, "Wae's me for Prince Char - lie!" O,


when I heard the bon - nie, bon - nie soun', The tears cam' hap - pin' rare - ly; I
took my ban - net aff my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie.
p

2.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are these some words ye've learned by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"
"O, no, no, no!" the wee bird sang;
"I've flown sin' mornin' early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain—
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

3.

"On hills, that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger;
On every side he's pressed by want,
On every side is danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen—
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie

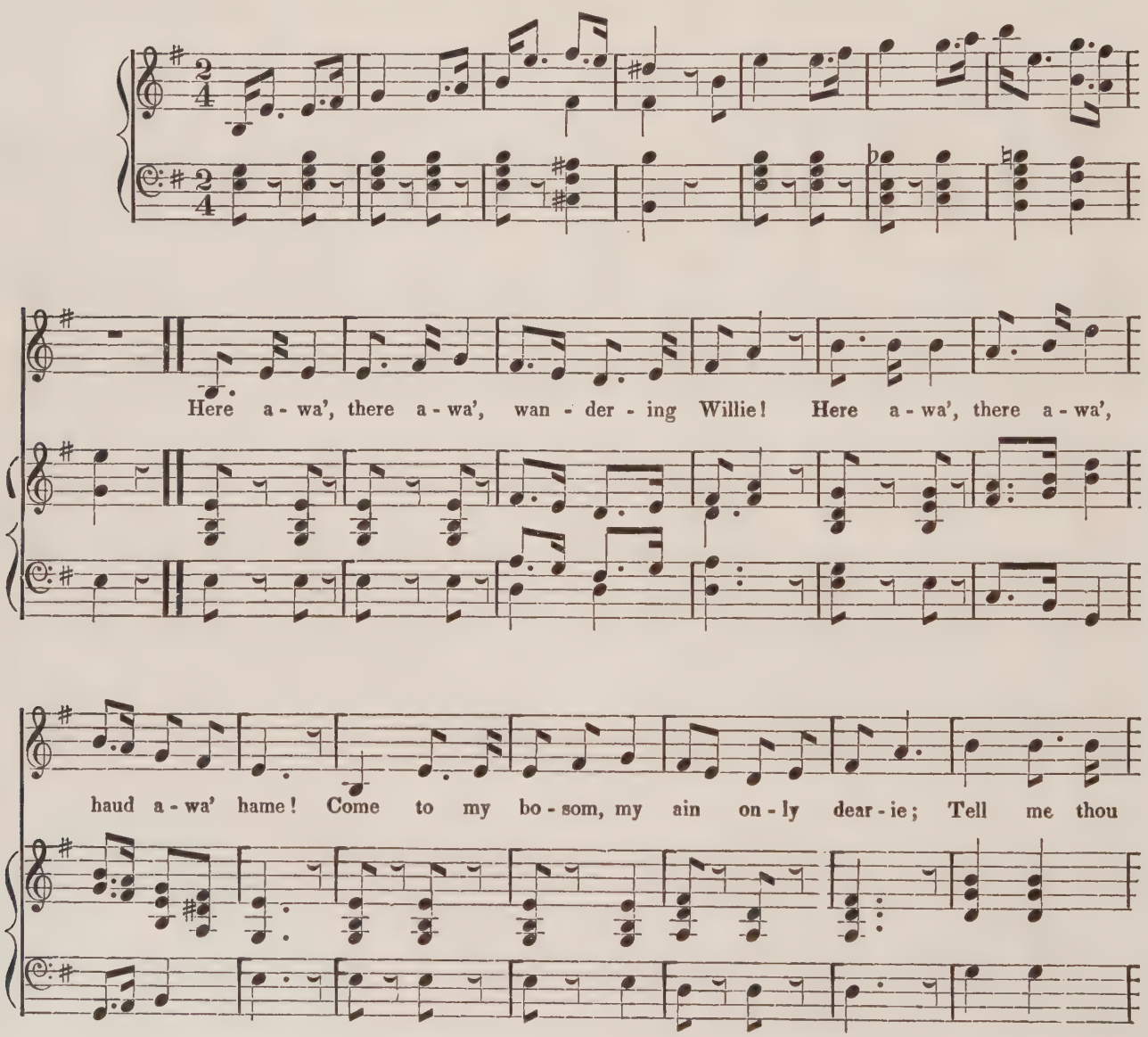
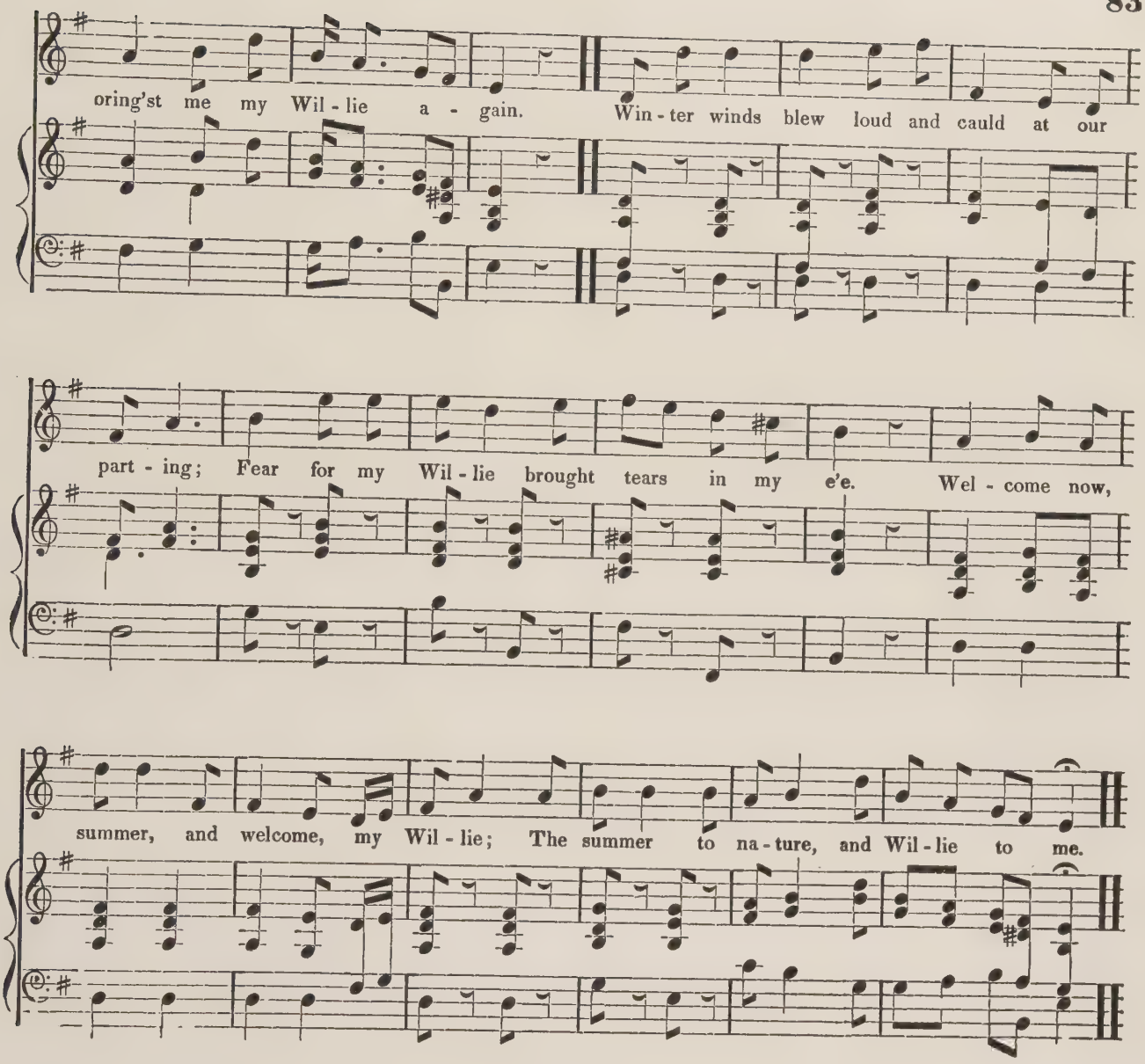
4.

'Dark night cam' on; the tempest roared
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys;
An' where was't that your Prince lay doun,
Whase hame should been a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

5.

But now the bird saw some red coats,
And he sheuk his wings wi' anger—
"O, this is nae a land for me;
I'll tarry here nae langer!"
He hovered on the wing awhile,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

WANDERING WILLIE.

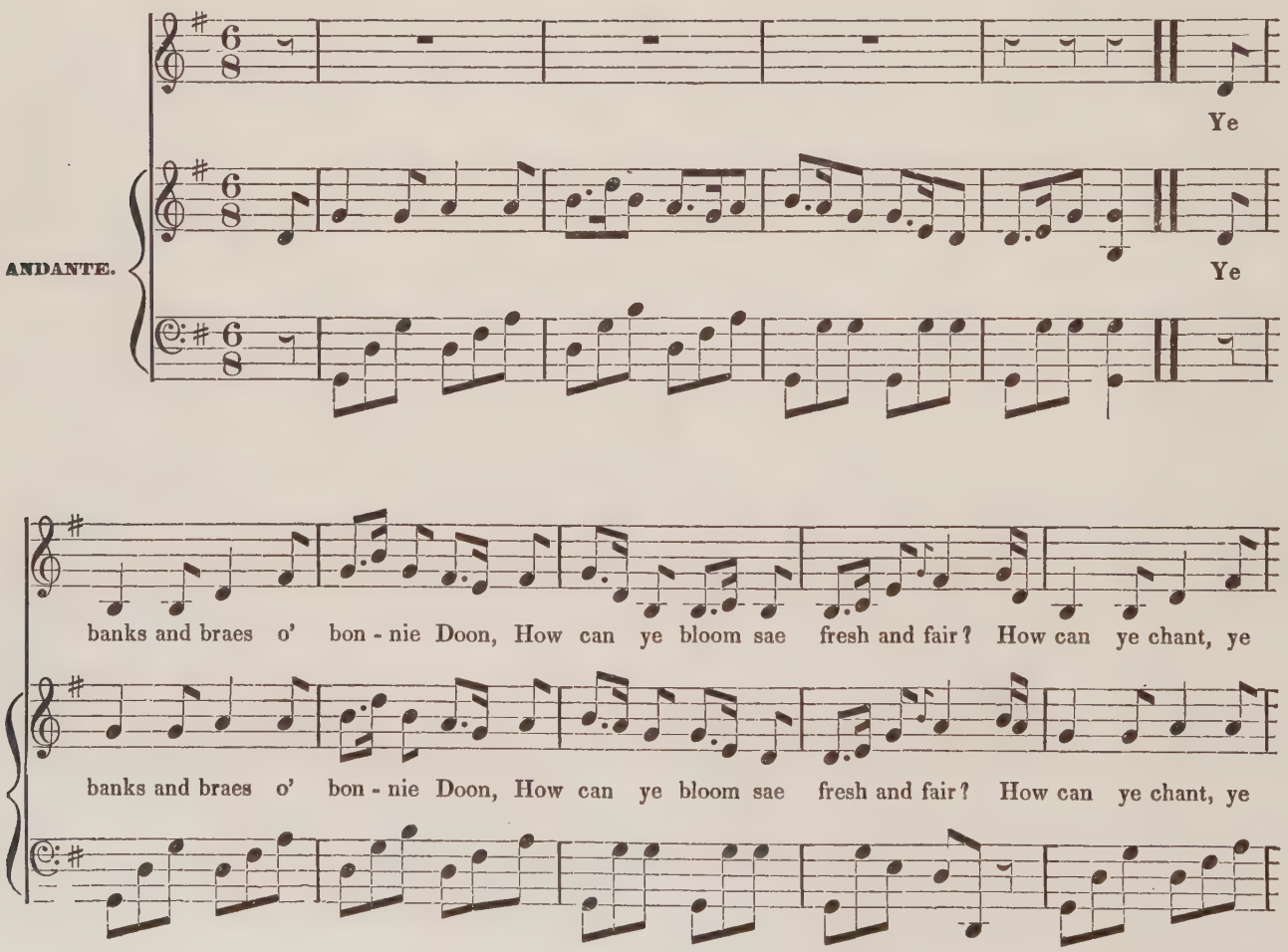
The beautiful air of "Here awa', there awa," is preserved in Oswald's collection of Scots tunes. Burns, who was fond of the melody wrote the following fine verses to it.


oring'st me my Wil - lie a - gain. Win - ter winds blew loud and cauld at our
part - ing; Fear for my Wil - lie brought tears in my e'e. Wel - come now,
summer, and welcome, my Wil - lie; The summer to na - ture, and Wil - lie to me.

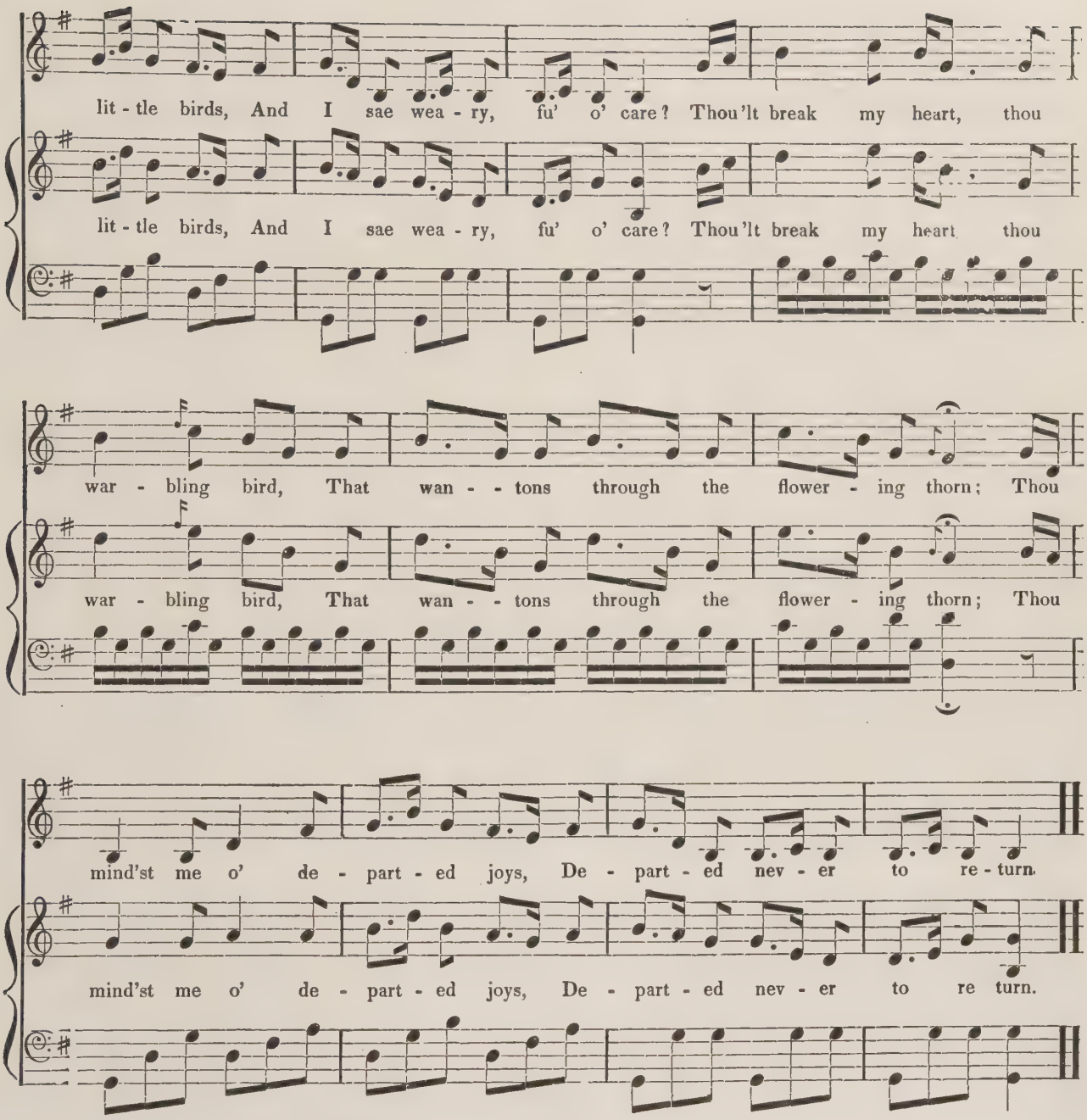
2.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers.
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But O, if he's faithless, and minds nae his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou dark-heaving main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it!
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my air.

BONNIE DOON.

Written by Burns, for "Johnson's Museum." The following account of the air is given by the poet, in a letter dated November, 1794: "There is an air, 'The Caledonian Hunt's Delight,' to which I wrote a song,—'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon.' This air think, might find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer in your good town, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is that, in a few days, Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question."


ANDANTE.
Ye
Ye
banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye
banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye


lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, fu' o' care? Thou'lt break my heart, thou
lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, fu' o' care? Thou'lt break my heart thou
war - bling bird, That wan - - tons through the flower - ing thorn; Thou
war - bling bird, That wan - - tons through the flower - ing thorn; Thou
mind'st me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
mind'st me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re turn.

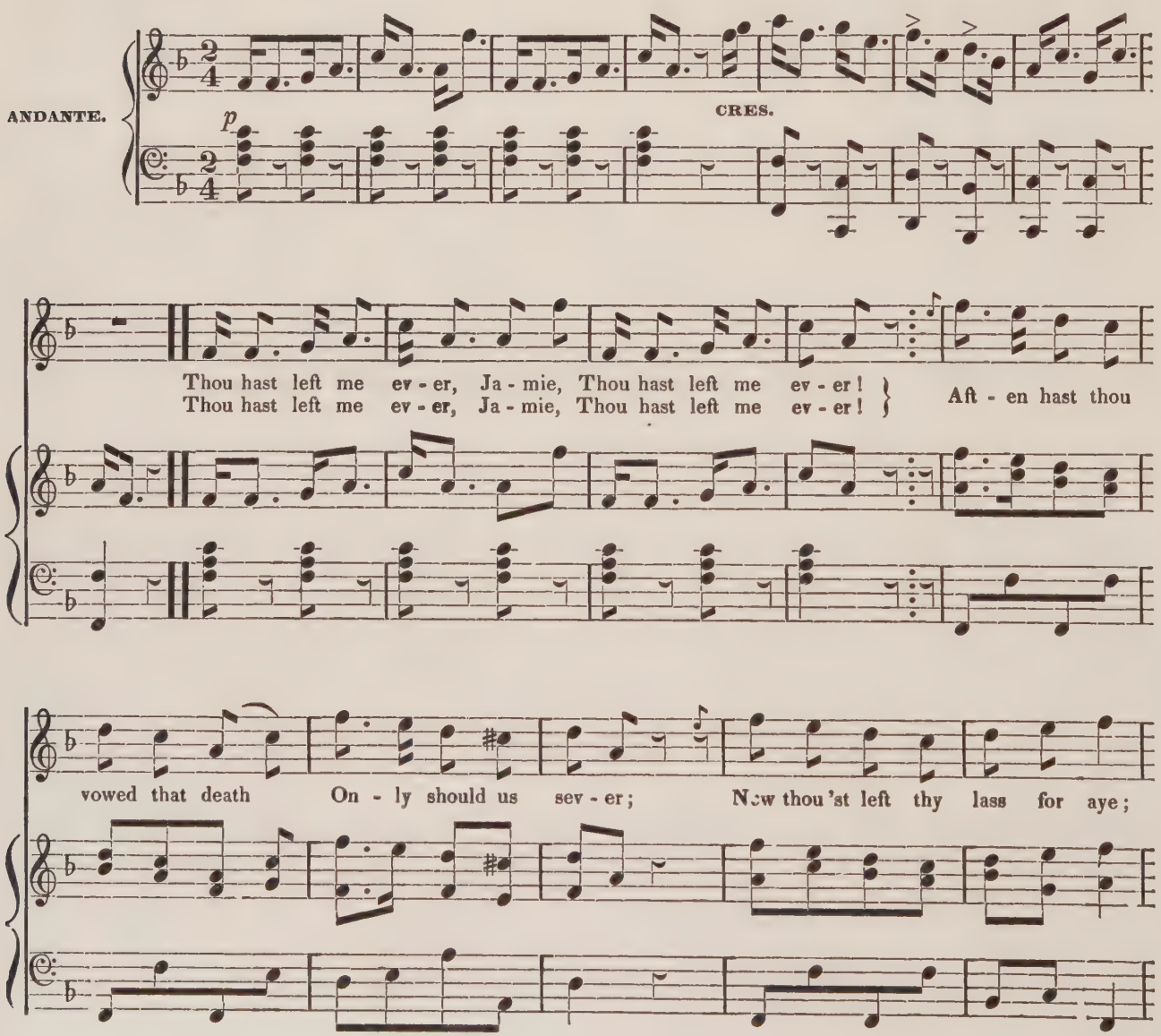
2.

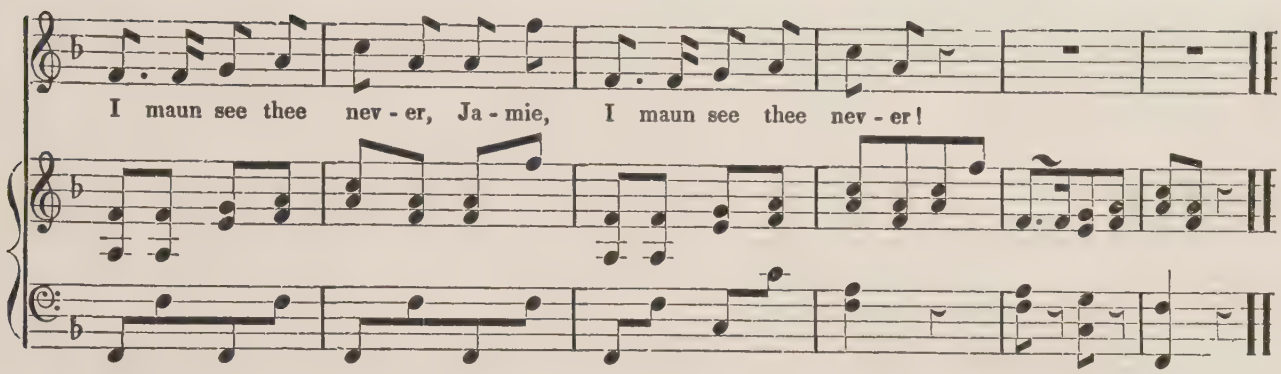
Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

Written by Burns, for "Thompson's Collection," to the fine old tune, called "Fee him, father." Fraser, a hautboy-player in Edinburgh distinguished himself by his manner of performing the air. "When he plays it slow," says Burns, "he makes it, in fact, the language of despair."


ANDANTE.
p
CRES.
Thou hast left me ev - er, Ja - mie, Thou hast left me ev - er!
Thou hast left me ev - er, Ja - mie, Thou hast left me ev - er!
Aft - en hast thou
vowed that death
On - ly should us sev - er;
Now thou 'st left thy lass for aye;



2.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken!

Thou canst love another jo,
While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary e'en I'll close,
Never more to waken, Jamie,
Never more to waken!

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

This song, remarkable for its sweetness and simplicity, first appeared in "Herd's Collection," 1776.

1.

Saw ye Johnnie comin'? quo' she;
Saw ye Johnnie comin'?
Saw ye Johnnie comin'? quo' she;
Saw ye Johnnie comin'?
Saw ye Johnnie comin'? quo' she;
Saw ye Johnnie comin',
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie rinnin', quo' she,
And his doggie rinnin'?

2.

Fee him, father, fee him! quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him!
Fee him, father, fee him! quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him!
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel-doin';
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Wi' me when I see him.

3.

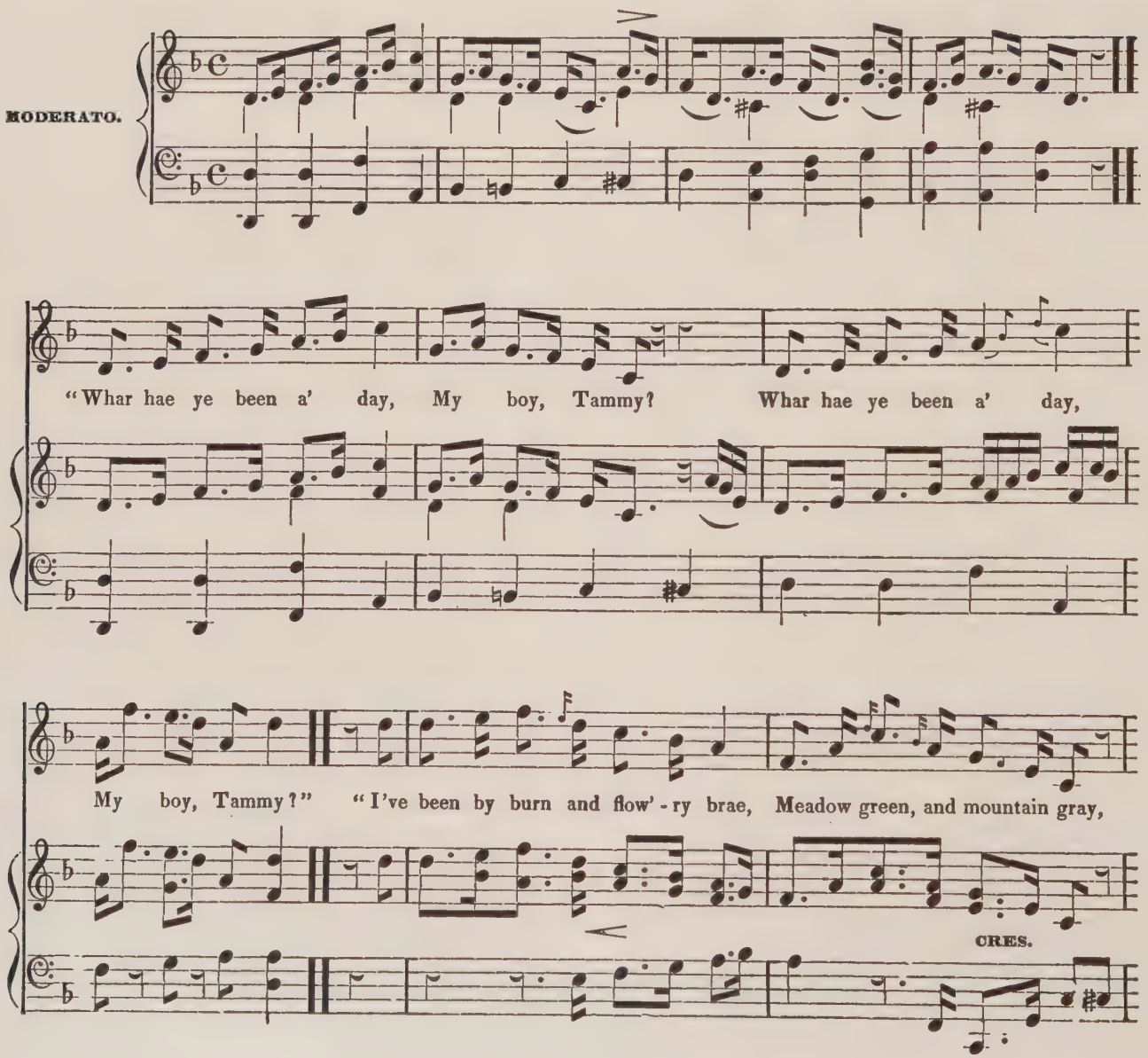
What will I do wi' him? quo' he;
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him. —
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him;
And, for a merk o' mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

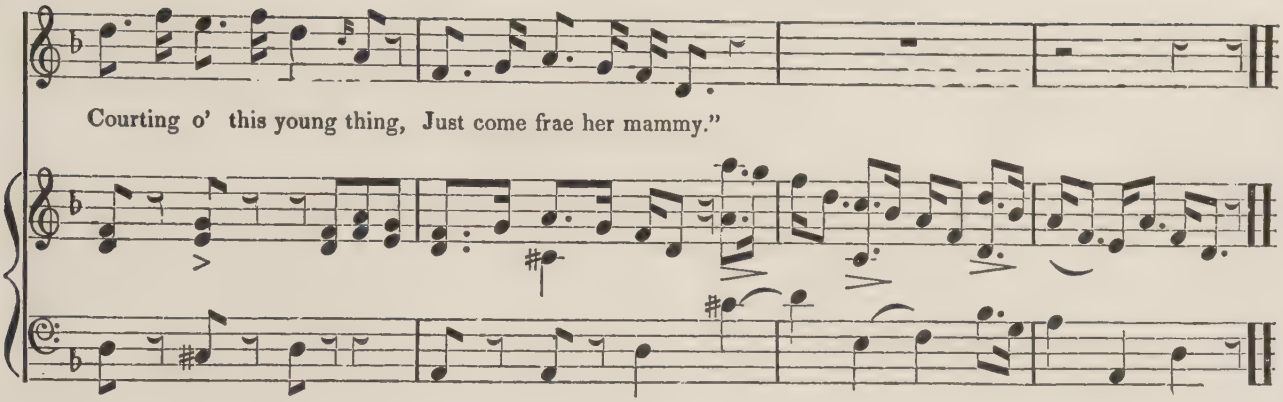
4.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she;
Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him.
O, fee him, father, fee him! quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him!
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
And crack wi' me at e'en.

MY BOY, TAMMY.

Written by H. Macneil, and first printed in "The Bee," Edinburgh, 1791. The air is very old.


MODERATO.
"Whar hae ye been a' day, My boy, Tammy? Whar hae ye been a' day,
My boy, Tammy?" "I've been by burn and flow'-ry brae, Meadow green, and mountain gray,
CRES.



2.

"And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy, Tammy?
And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy, Tammy?"
"I got her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a bonnie knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
For her poor mammy."

3.

"What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy, Tammy?
What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy, Tammy?"
"I praised her e'en, sae lovely blue;
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';
I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow.
She said she'd tell her mammy.

4.

"I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammie
I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
'I hae a house — it cost me dear;
I've wealth o' plenishin' and gear;
Ye's get it a', were't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy.'

5.

"The smile gaed aff her bonnie face,
'I mauna leave my mammy;'
The smile gaed aff her bonnie face,—
'I mauna leave my mammy!
She's gi'en me meat, she's gien me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days;
My father's death brought monie waes—
I canna leave my mammy.'

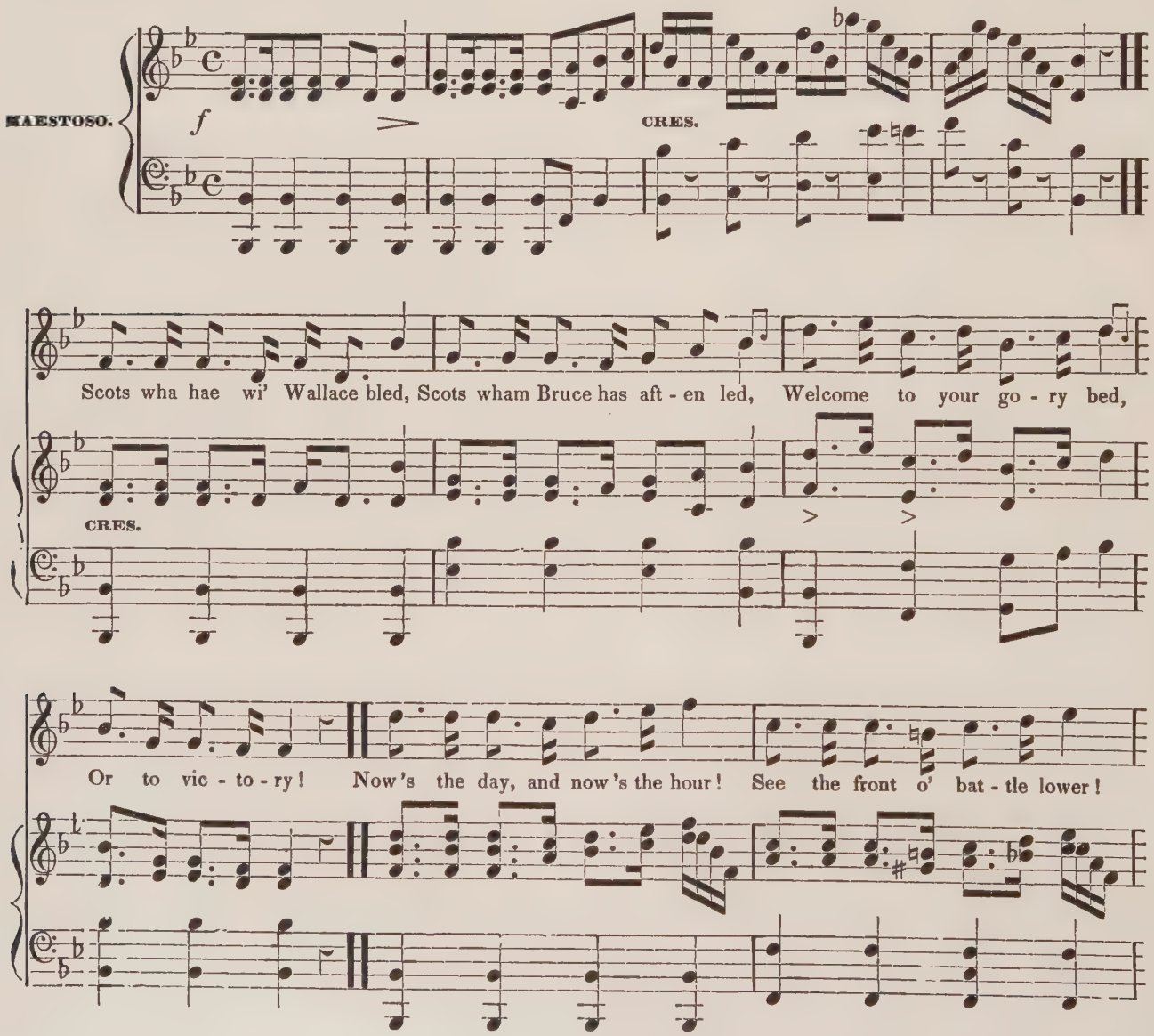
6.

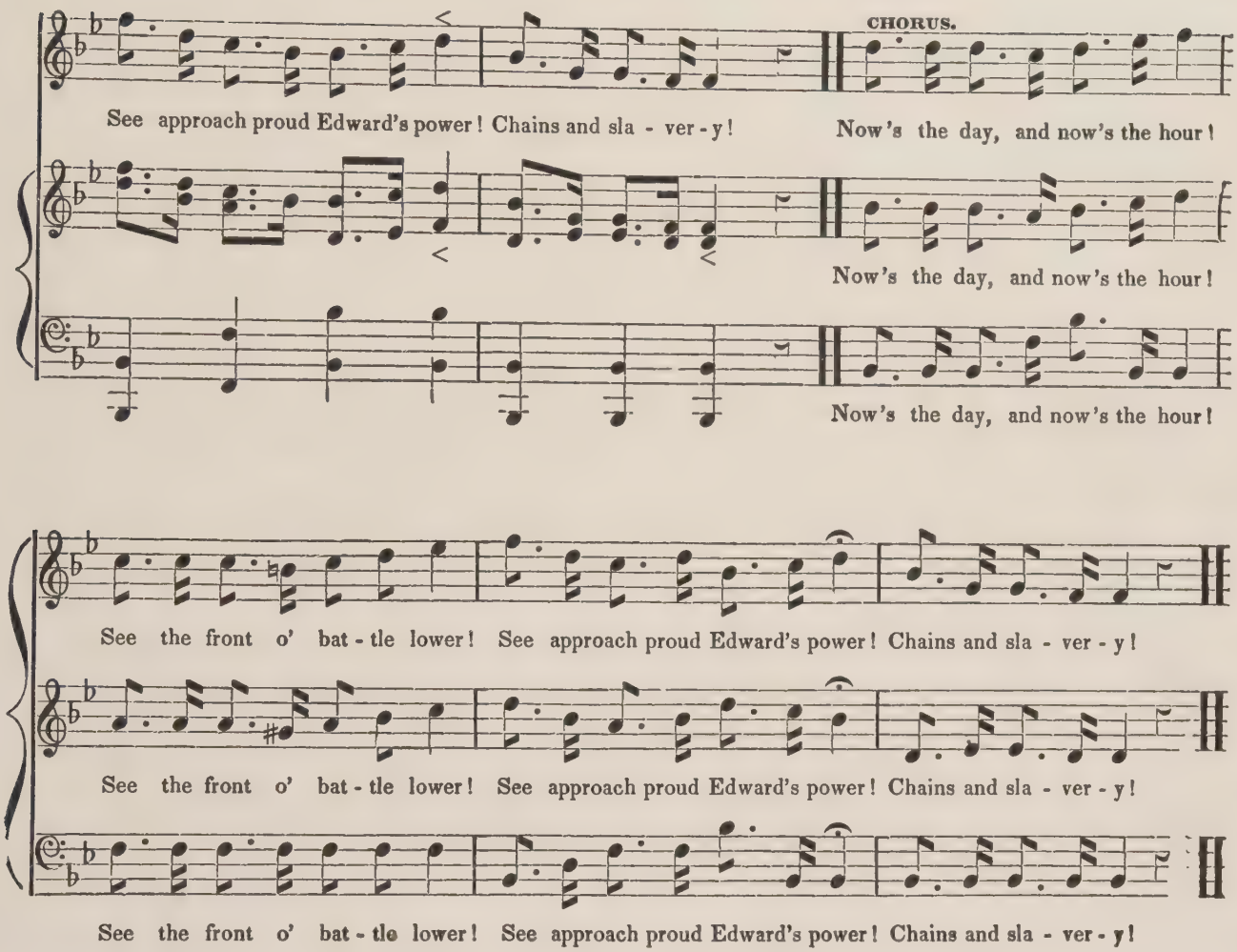
"'We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie;
We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie!
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes;
We'll be her comfort a' her days:'—
The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says,
'There! gang and ask my mammy!'"

7.

"Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy, Tammy?
Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy, Tammy?"
"She has been to the kirk wi' me;
And the tear was in her e'e;
For O, she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammy."

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

This noble heroic ode, which has been adopted by universal consent as the national patriotic song of Scotland, was written by Burns, in 1793, to the tune of "Hey, tuttie taitie," and sent to "Thompson's Collection." The tune is one of unquestionable antiquity. Burns says, "There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places of Scotland, that the air of 'Hey, tuttie taitie," was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, *in my yesternight's evening walk*, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, that one might suppose to be the royal Scot' address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning."

MAESTOSO.
f
CRES.
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots wham Bruce has aft - en led, Welcome to your go - ry bed,
CRES.
Or to vic - to - ry! Now's the day, and now's the hour! See the front o' bat - tle lower!


CHORUS.
See approach proud Edward's power! Chains and sla - ver - y! Now's the day, and now's the hour!
Now's the day, and now's the hour!
Now's the day, and now's the hour!
See the front o' bat - tle lower! See approach proud Edward's power! Chains and sla - ver - y!
See the front o' bat - tle lower! See approach proud Edward's power! Chains and sla - ver - y!
See the front o' bat - tle lower! See approach proud Edward's power! Chains and sla - ver - y!

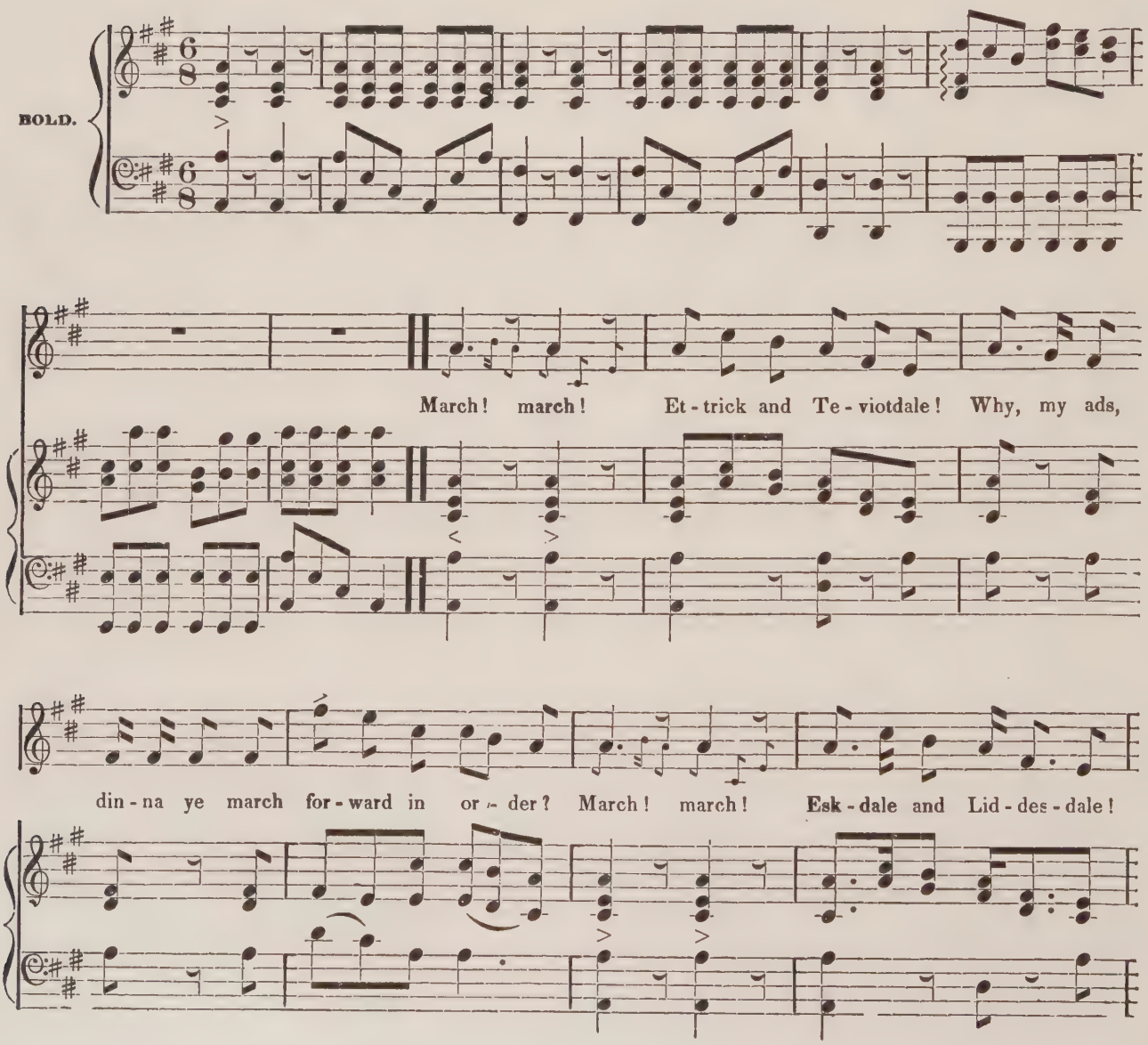
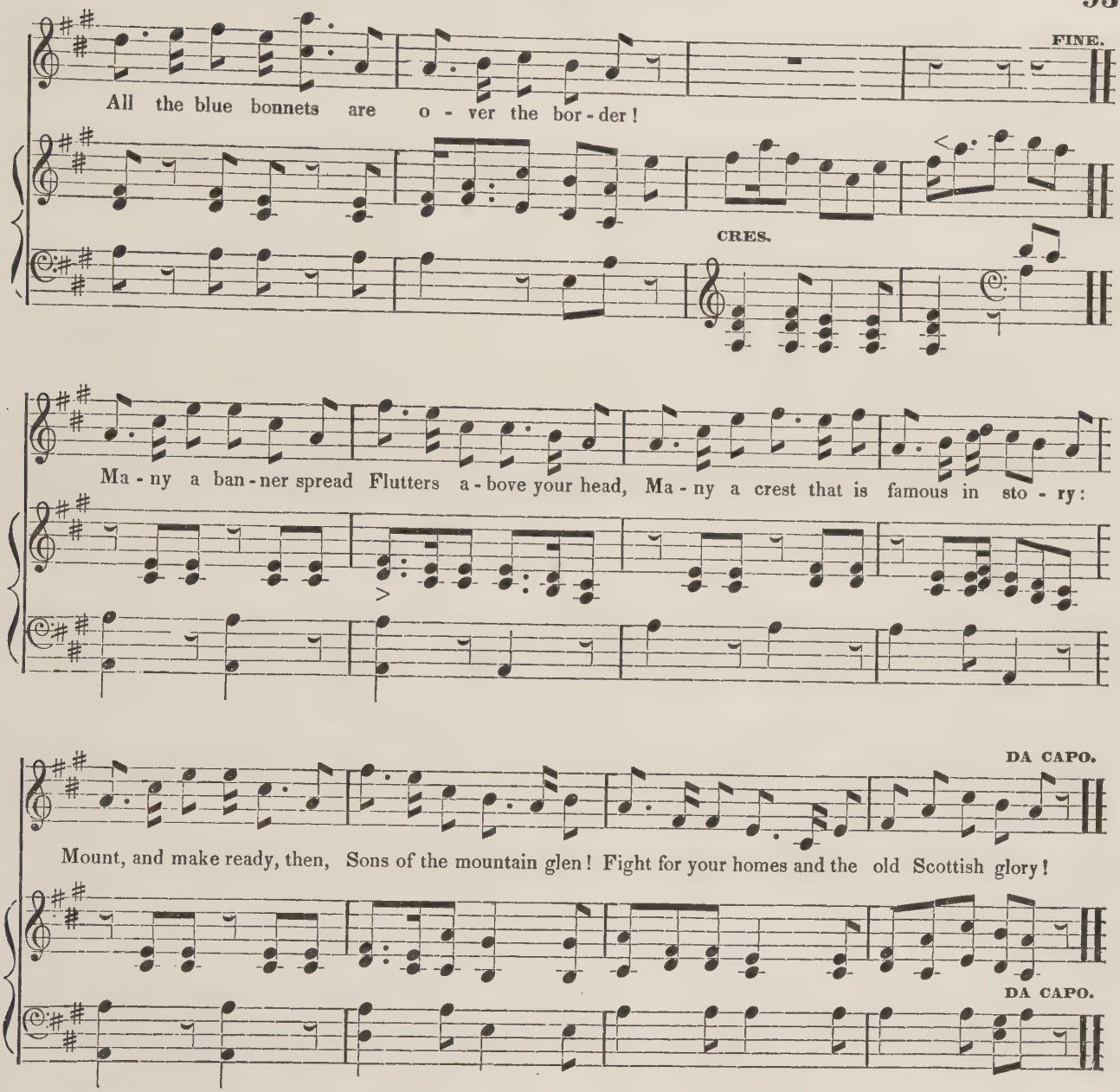
2.

Wha will be a traitor knave,
Wha will fill a coward's grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave,
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

3.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons, in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

BLUE BONNETS ARE OVER THE BORDER.

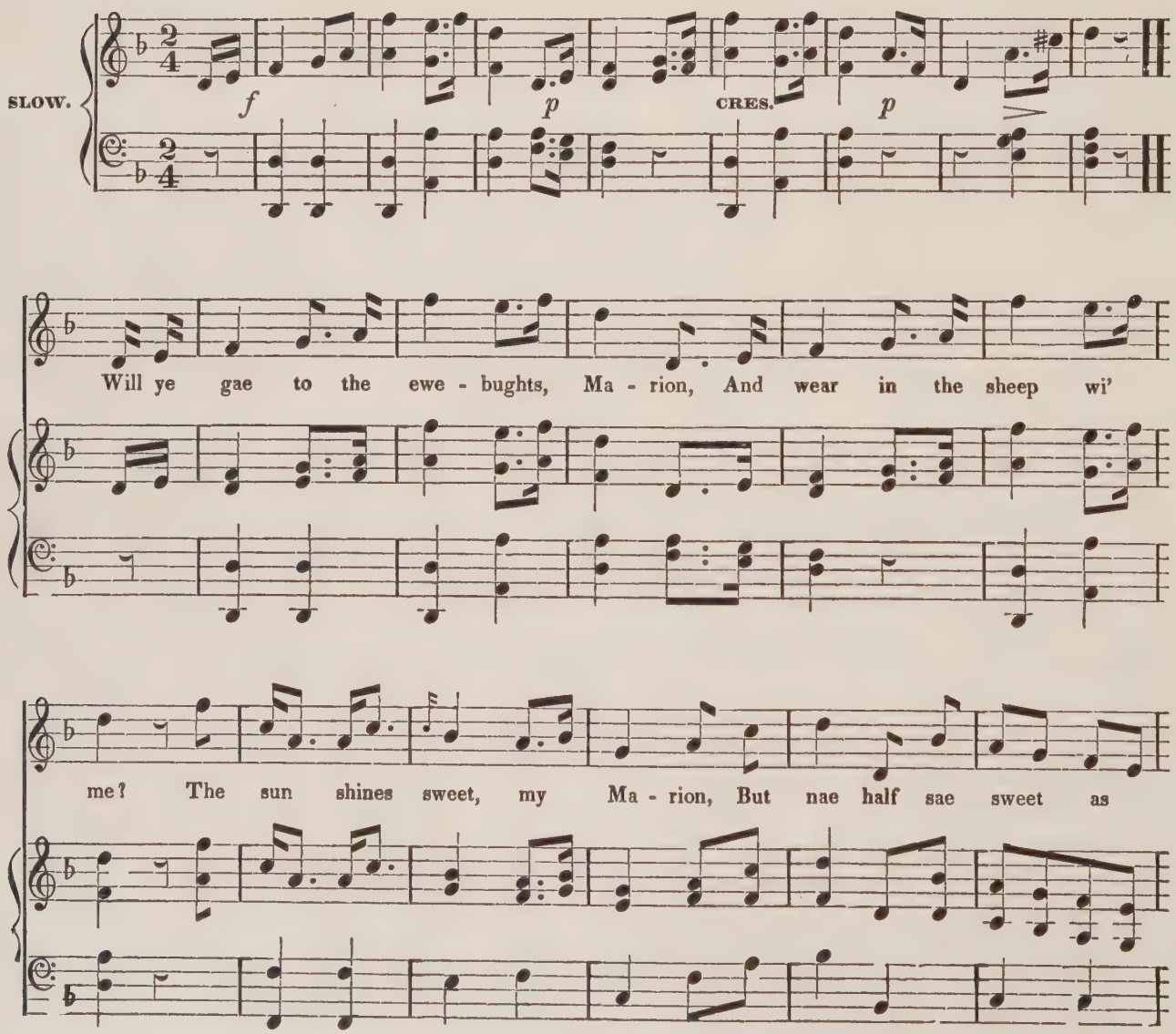
This spirited song first appeared in the romance of "The Monastery," by Sir Walter Scott, in 1820.


FINE.
All the blue bonnets are o - ver the bor - der!
CRES.
Ma - ny a ban - ner spread Flutters a - bove your head, Ma - ny a crest that is famous in sto - ry:
DA CAPO.
Mount, and make ready, then, Sons of the mountain glen! Fight for your homes and the old Scottish glory!
DA CAPO.

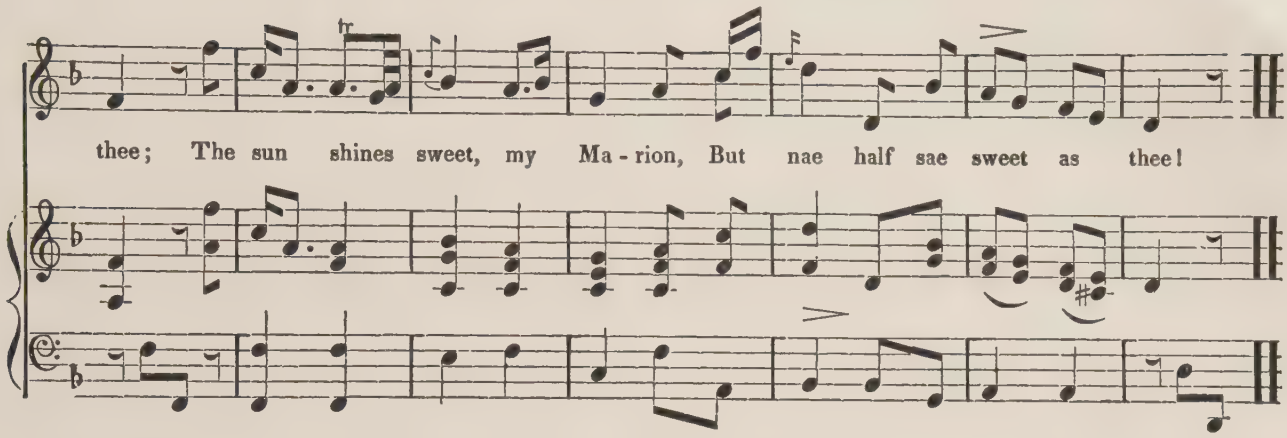
2.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing;
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;
Come, with the buckler, the lance, and the bow!
Trumpets are sounding,
War steeds are bounding;
Stand to your arms, and march in good order!
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border
March! march! &c.

WILL YE GAE TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION?

Both the words and the beautiful air of the "Ewe-Bughts" are of undoubted antiquity. They were published in the "Orpheus Caledonius," in 1725, but belong to a period considerably earlier.


SLOW.
f
p
CRES.
p
Will ye gae to the ewe - bughts, Ma - rion, And wear in the sheep wi'
me? The sun shines sweet, my Ma - rion, But nae half sae sweet as



2.

O, Marion is a bonnie lass,
And the blithe blink's in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

3.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape and glower wi' their e'e,
At kirk, when they see my Marion;
But nane o' them lo'es like me.

4.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow, and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

LIZZY LINDSAY.

This sweet song is supposed to have been written by Burns. It is sung to the preceding tune. Some little attention will be necessary to adapt it to the music, on the part of the performer.

1.

"Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay?
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?"

2.

"To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be;
For I ken nae the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'."

3.

"O Lizzy, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae ye dinna ken me;
For my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain o' high degree."

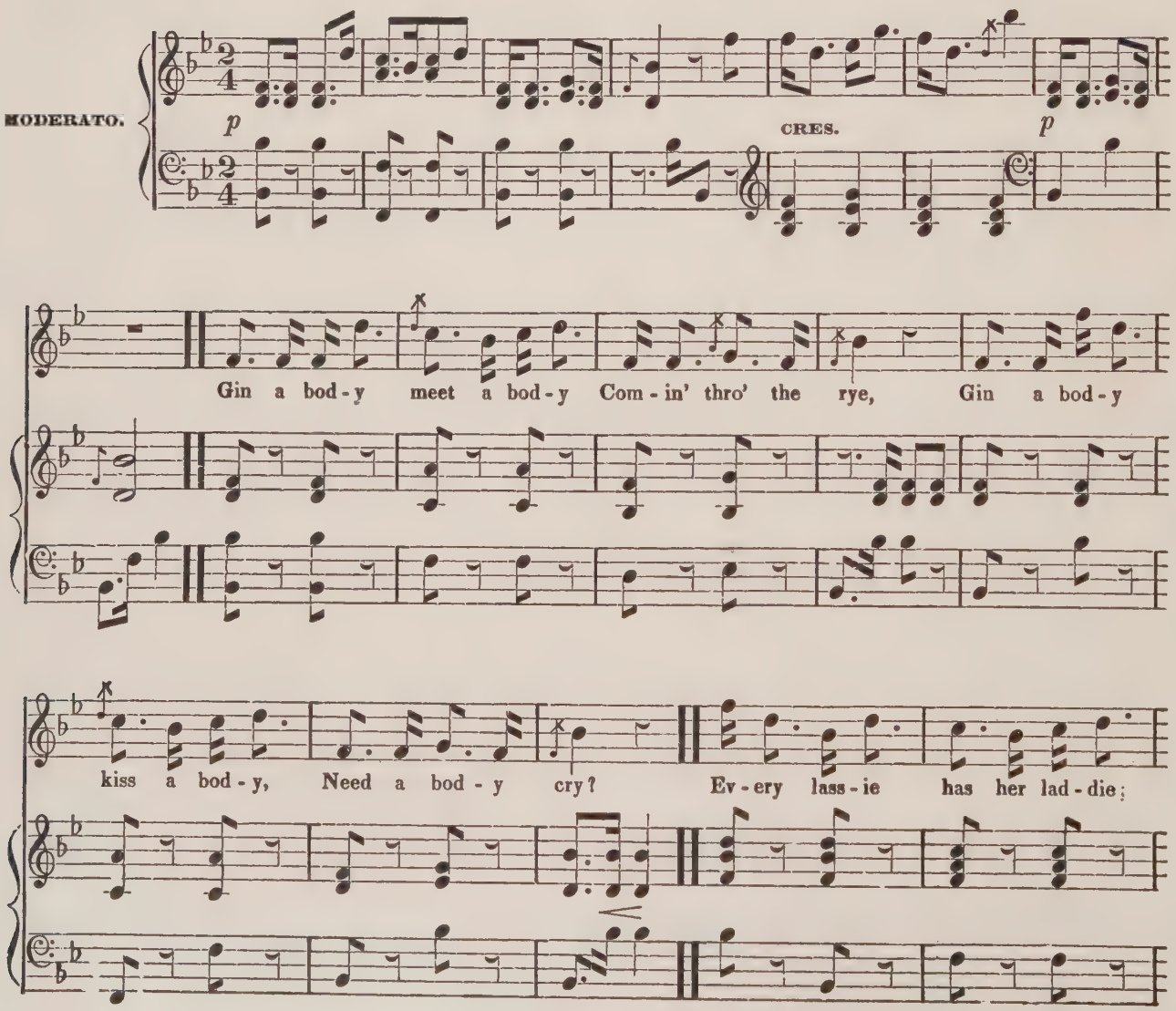
4.

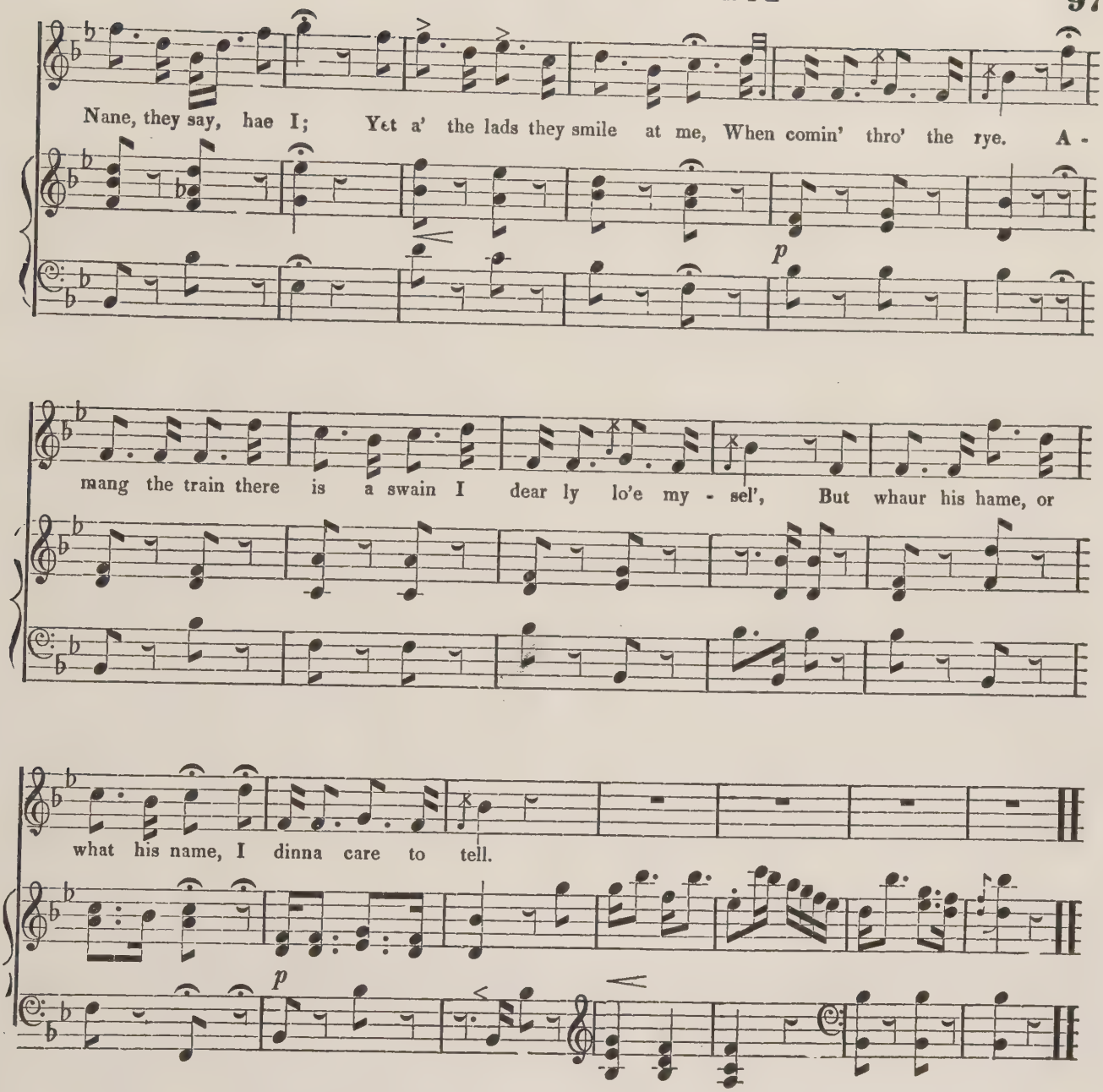
She has kilted her coats o' green satin;
She has kilted them up to the knee;
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald
His bride and his darling to be.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

The orig nal old words of "Comin' thro' the Rye ' cannot be satisfactorily traced. There are many different versions of the song. The following is the one most approved, and generally sung. The air forms, with slight variation, the third and fourth strains of the strathspey called "The Miller's Daughter."

Arranged by J. PARRY.



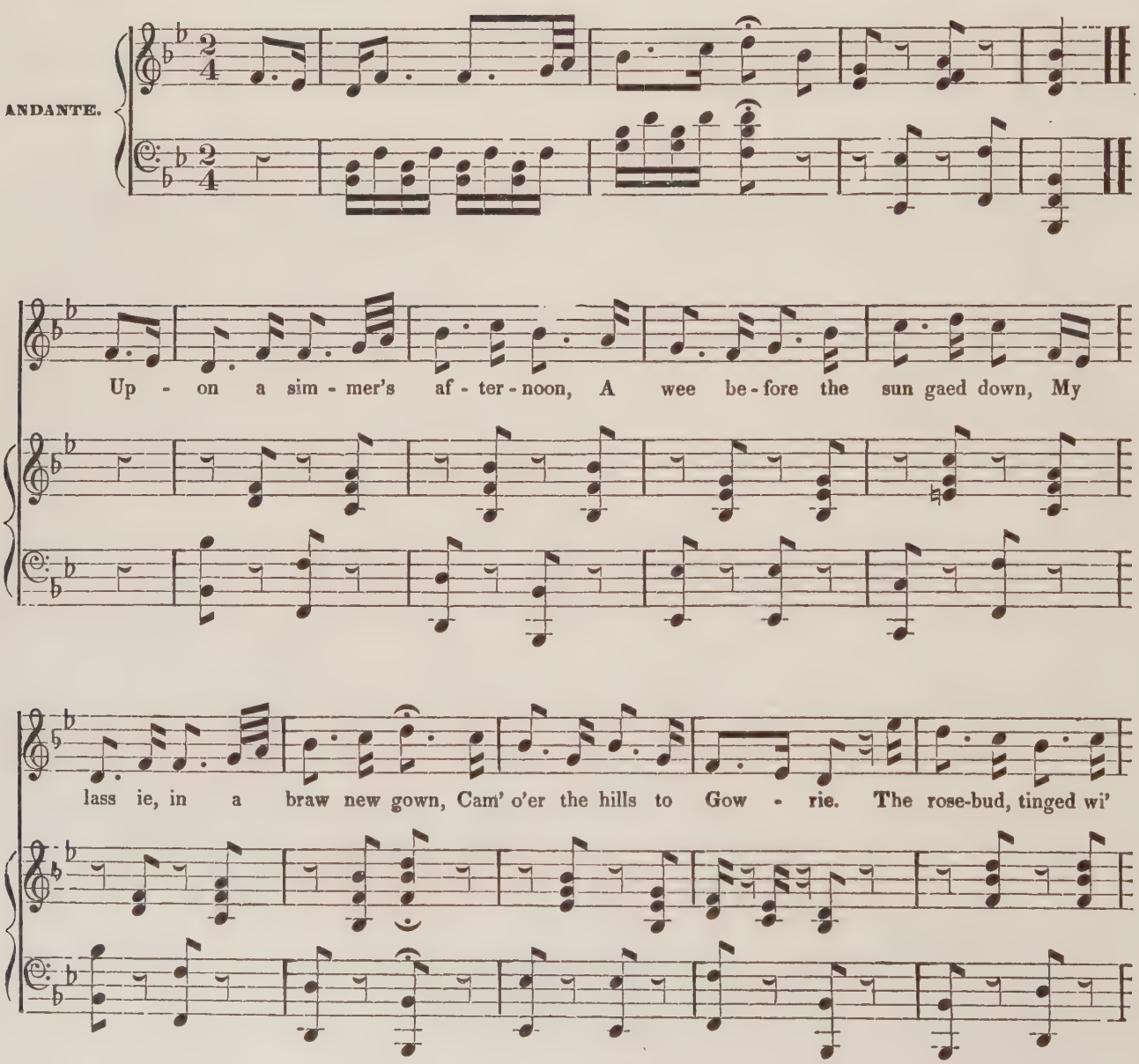

Nane, they say, hae I; Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When comin' thro' the rye. A -
p
mang the train there is a swain I dear ly lo'e my - sel', But whaur his hame, or
what his name, I dinna care to tell.
p

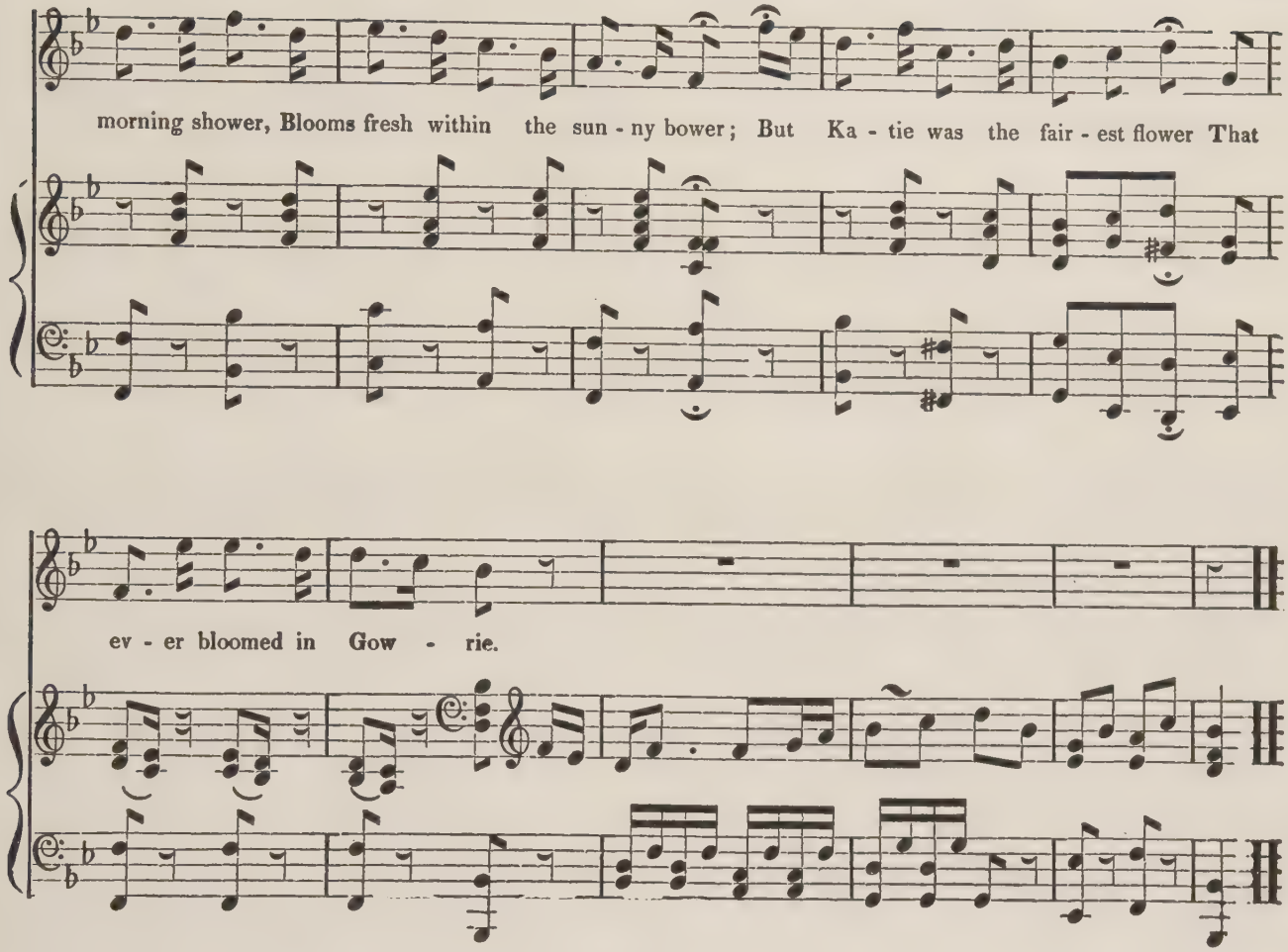
2.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Every lassie, &c.

LASS O' GOWRIE.

Tune, "Loch Erroch Side." Arranged by J. PARRY.


ANDANTE.
Up - on a sim - mer's af - ter - noon, A wee be - fore the sun gaed down, My
lass ie, in a braw new gown, Cam' o'er the hills to Gow - rie. The rose-bud, tinged wi'



2.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang;
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, "My dearie, will ye gang
To see the carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',
In yon green fields beside the shaw;
I'll make ye lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie."

3.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid;
The blush upon her cheeks soon spread;
She whispered modestly, and said,
"O, Pate, I'll stay in Gowrie."
The auld folks soon gie their consent;
Syne for Priest John they quickly sent,
Wha tied them to their hearts' content:—
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

THE LOVELY LASS O'INVERNESS.

Words by Robert Burns. Beethoven Op. 108.

Affettuoso assai.

1. The lovely Lass o' In-verness, Nae joy nor pleas - ure
2. Their winding sheet The bluidy clay, Their graves are growing

ff Ped. * *p* Ped. ped

can she see, For e'en and morn she cries Alas! And aye the saut tears blind her e'e!
green to see, And by them lies the dearest lad, That ev - er blest a woman's e'e!

Drum - os-sie moor Drum - os-sie day, A - wae-fu' day it was to me! For there I lost my
Now, wae to thee, thou cru-el Lord! A bluidy man, I trow thou be; For ma-nya heart thou

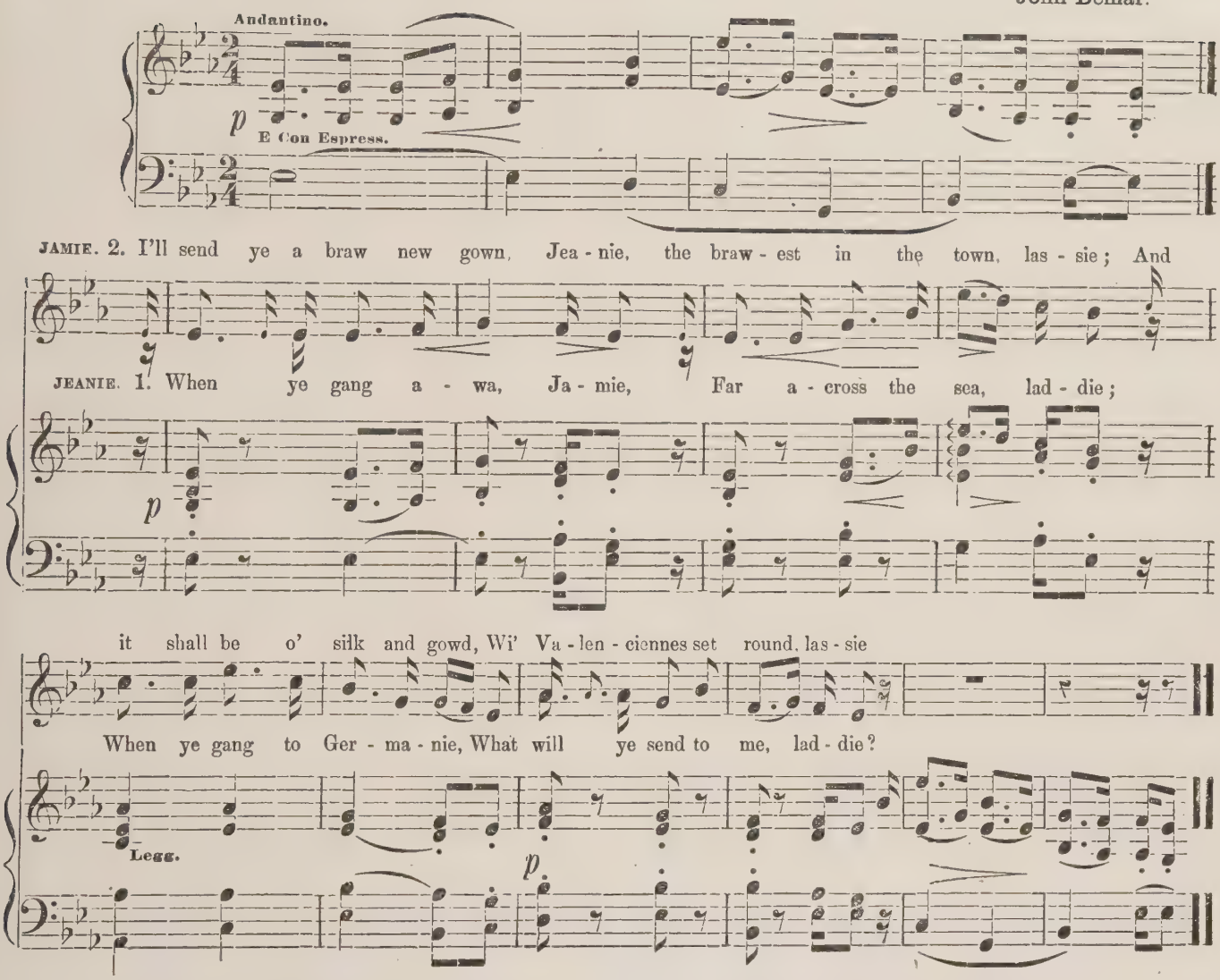
1st TIME. 2nd TIME.

fa - ther dear, My fa - ther dear and brothers three!
hast made sair, That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

f

WHEN YE GANG AWA, JAMIE.

John Demar.


Andantino.
p
E Con Espress.
JAMIE. 2. I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jea - nie, the braw - est in the town, las - sie; And
JEANIE. 1. When ye gang a - wa, Ja - mie, Far a - cross the sea, lad - die;
p
it shall be o' silk and gowd, Wi' Va - len - ciennes set round, las - sie
When ye gang to Ger - ma - nie, What will ye send to me, lad - die?
Legg.
p

JEANIE. 3 That's nae gift ava, Jamie,
Silk and gowd and a', laddie,
There's ne'er a gown in a' the land
I'd like, when ye're awa, laddie.

5 Be my gudeman yoursel, Jamie,
Marry me yoursel, laddie,
And tak' me ower to Germanie,
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

7 Ye shou'd hae telt me that in time, Jamie,
Ye shou'd hae telt me that lang syne, laddie,
For had I kent o'your fause heart,
You ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

9 Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie;
And I will pray they ne'er may thole
A broken heart like me, laddie.

11 Think weel for fear ye rue, Jamie,
Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie,
But I have neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie.

JAMIE. 4 When I come back again, Jeanie,
Frae a foreign land, lassie,
I'll bring wi' me a Gallant gay,
To be your ain gude man, lassie.

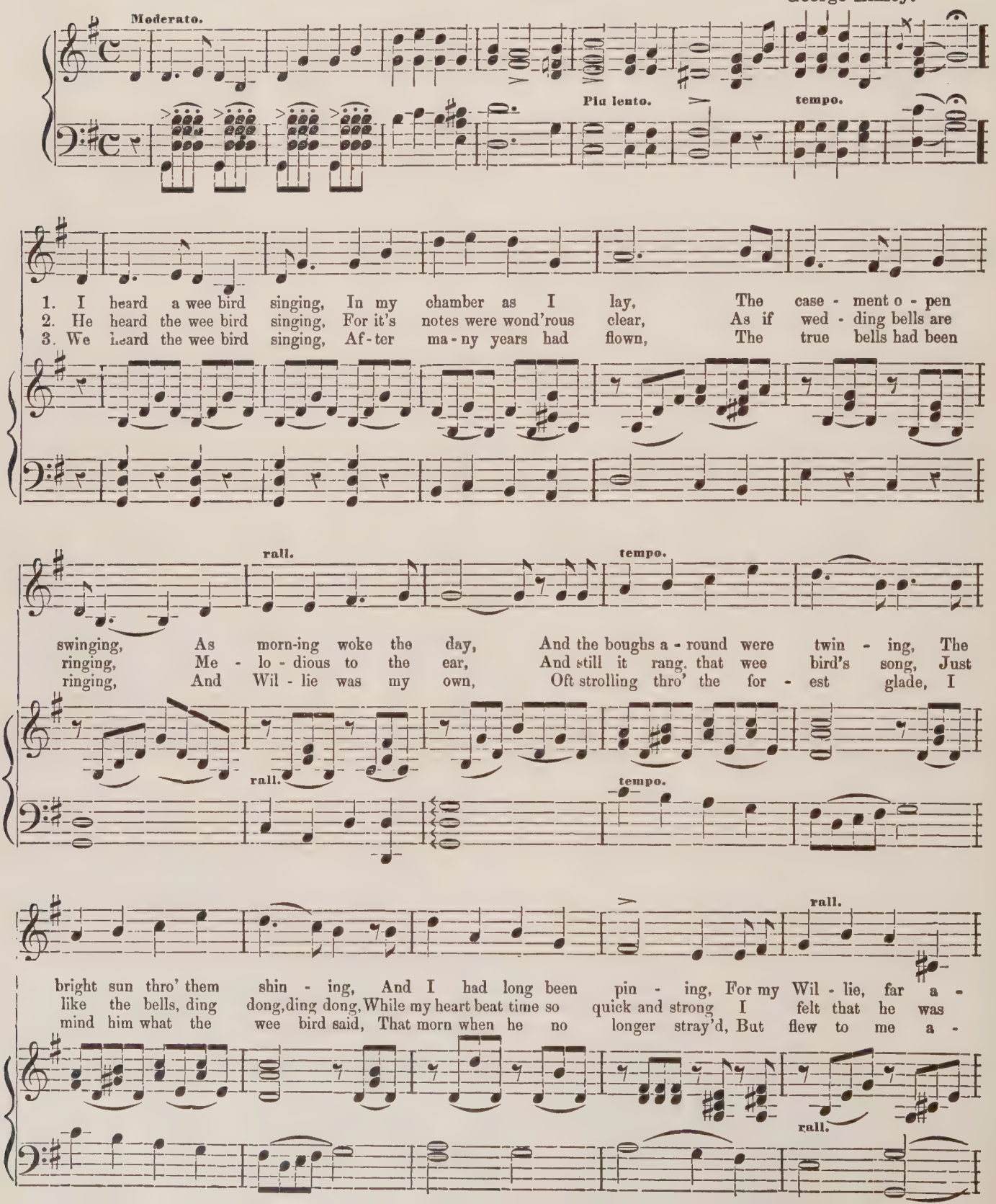
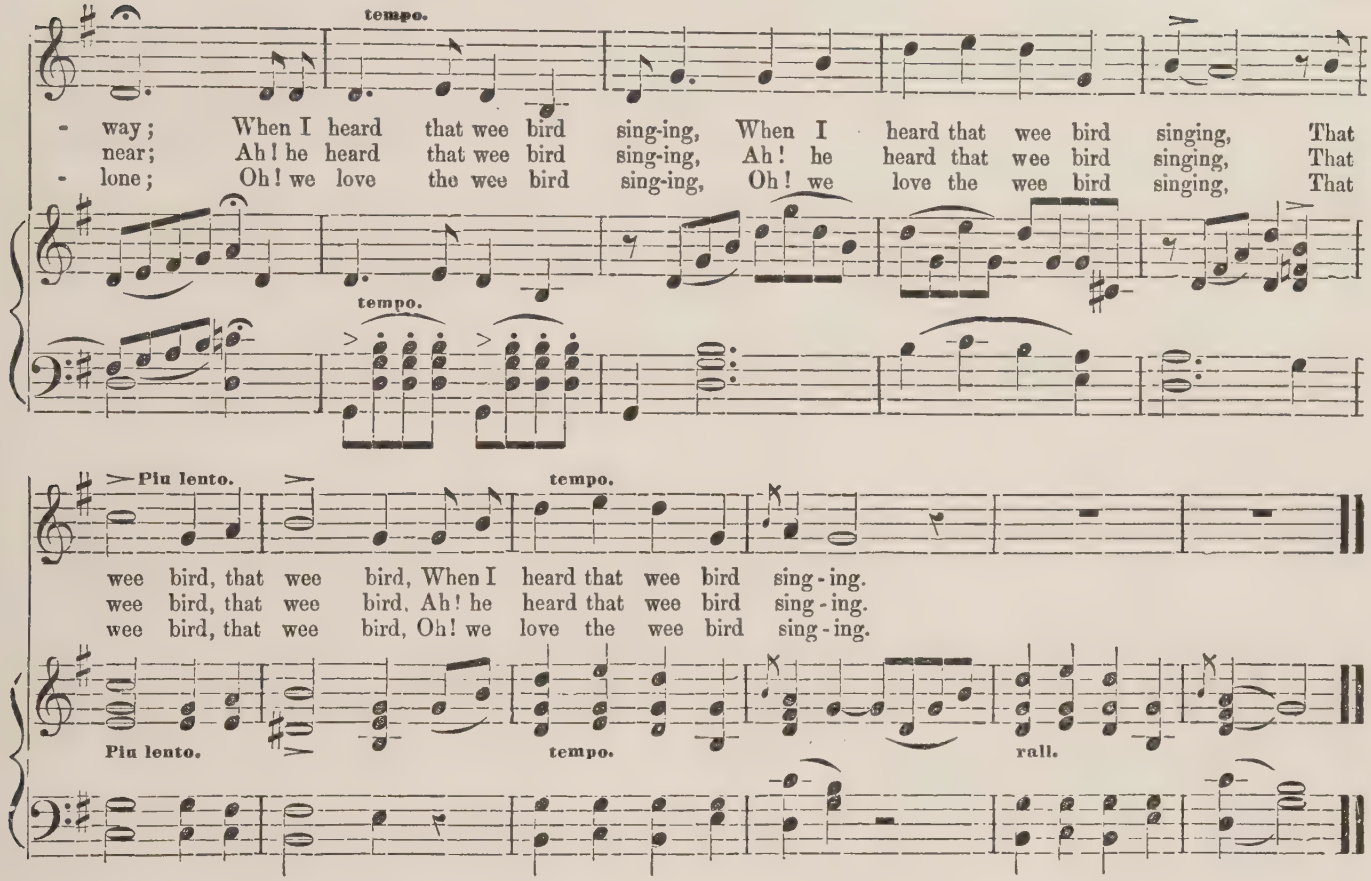
6 I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
For I've a wife and bairnies three,
And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

8 Your een like a spell, Jeanie,
Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
I could na help mysel, lassie.

10 Dry that tearfu ee, Jeanie,
Grieve na mair for me, lassie,
I've neither wife, nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

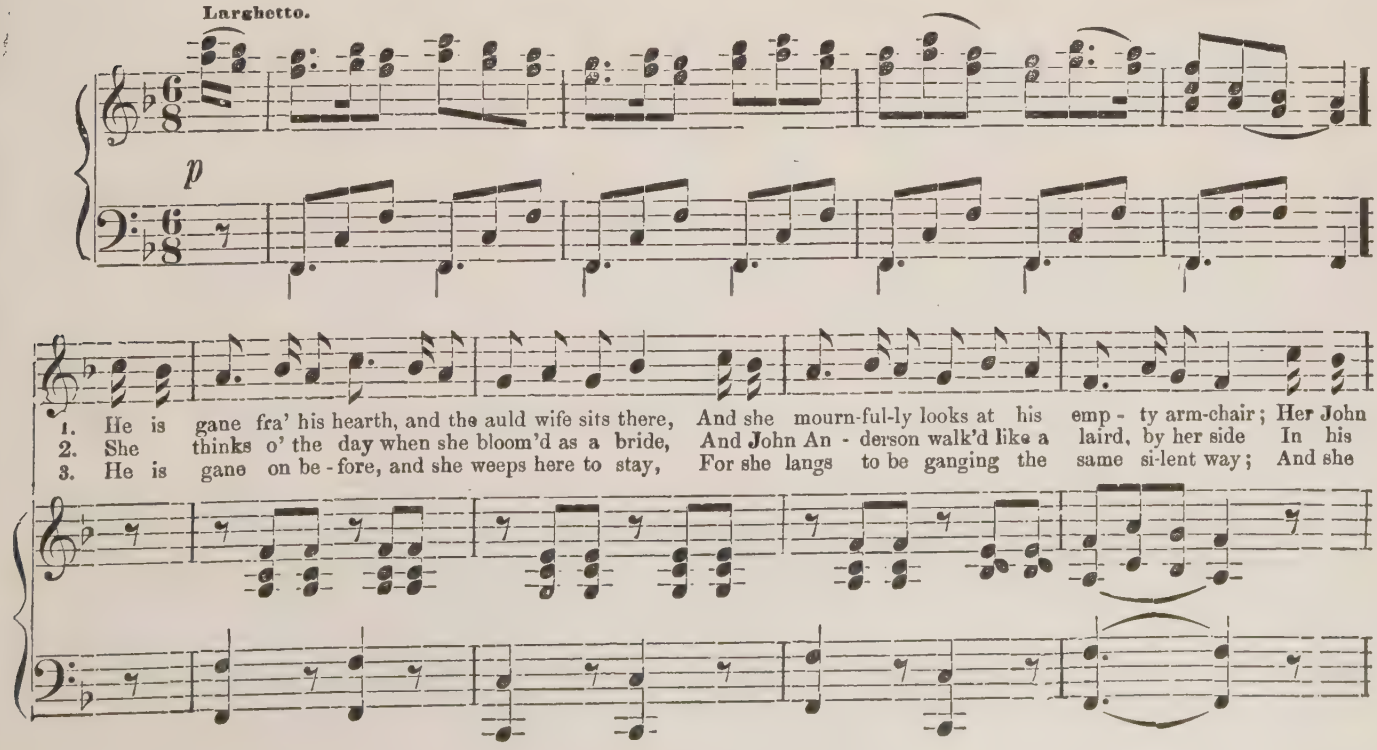
12 Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
Saint Johnstoun's bow'r, and Hunting tow'r;
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

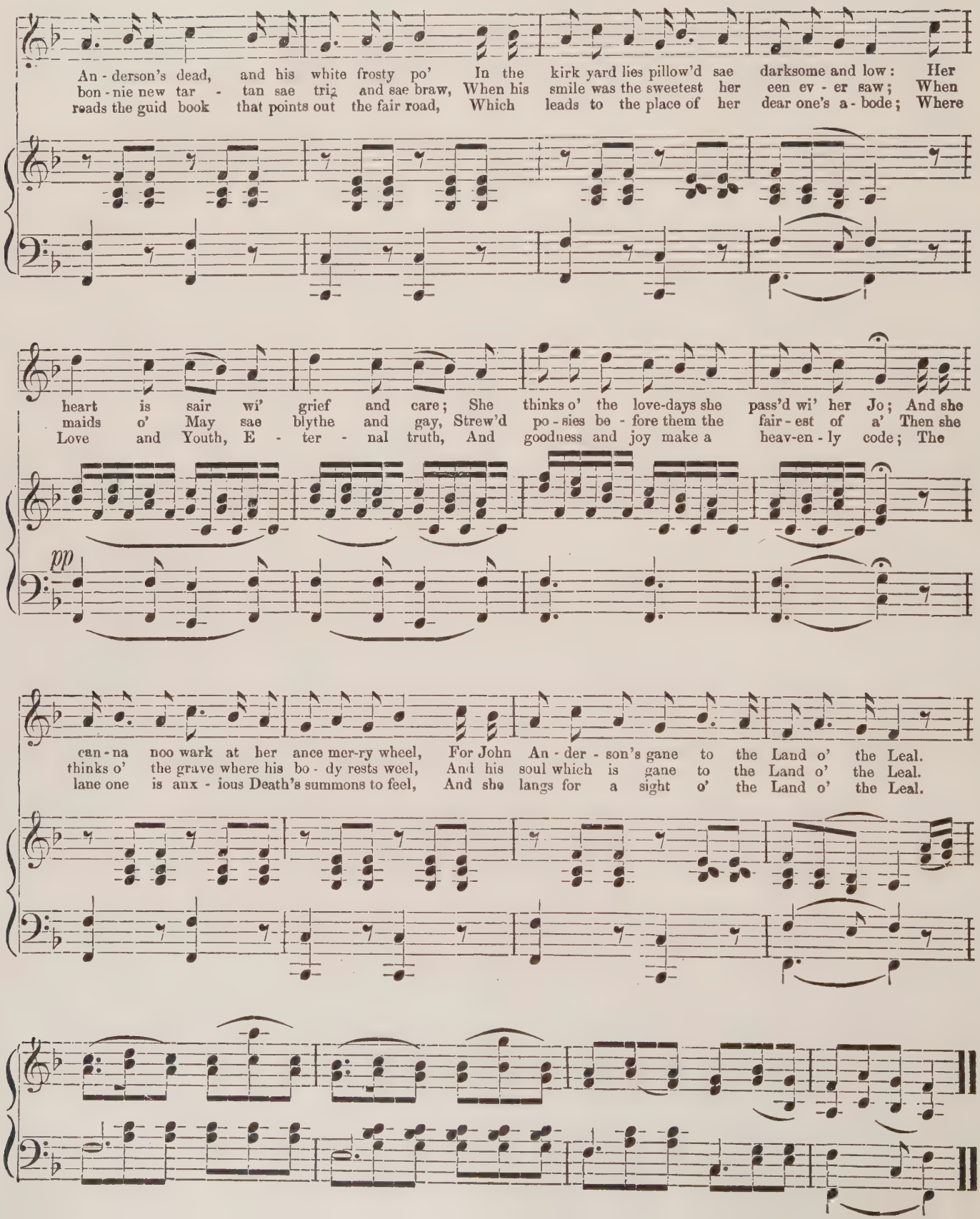
I HEARD THE WEE BIRD SINGING.

George Linley.

Moderato.
Più lento.
tempo.
1. I heard a wee bird singing, In my chamber as I lay, The case - ment o - pen
2. He heard the wee bird singing, For it's notes were wond'rous clear, As if wed - ding bells are
3. We heard the wee bird singing, Af - ter ma - ny years had flown, The true bells had been
rall.
tempo.
swinging, As morn-ing woke the day, And the boughs a - round were twin - ing, The
ringing, Me - lo - dious to the ear, And still it rang, that wee bird's song, Just
ringing, And Wil - lie was my own, Oft strolling thro' the for - est glade, I
rall.
tempo.
rall.
bright sun thro' them shin - ing, And I had long been pin - ing, For my Wil - lie, far a -
like the bells, ding dong, ding dong, While my heart beat time so quick and strong I felt that he was
mind him what the wee bird said, That morn when he no longer stray'd, But flew to me a -
rall.

tempo.
- way; When I heard that wee bird sing-ing, When I heard that wee bird singing, That
near; Ah! he heard that wee bird sing-ing, Ah! he heard that wee bird singing, That
- lone; Oh! we love the wee bird sing-ing, Oh! we love the wee bird singing, That
tempo.
Piu lento.
tempo.
wee bird, that wee bird, When I heard that wee bird sing-ing.
wee bird, that wee bird, Ah! he heard that wee bird sing-ing.
wee bird, that wee bird, Oh! we love the wee bird sing-ing.
Piu lento.
tempo.
rall.

JOHN ANDERSON'S GANE.

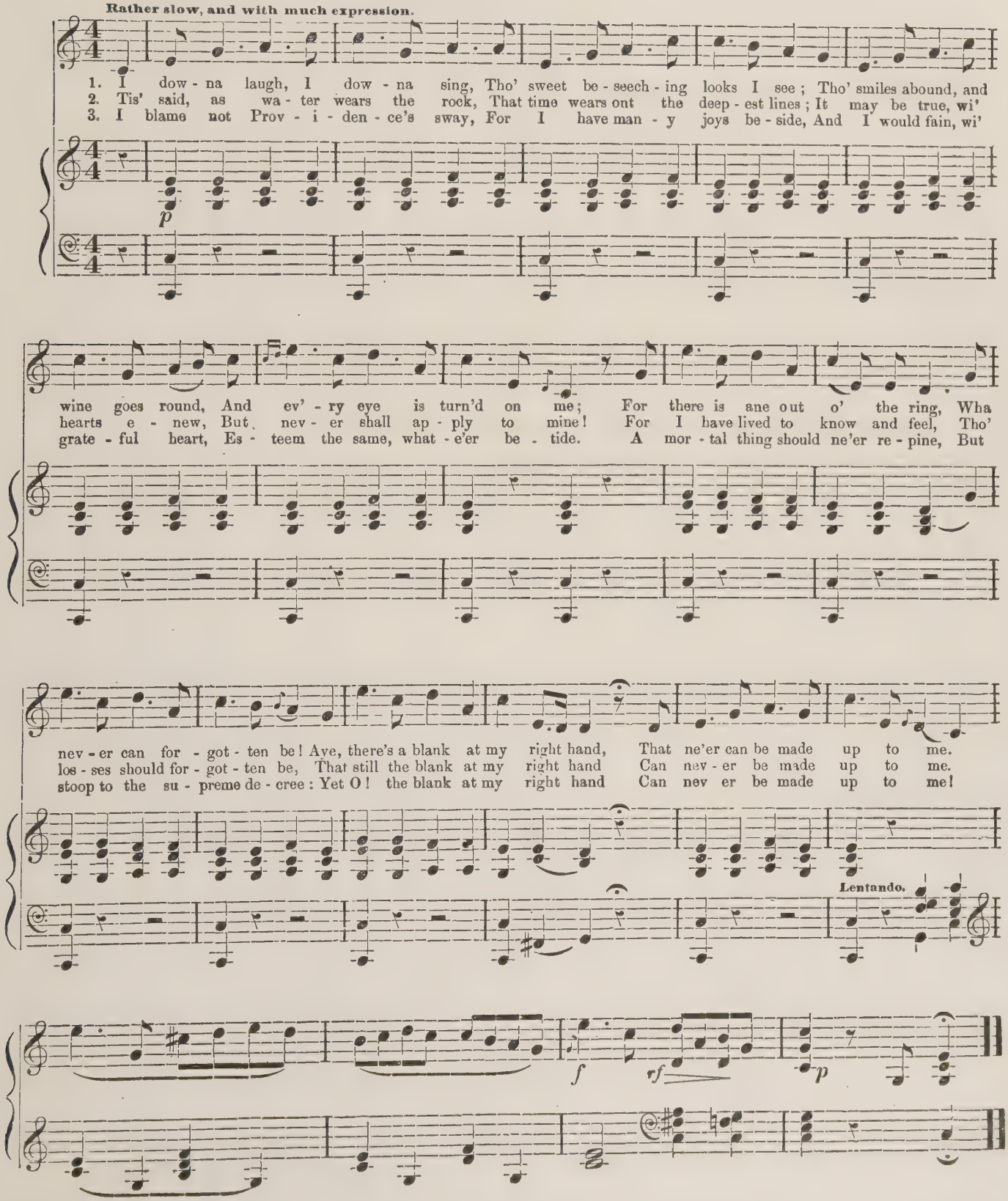
G. J. Bennett.


Larghetto.
p
1. He is gane fra' his hearth, and the auld wife sits there, And she mourn-ful-ly looks at his emp - ty arm-chair; Her John
2. She thinks o' the day when she bloom'd as a bride, And John An - derson walk'd like a laird, by her side In his
3. He is gane on be - fore, and she weeps here to stay, For she langs to be ganging the same si-lent way; And she

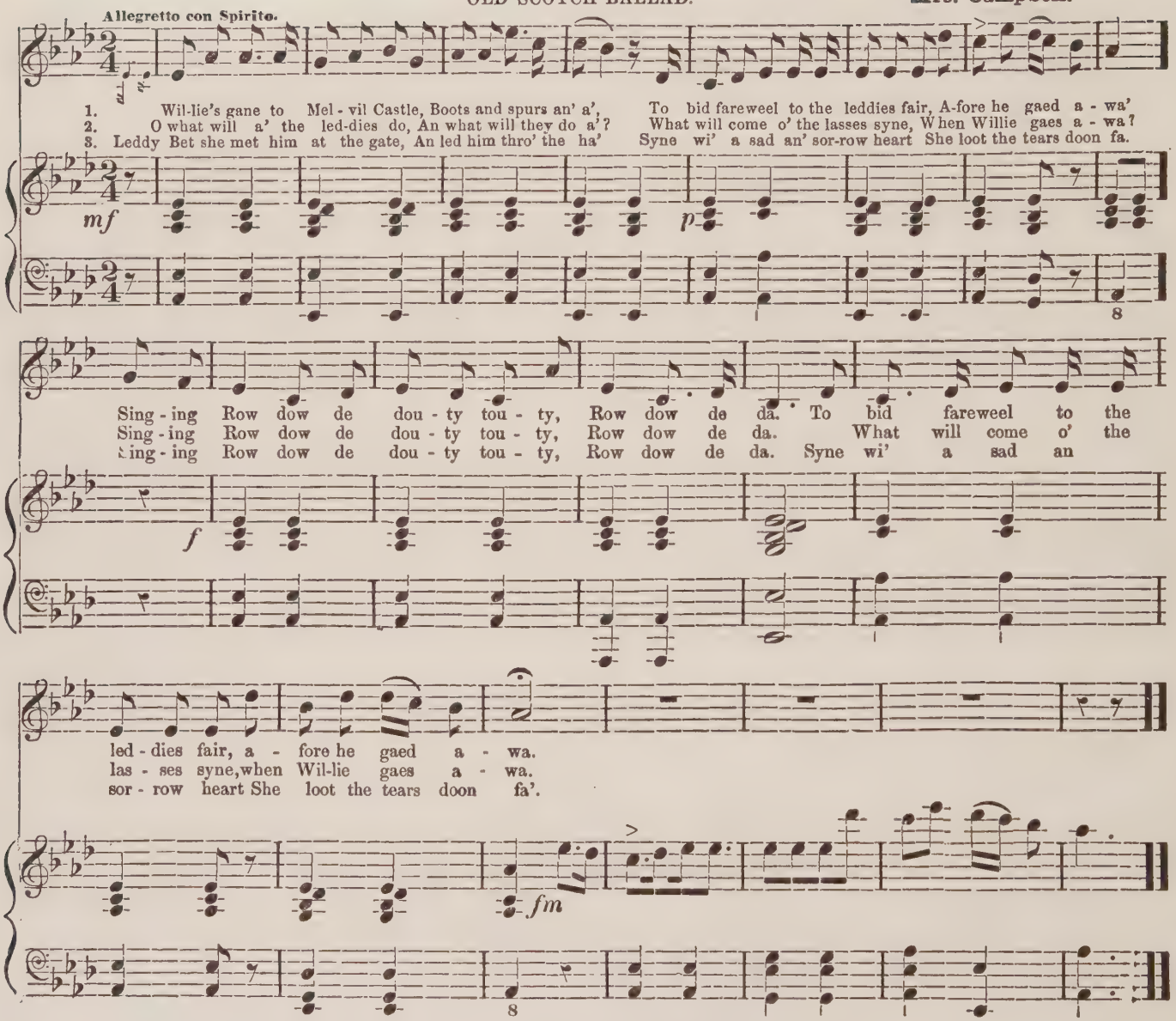

An - derson's dead, and his white frosty po' In the kirk yard lies pillow'd sae darksome and low: Her
bon - nie new tar - tan sae triz and sae braw, When his smile was the sweetest her een ev - er saw; When
reads the guid book that points out the fair road, Which leads to the place of her dear one's a - bode; Where
heart is sair wi' grief and care; She thinks o' the love-days she pass'd wi' her Jo; And she
maids o' May sae blythe and gay, Strew'd po - sies be - fore them the fair - est of a' Then she
Love and Youth, E - ter - nal truth, And goodness and joy make a heav-en - ly code; The
pp
can - na noo wark at her ance mer-ry wheel, For John An - der - son's gane to the Land o' the Leal.
thinks o' the grave where his bo - dy rests weel, And his soul which is gane to the Land o' the Leal.
lane one is anx - ious Death's summons to feel, And she langs for a sight o' the Land o' the Leal.

I DOWNA LAUGH, I DOWNA SING.

The words and melody by the Ettrick Shepherd.

Rather slow, and with much expression.

1. I dow - na laugh, I dow - na sing, Tho' sweet be - seech - ing looks I see ; Tho' smiles abound, and
2. Tis' said, as wa - ter wears the rock, That time wears ont the deep - est lines ; It may be true, wi'
3. I blame not Prov - i - den - ce's sway, For I have man - y joys be - side, And I would fain, wi'
p
wine goes round, And ev' - ry eye is turn'd on me; For there is ane out o' the ring, Wha
hearts e - new, But nev - er shall ap - ply to mine! For I have lived to know and feel, Tho'
grate - ful heart, Es - teem the same, what - e'er be - tide. A mor - tal thing should ne'er re - pine, But
nev - er can for - got - ten be! Aye, there's a blank at my right hand, That ne'er can be made up to me.
los - ses should for - got - ten be, That still the blank at my right hand Can nev - er be made up to me.
stoop to the su - preme de - cree : Yet O ! the blank at my right hand Can nev er be made up to me!
Lentando.
f
rf
p

MELVIL CASTLE.

OLD SCOTCH BALLAD. **Mrs. Campbell.**

Allegretto con Spirito.
1. Wil-lie's gane to Mel - vil Castle, Boots and spurs an' a', To bid fareweel to the leddies fair, A-fore he gaed a - wa'
2. O what will a' the led-dies do, An what will they do a'? What will come o' the lasses syne, When Willie gaes a - wa?
3. Leddy Bet she met him at the gate, An led him thro' the ha' Syne wi' a sad an' sor-row heart She loot the tears doon fa.
mf
p
8
Sing - ing Row dow de dou - ty tou - ty, Row dow de da. To bid fareweel to the
Sing - ing Row dow de dou - ty tou - ty, Row dow de da. What will come o' the
Sing - ing Row dow de dou - ty tou - ty, Row dow de da. Syne wi' a sad an
f
led - dies fair, a - fore he gaed a - wa.
las - ses syne,when Wil-lie gaes a - wa.
sor - row heart She loot the tears doon fa'.
fm
8

4. Leddy Grace sat i' the ingle neuk, Said ne'er a word ava',
For she thought that she was *sure* o' him Afore he gaed awa.
Singing Row dow de douty touty, Row dow de da.
For she thought that she was *sure* o' him afore he gaed awa.

5. The neist he met was Leddy Kate "Guid troth ye need na craw;
Maybe the lad will fancy me, An' disappoint ye a'
"Singing, &c.

6. Leddy Jean cam tripping doun the stair, The fleur amang them a'
"O lasses, trust in Providence, An' ye'll get husbands a'!"
"Singing, &c.

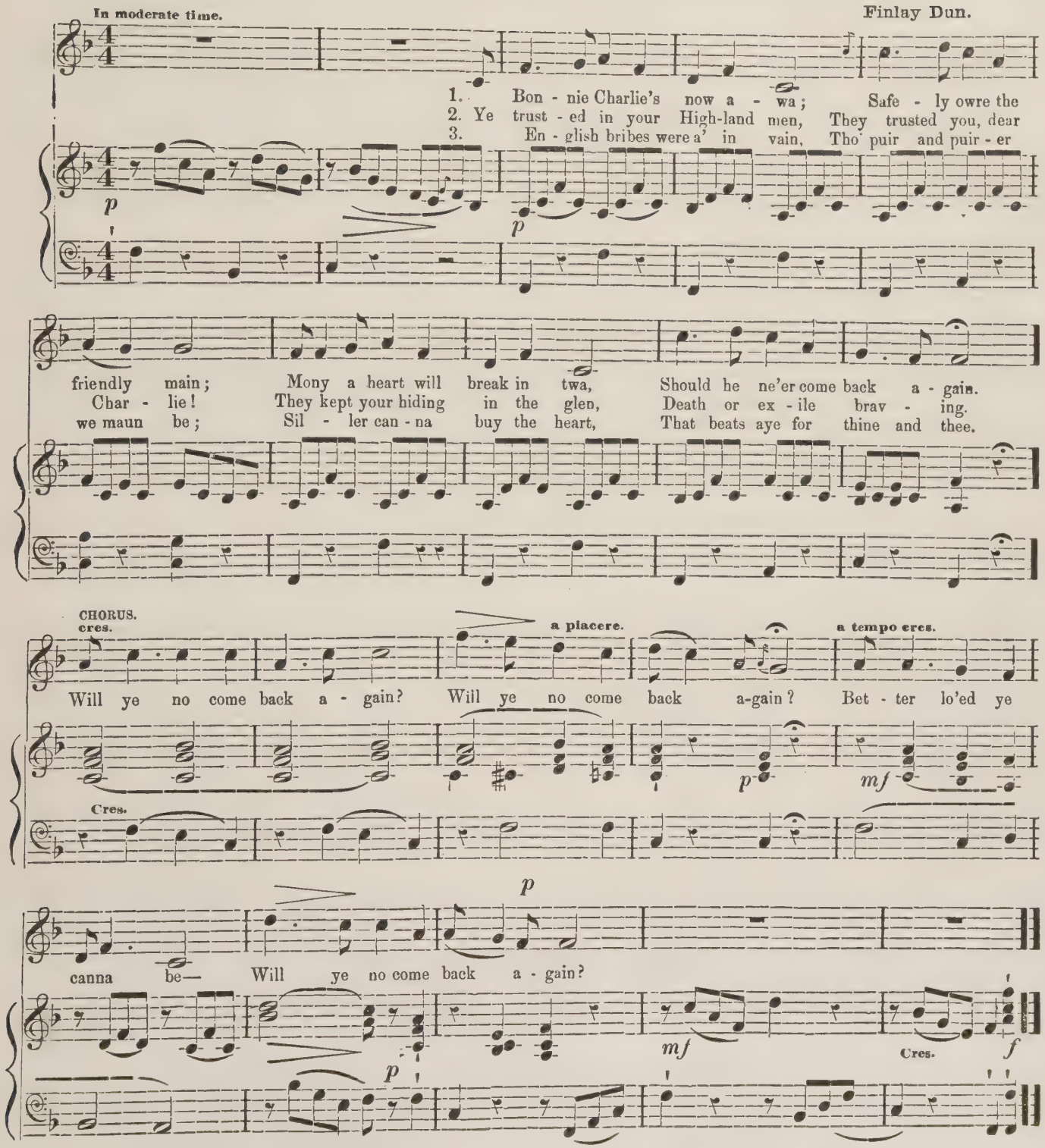
7. Willie's taen his leave o' them, He's kissed them ane an a —
Puir things they set up sic a roar When Willie gaed awa!
"Singing, &c.

8. The cries o' them brought Willie back, Just ane he gaed awa;
"O lasses bide on I come back, And syne I'll need ye a!"
Singing Row dow de douty touty, Row dow de da.
"O lasses bide on I come hame, An' faith I'll need ye a!"

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

In moderate time.

Finlay Dun.

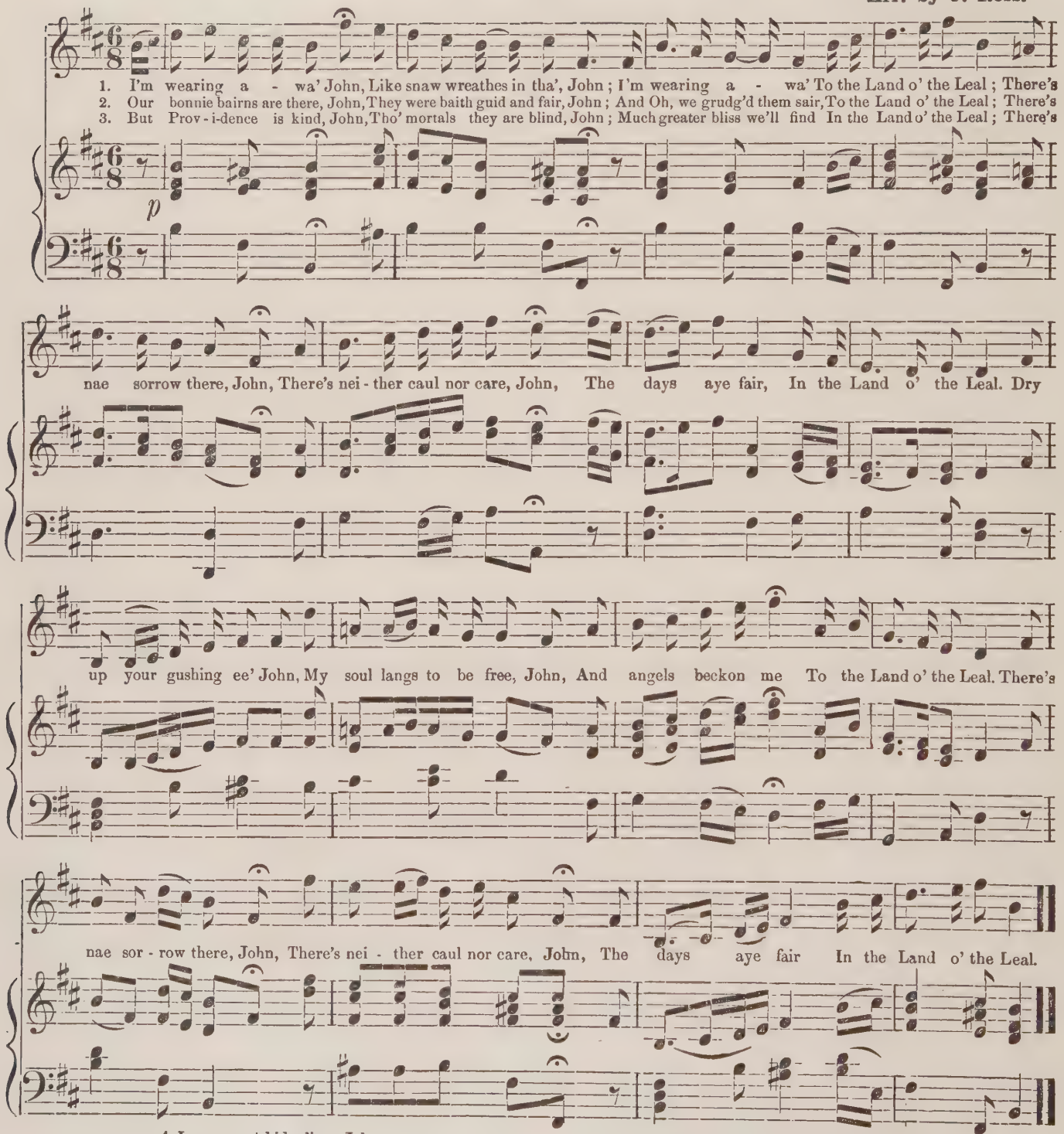

1. Bon - nie Charlie's now a - wa; Safe - ly owre the
2. Ye trust - ed in your High-land men, They trusted you, dear
3. En - glish bribes were a' in vain, Tho' puir and puir - er
p
friendly main; Mony a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a - gain.
Char - lie! They kept your hiding in the glen, Death or ex - ile brav - ing.
we maun be; Sil - ler can - na buy the heart, That beats aye for thine and thee.
CHORUS.
cres.
a placere.
a tempo cres.
Will ye no come back a - gain? Will ye no come back a-gain? Bet - ter lo'ed ye
Cres.
p
mf
canna be— Will ye no come back a - gain?
mf
Cres.
f

4. We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
We watched thee in the morning grey;
Tho' thirty thousand pound they gie,
Oh there is nane that wad betray!
Will ye no, &c.

5. Sweet's the Laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no, &c.

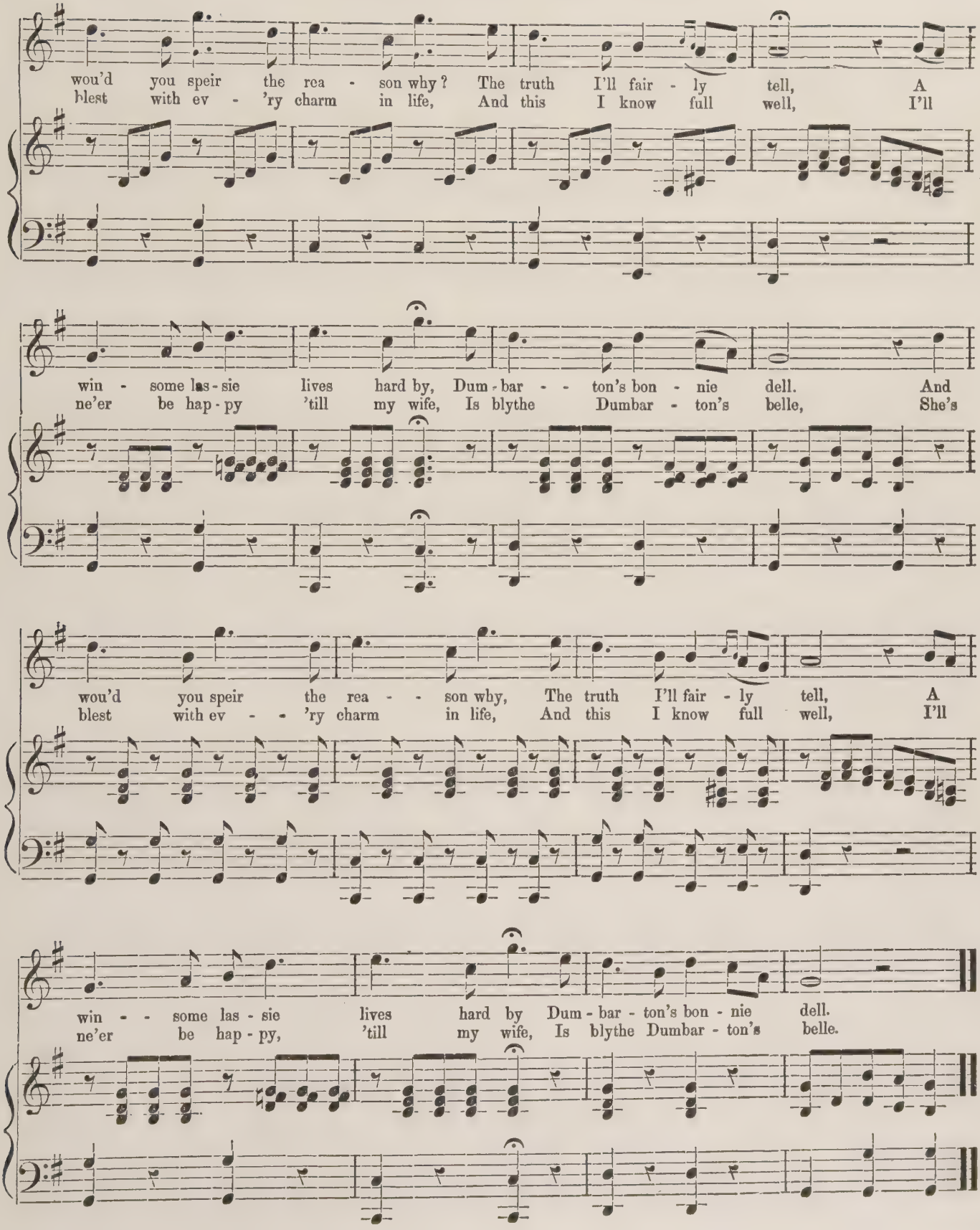
I AM WEARING AWA' TO THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Arr. by J. Ross.


1. I'm wearing a - wa' John, Like snaw wreathes in tha', John ; I'm wearing a - wa' To the Land o' the Leal ; There's
2. Our bonnie bairns are there, John, They were baith guid and fair, John ; And Oh, we grudg'd them sair, To the Land o' the Leal ; There's
3. But Prov - i-dence is kind, John, Tho' mortals they are blind, John ; Much greater bliss we'll find In the Land o' the Leal ; There's
p
nae sorrow there, John, There's nei - ther caul nor care, John, The days aye fair, In the Land o' the Leal. Dry
up your gushing ee' John, My soul langs to be free, John, And angels beckon me To the Land o' the Leal. There's
nae sor - row there, John, There's nei - ther caul nor care, John, The days aye fair In the Land o' the Leal.

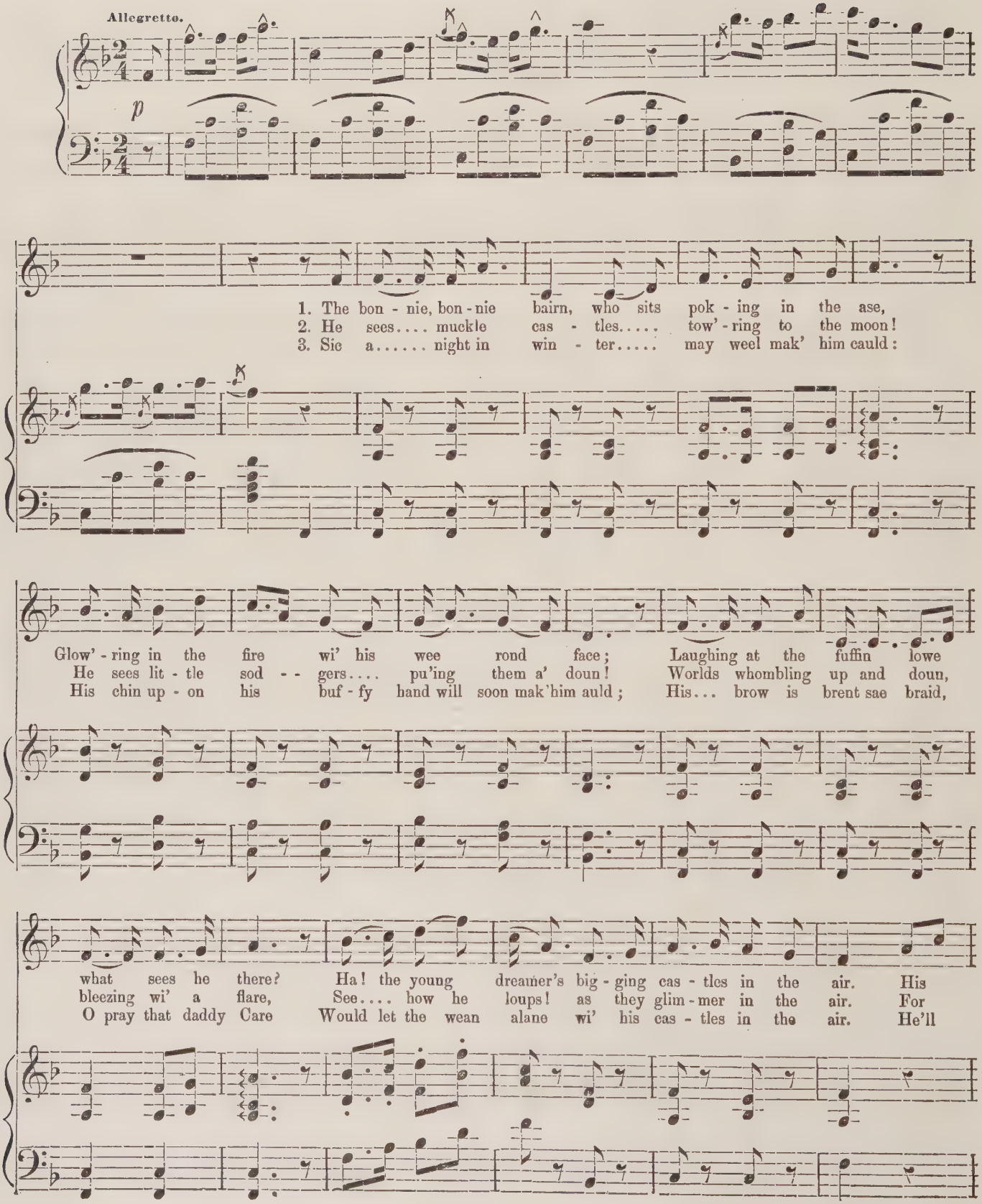
4 I now must bid adieu, John,
To all below and you, John,
And visit worlds anew
In the Land o' the Leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither caul nor care, John,
The days aye fair
In the Land o' the Leal.

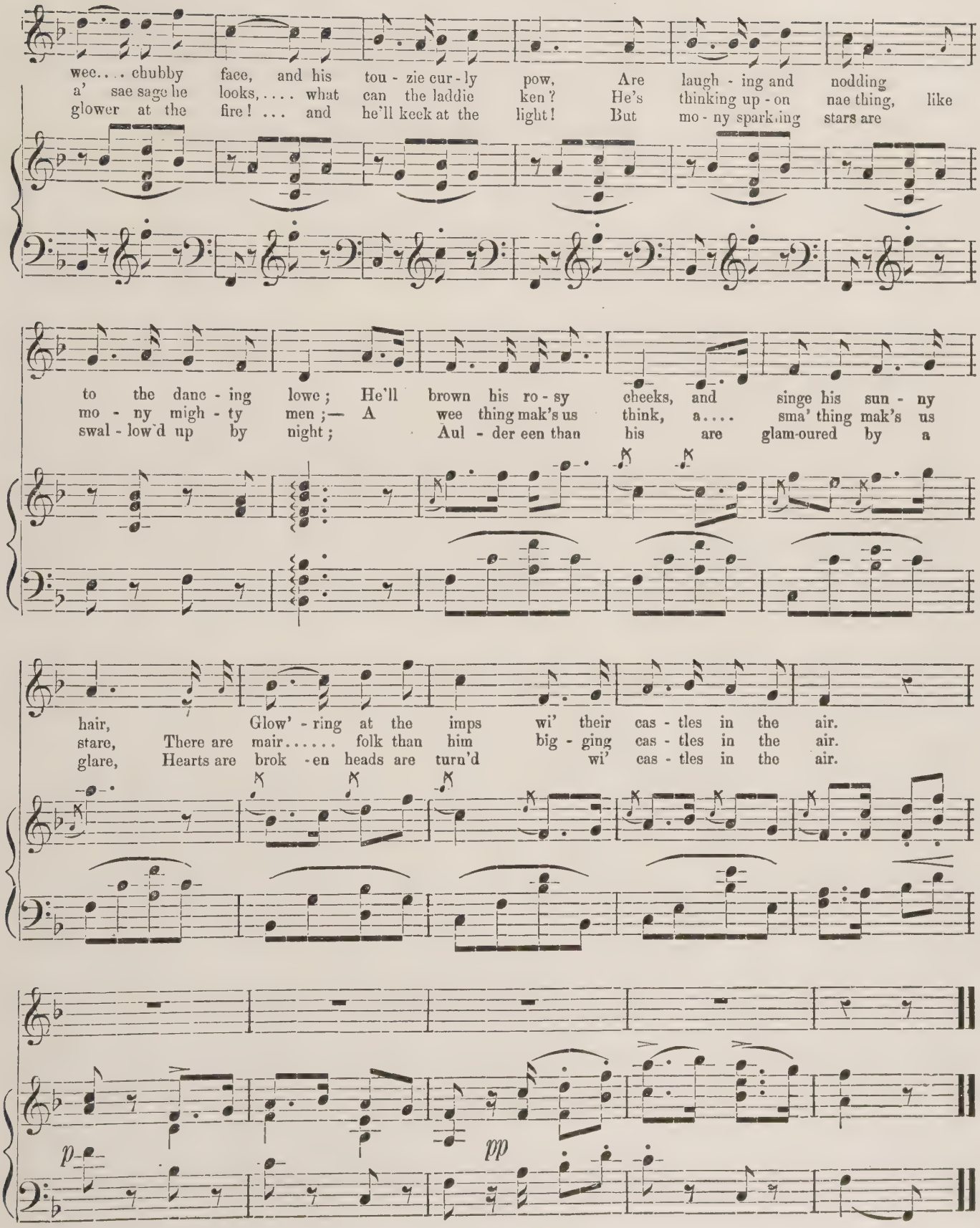
5 May heaven its blessings spread, John,
Around your hoary head, John,
Until with me you tread
On the Land o' the Leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither caul nor care, John,
We'll meet to part nae mair,
In the Land o' the Leal.


wou'd you speir the rea - son why? The truth I'll fair - ly tell, A
blest with ev - 'ry charm in life, And this I know full well, I'll
win - some las - sie lives hard by, Dum - bar - - ton's bon - nie dell. And
ne'er be hap - py 'till my wife, Is blythe Dumbar - ton's belle, She's
wou'd you speir the rea - - son why, The truth I'll fair - ly tell, A
blest with ev - - 'ry charm in life, And this I know full well, I'll
win - - some las - sie lives hard by Dum - bar - ton's bon - nie dell.
ne'er be hap - py, 'till my wife, Is blythe Dumbar - ton's belle.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

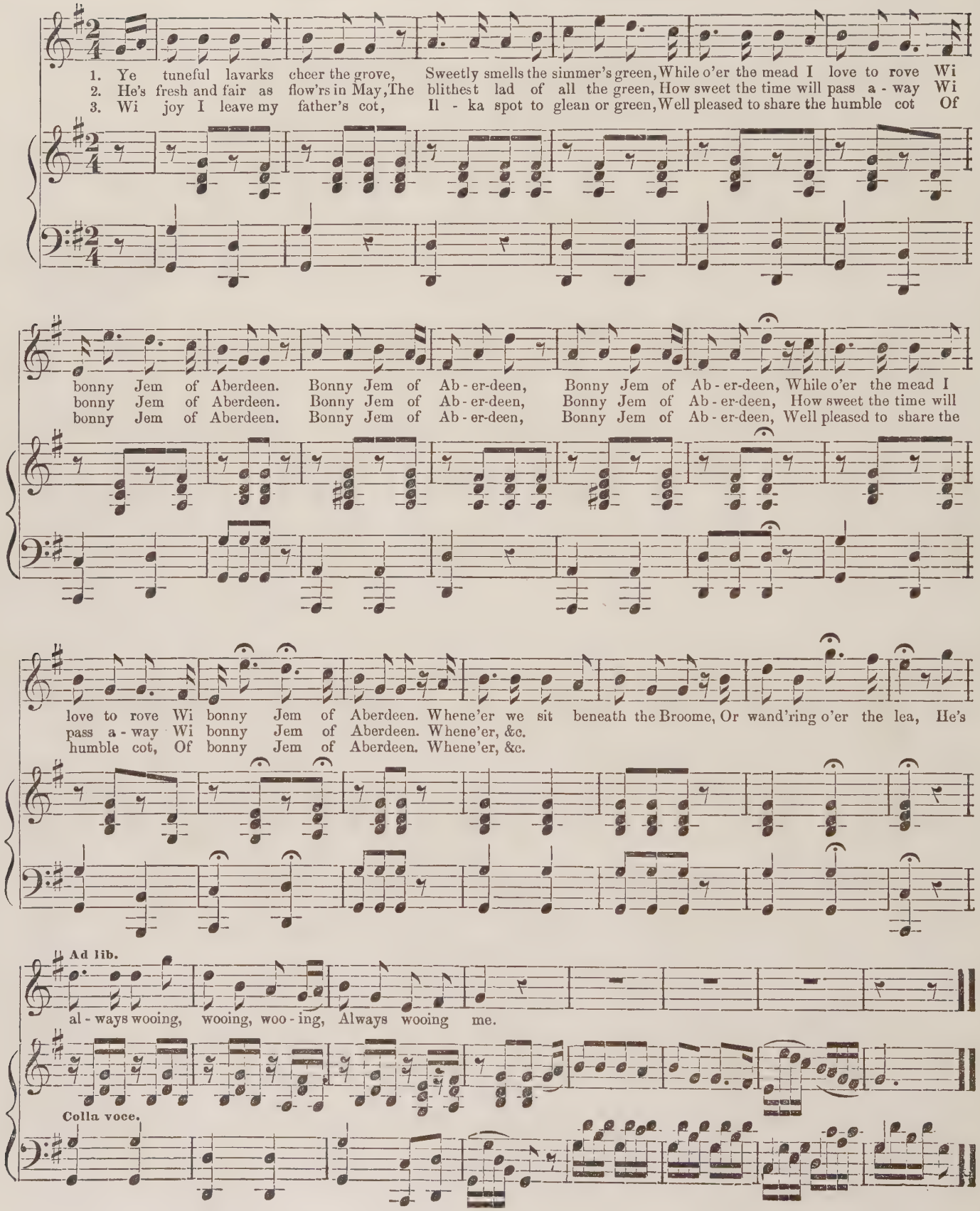
W. B.


Allegretto.
p
1. The bon - nie, bon - nie bairn, who sits pok - ing in the ase,
2. He sees.... muckle cas - tles..... tow' - ring to the moon!
3. Sic a..... night in win - ter..... may weel mak' him cauld:
Glow' - ring in the fire wi' his wee rond face; Laughing at the fuffin lowe
He sees lit - tle sod - - gers.... pu'ing them a' doun! Worlds whombling up and doun,
His chin up - on his buf - fy hand will soon mak'him auld; His... brow is brent sae braid,
what sees he there? Ha! the young dreamer's big - ging cas - tles in the air. His
bleezing wi' a flare, See.... how he loups! as they glim - mer in the air. For
O pray that daddy Care Would let the wean alane wi' his cas - tles in the air. He'll


wee.... chubby face, and his tou - zie cur - ly pow, Are laugh - ing and nodding
a' sae sage he looks,.... what can the laddie ken? He's thinking up - on nae thing, like
glower at the fire! ... and he'll keek at the light! But mo - ny sparkling stars are
to the danc - ing lowe; He'll brown his ro - sy cheeks, and singe his sun - ny
mo - ny migh - ty men;— A wee thing mak's us think, a.... sma' thing mak's us
swal - low'd up by night; Aul - der een than his are glam-oured by a
hair, Glow' - ring at the imps wi' their cas - tles in the air.
stare, There are mair..... folk than him big - ging cas - tles in the air.
glare, Hearts are brok - en heads are turn'd wi' cas - tles in the air.
p
pp

BONNY JEM OF ABERDEEN.

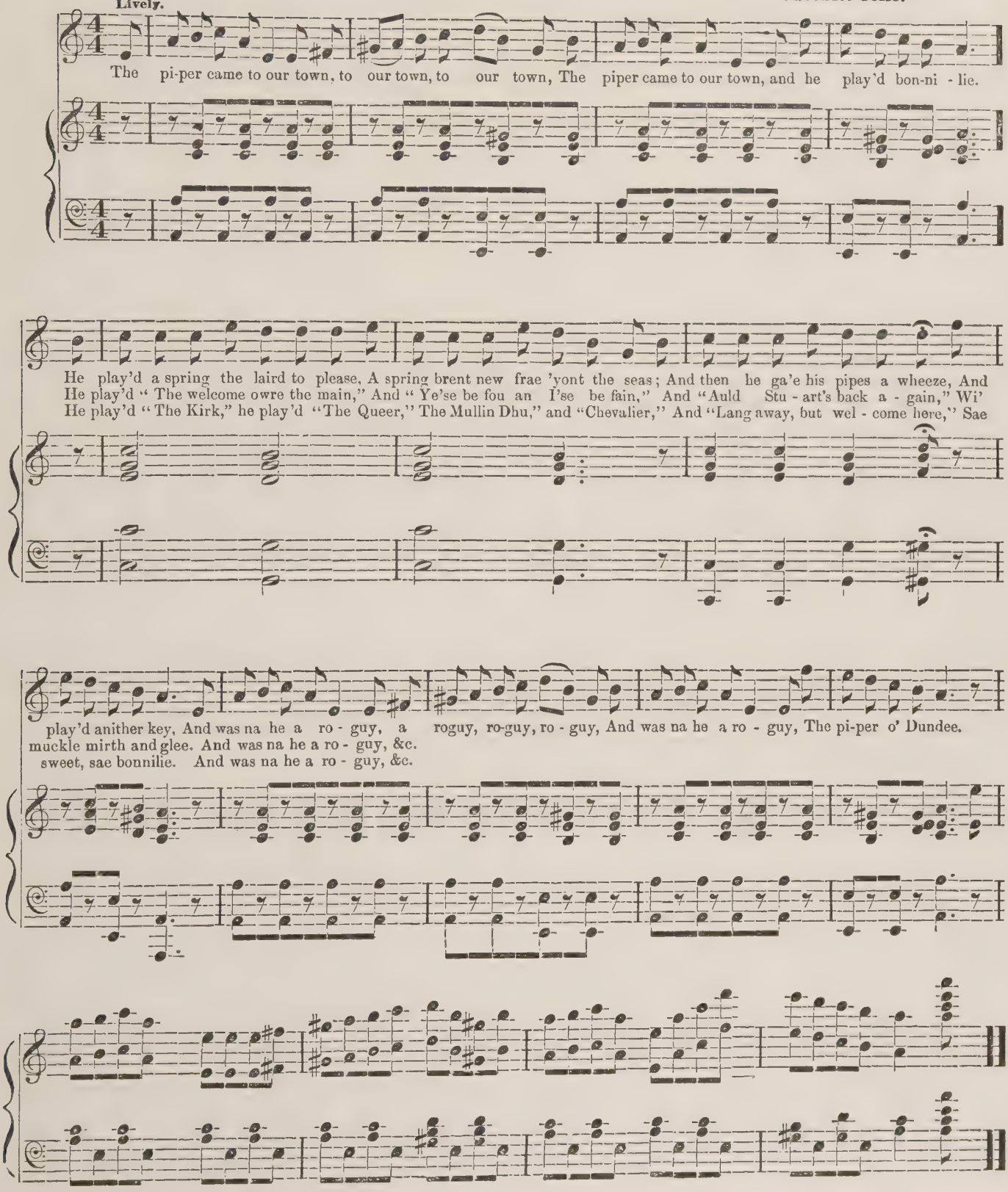
John Sinclair.


1. Ye tuneful lavarks cheer the grove, Sweetly smells the simmer's green, While o'er the mead I love to rove Wi
2. He's fresh and fair as flow'rs in May, The blithest lad of all the green, How sweet the time will pass a - way Wi
3. Wi joy I leave my father's cot, Il - ka spot to glean or green, Well pleased to share the humble cot Of
bonny Jem of Aberdeen. Bonny Jem of Ab - er-deen, Bonny Jem of Ab - er-deen, While o'er the mead I
bonny Jem of Aberdeen. Bonny Jem of Ab - er-deen, Bonny Jem of Ab - er-deen, How sweet the time will
bonny Jem of Aberdeen. Bonny Jem of Ab - er-deen, Bonny Jem of Ab - er-deen, Well pleased to share the
love to rove Wi bonny Jem of Aberdeen. Whene'er we sit beneath the Broome, Or wand'ring o'er the lea, He's
pass a - way Wi bonny Jem of Aberdeen. Whene'er, &c.
humble cot, Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen. Whene'er, &c.
Ad lib.
al - ways wooing, wooing, woo - ing, Always wooing me.
Colla voce.

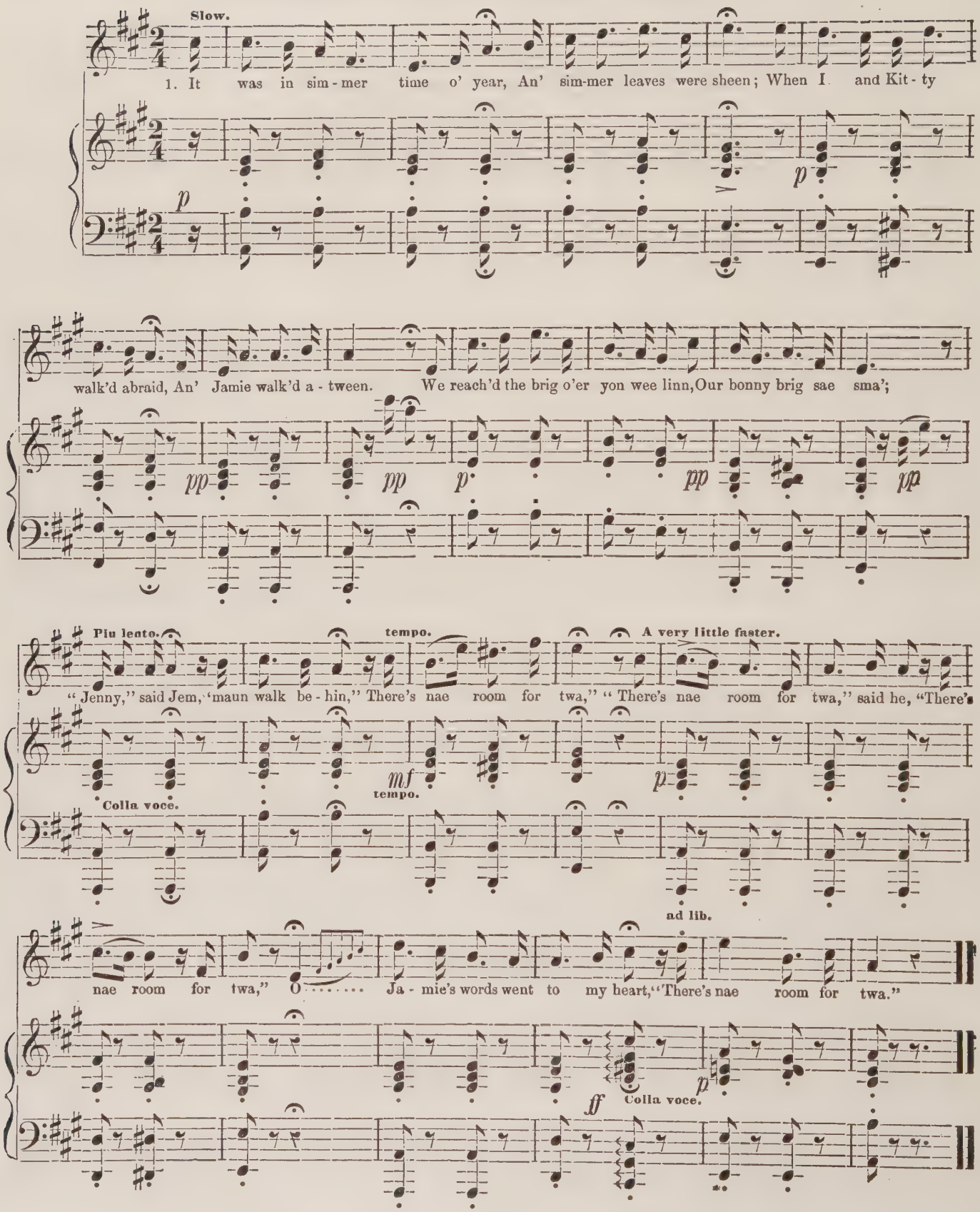
THE PIPER O'DUNDEE.

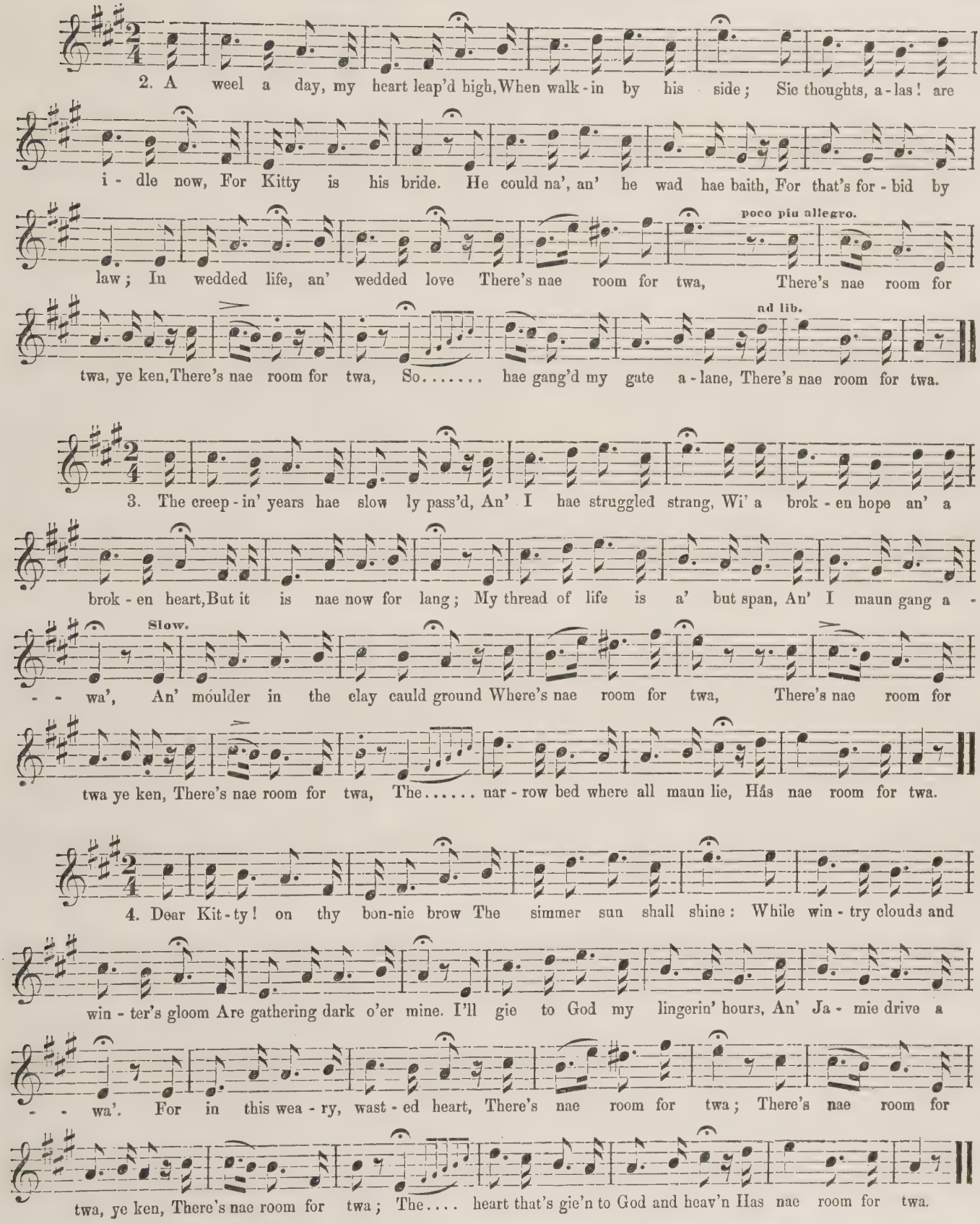
Lively.

Jacobite relic.


The pi-per came to our town, to our town, to our town, The piper came to our town, and he play'd bon-ni - lie.
He play'd a spring the laird to please, A spring brent new frae 'yont the seas; And then he ga'e his pipes a wheeze, And
He play'd " The welcome owre the main," And " Ye'se be fou an I'se be fain," And "Auld Stu - art's back a - gain," Wi'
He play'd "The Kirk," he play'd "The Queer," The Mullin Dhu," and "Chevalier," And "Lang away, but wel - come here," Sae
play'd anither key, And was na he a ro - guy, a roguy, ro-guy, ro - guy, And was na he a ro - guy, The pi-per o' Dundee.
muckle mirth and glee. And was na he a ro - guy, &c.
sweet, sae bonnilie. And was na he a ro - guy, &c.

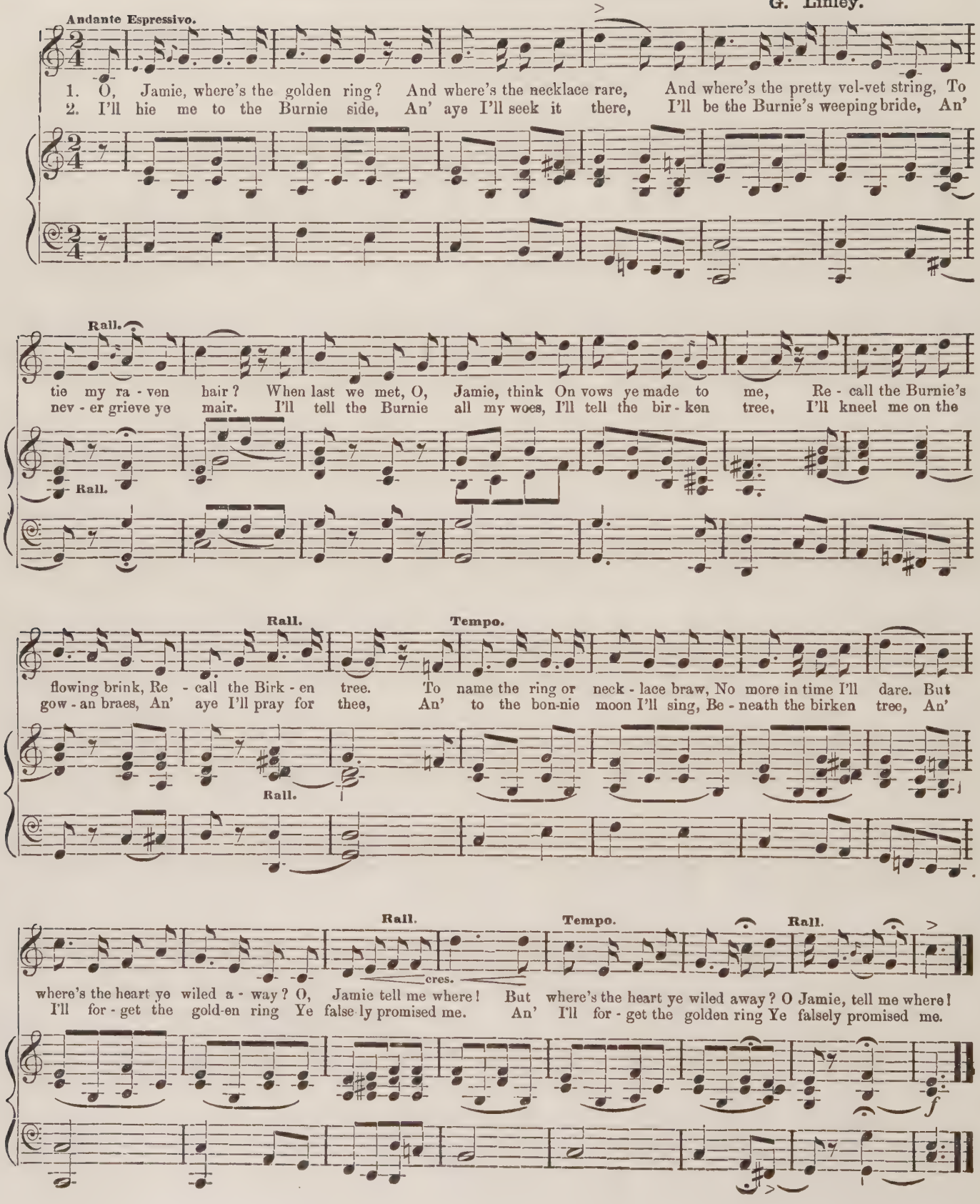
"THERE'S NAE ROOM FOR TWA."


Slow.
1. It was in sim-mer time o' year, An' sim-mer leaves were sheen; When I and Kit-ty
walk'd abraid, An' Jamie walk'd a-tween. We reach'd the brig o'er yon wee linn, Our bonny brig sae sma';
Piu lento.
tempo.
A very little faster.
"Jenny," said Jem, 'maun walk be-hin," There's nae room for twa," "There's nae room for twa," said he, "There's
Colla voce.
tempo.
ad lib.
nae room for twa," O..... Ja-mie's words went to my heart, "There's nae room for twa."
Colla voce.


2. A weel a day, my heart leap'd high, When walk-in by his side; Sic thoughts, a-las! are
i-dle now, For Kitty is his bride. He could na', an' he wad hae baith, For that's for-bid by
law; In wedded life, an' wedded love There's nae room for twa, There's nae room for
poco piu allegro.
twa, ye ken, There's nae room for twa, So..... hae gang'd my gate a-lane, There's nae room for twa.
nd lib.
3. The creep-in' years hae slow ly pass'd, An' I hae struggled strang, Wi' a brok-en hope an' a
brok-en heart, But it is nae now for lang; My thread of life is a' but span, An' I maun gang a-
Slow.
-wa', An' móulder in the clay cauld ground Where's nae room for twa, There's nae room for
twa ye ken, There's nae room for twa, The..... nar-row bed where all maun lie, Hâs nae room for twa.
4. Dear Kit-ty! on thy bon-nie brow The simmer sun shall shine: While win-try clouds and
win-ter's gloom Are gathering dark o'er mine. I'll gie to God my lingerin' hours, An' Ja-mie drive a
-wa'. For in this wea-ry, wast-ed heart, There's nae room for twa; There's nae room for
twa, ye ken, There's nae room for twa; The.... heart that's gie'n to God and heav'n Has nae room for twa.

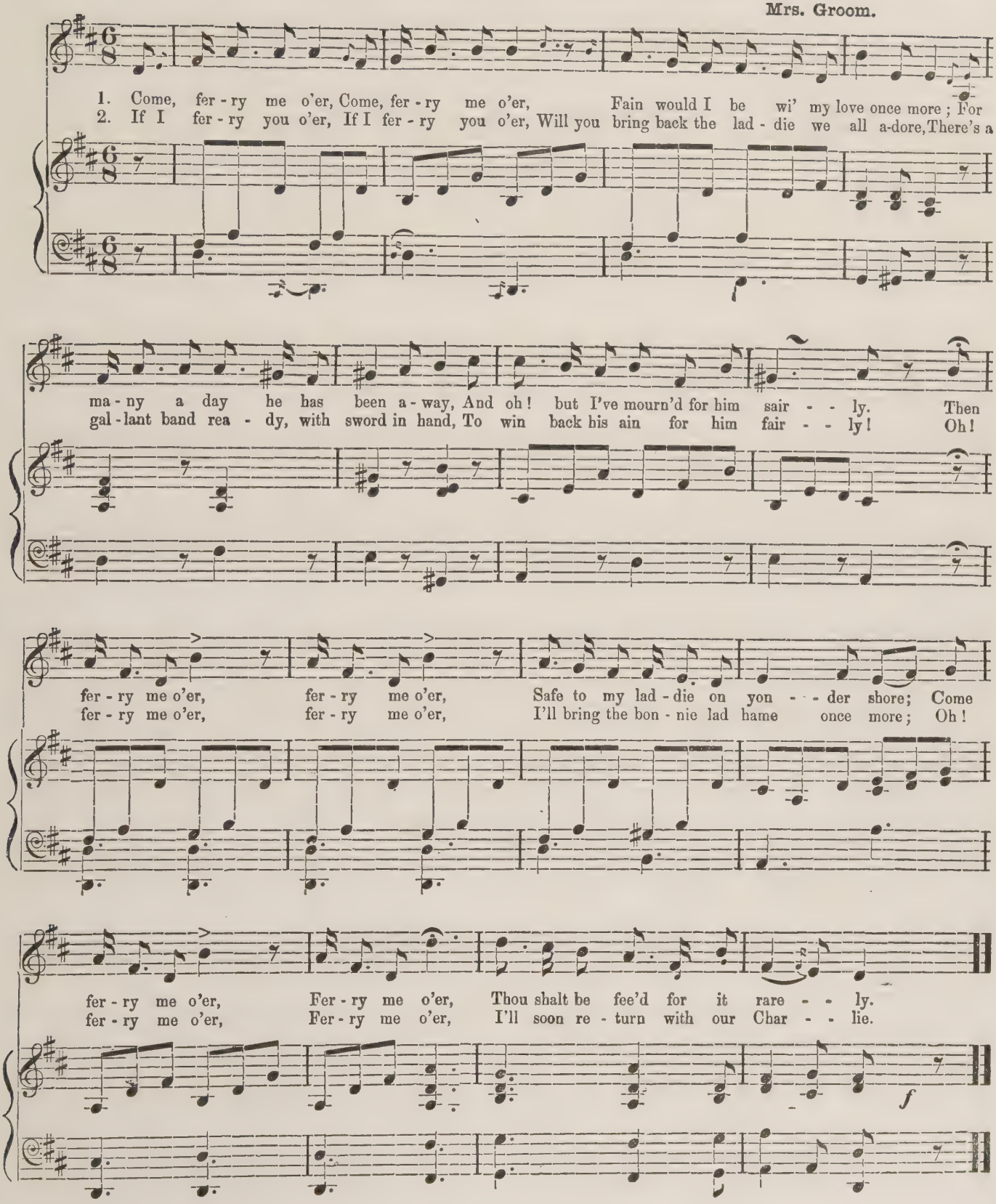
THE GOLDEN RING.

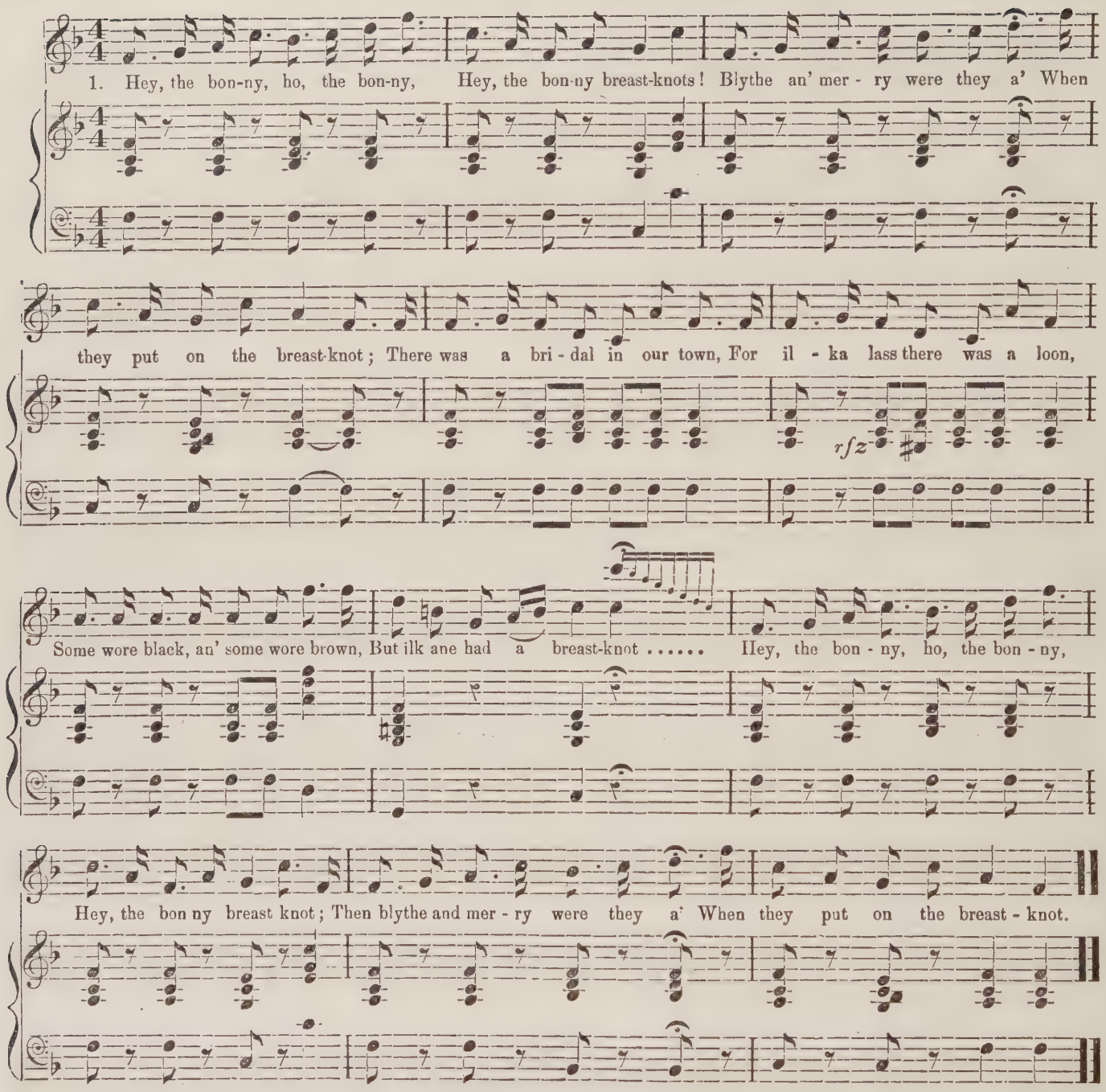
G. Linley.


Andante Espressivo.
1. O, Jamie, where's the golden ring? And where's the necklace rare, And where's the pretty vel-vet string, To
2. I'll hie me to the Burnie side, An' aye I'll seek it there, I'll be the Burnie's weeping bride, An'
Rall.
tie my ra - ven hair? When last we met, O, Jamie, think On vows ye made to me, Re - call the Burnie's
nev - er grieve ye mair. I'll tell the Burnie all my woes, I'll tell the bir - ken tree, I'll kneel me on the
Rall.
Rall.
Tempo.
flowing brink, Re - call the Birk - en tree. To name the ring or neck - lace braw, No more in time I'll dare. But
gow - an braes, An' aye I'll pray for thee, An' to the bon-nie moon I'll sing, Be - neath the birken tree, An'
Rall.
Rall.
Tempo.
Rall.
cres.
where's the heart ye wiled a - way? O, Jamie tell me where! But where's the heart ye wiled away? O Jamie, tell me where!
I'll for - get the gold-en ring Ye false-ly promised me. An' I'll for - get the golden ring Ye falsely promised me.
f

COME, FERRY ME O'ER.

Mrs. Groom.


1. Come, fer - ry me o'er, Come, fer - ry me o'er, Fain would I be wi' my love once more; For
2. If I fer - ry you o'er, If I fer - ry you o'er, Will you bring back the lad - die we all a-dore, There's a
ma - ny a day he has been a - way, And oh! but I've mourn'd for him sair - - ly. Then
gal - lant band rea - dy, with sword in hand, To win back his ain for him fair - - ly! Oh!
fer - ry me o'er, fer - ry me o'er, Safe to my lad - die on yon - - der shore; Come
fer - ry me o'er, fer - ry me o'er, I'll bring the bon - nie lad hame once more; Oh!
fer - ry me o'er, Fer - ry me o'er, Thou shalt be fee'd for it rare - - ly.
fer - ry me o'er, Fer - ry me o'er, I'll soon re - turn with our Char - - lie.
f

HEY THE BONNY BREAST KNOT.

1. Hey, the bon-ny, ho, the bon-ny, Hey, the bon-ny breast-knots! Blythe an' mer - ry were they a' When
they put on the breast-knot; There was a bri - dal in our town, For il - ka lass there was a loon,
rfz
Some wore black, an' some wore brown, But ilk ane had a breast-knot ..... Hey, the bon - ny, ho, the bon - ny,
Hey, the bon ny breast knot; Then blythe and mer - ry were they a' When they put on the breast - knot.

2. A sonsie lass, wi' raven hair,
Cam' wi 'a knot like lily fair,
Gart mony hearts that hour feel sair,
For ilk ane lo'ed her breast knot;
The bride a knot kept to hersel,
Its color she alane could tell,
Wha had the like wad bear the bell,
And hae a jo an' a breast-knot
Hey, the bonny, ho, the bonny
Hey, the bonny breast-knot,
Then blythe and merry were they a'
When they put on the breast-knot.

3. It was nae black, it was nae blue,
It had nae sic unseemly hue,
But it was white I tell you true,
A braw, bonny breast-knot;
Ane had the knot that like to me,
Inspired a' hearts wi' mirth an glee,
Farewell, kind friends, an' thanks to ye
That lo'e sae weel my breast-knot.
Hey, the bonny, ho, the bonny,
Hey, the bonny breast-knot;
Baith sad an' sair I part wi' ye
That lo'e sae weel my breast-knot.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Words by Mrs. Cockburn. L. Kozeluch.

Larghetto Espressivo.

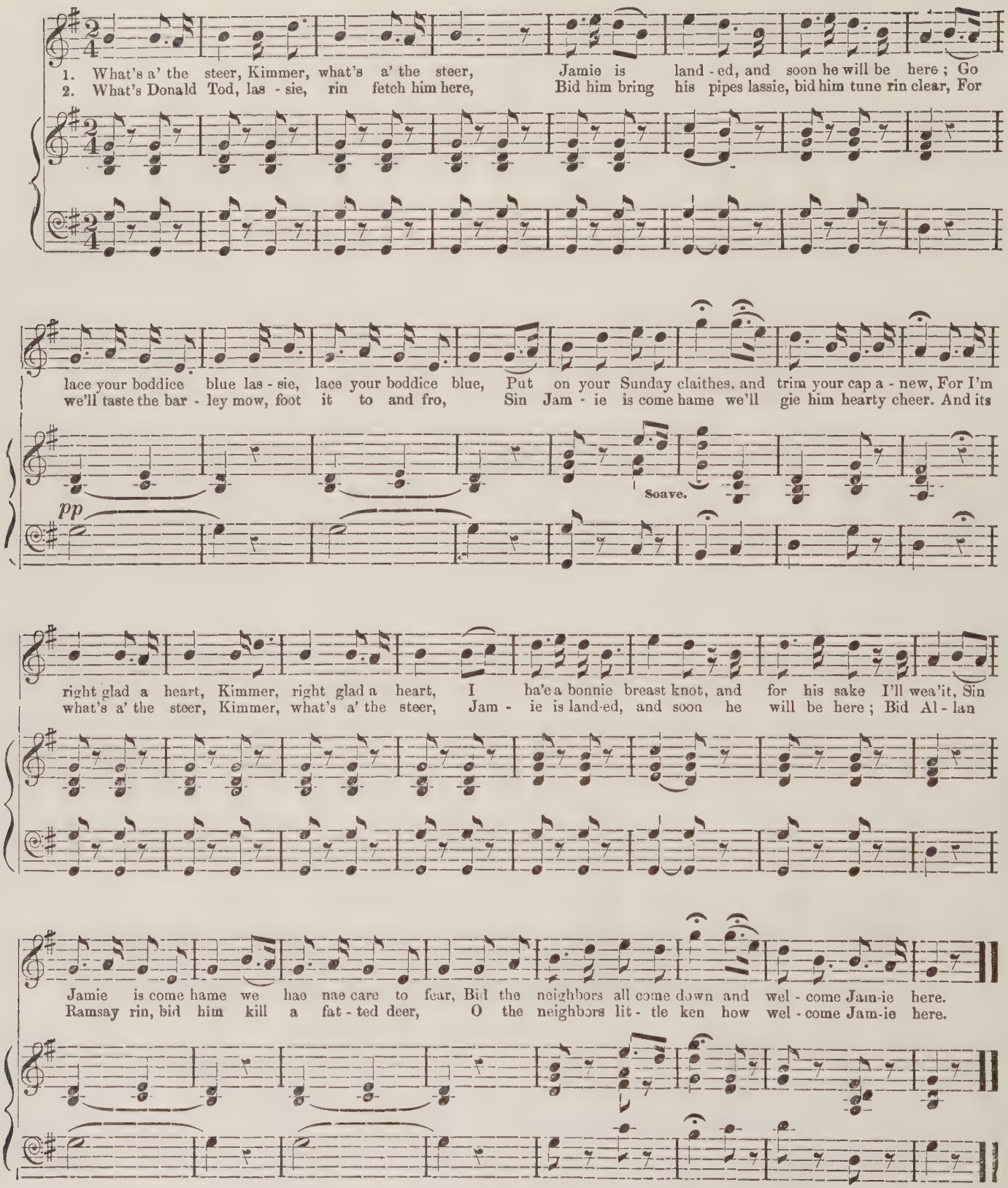
1. I've seen the smil - ing of For - tune be - guil - ing, I've felt all its fa - vors, and found its de - cay.
2. I've seen the morn - ing with gold the hills a - dorn - ing, And the dread tempest roaring be - fore parting day ; I've seen

Sweet was its bless - ing, Kind its ca - ress - ing, But now tis fled, fled far a - way.
Tweed's sil - ver streams glitt'ring in the sunny beams, grow drum-ly and dark as they roll'd on their way.

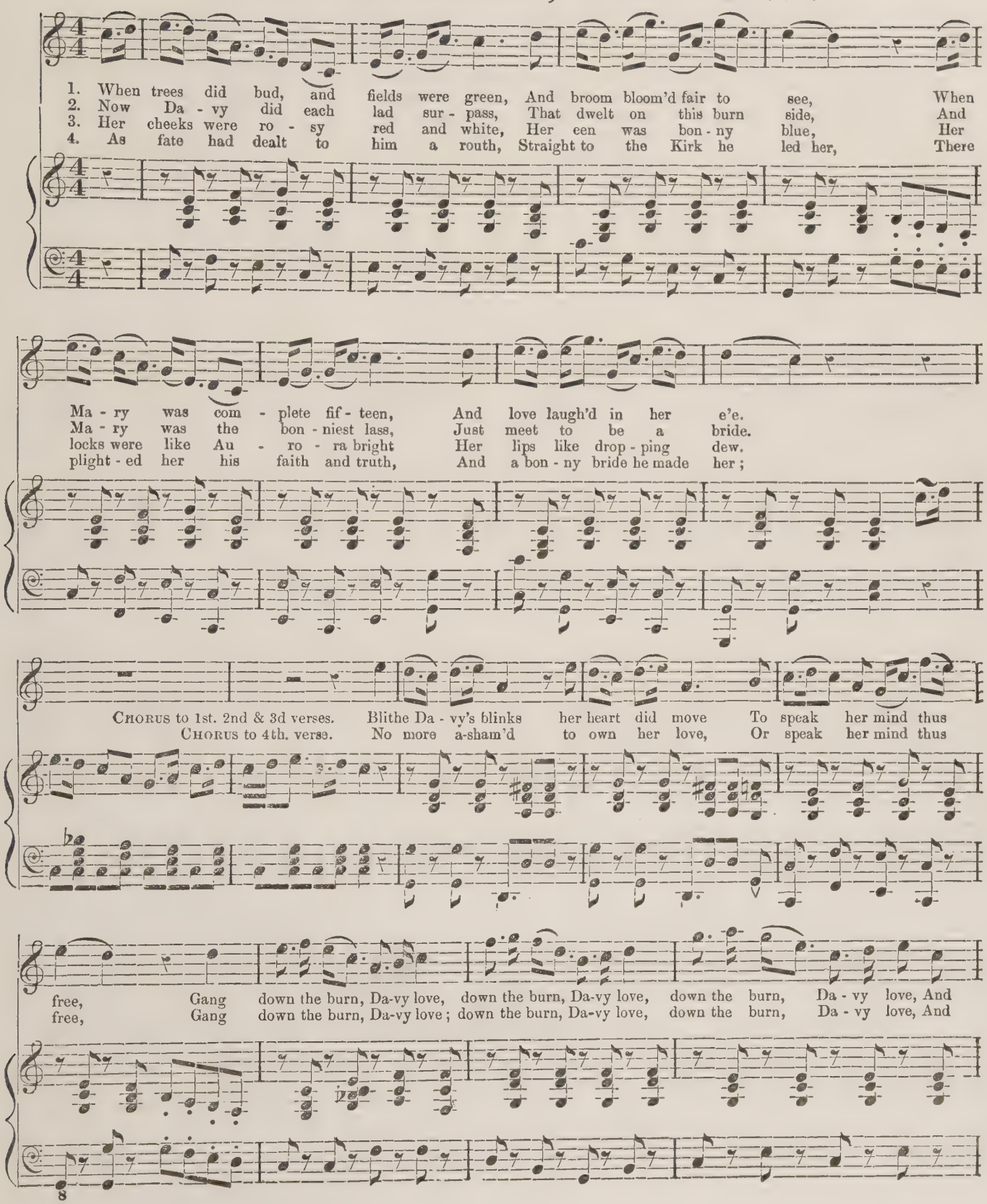
I've seen the fo - rest a - dorn - ed the fore-most, With flow'rs of the fair - est, most plea - sant and gay ; So
O fic - kle for - tune ! why this cru-el sport-ing ! O why thus per-plex us, poor sons of a day ! Thy

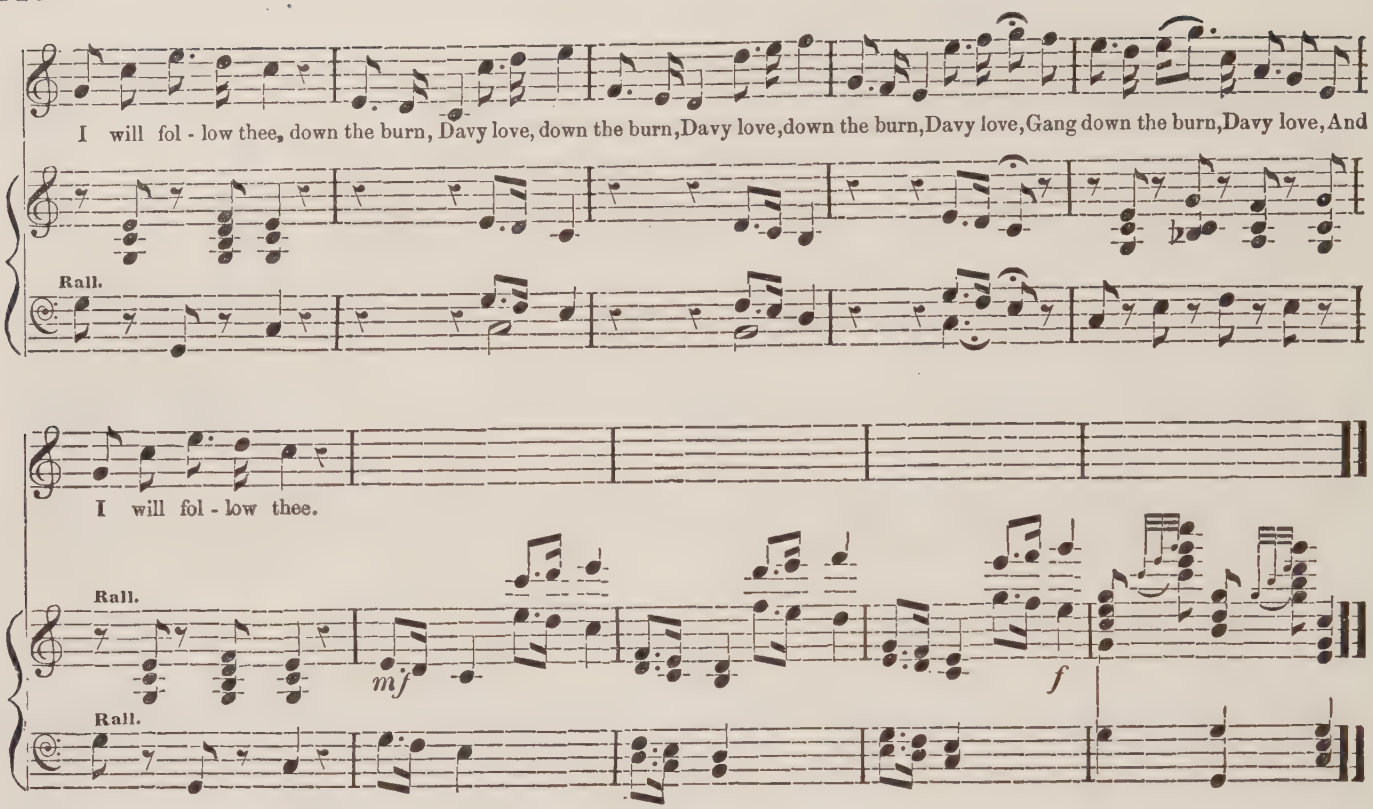
bonny was their blooming, Their scent the air perfum-ing, But now they are withered and weed-ed a - way.
frowns can not fear me, Thy smiles can-not cheer me, For the flow'rs of the for - est are with - ered a - way.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER.

A. Lee.

1. What's a' the steer, Kimmer, what's a' the steer, Jamie is land - ed, and soon he will be here ; Go
2. What's Donald Tod, las - sie, rin fetch him here, Bid him bring his pipes lassie, bid him tune rin clear, For
lace your boddice blue las - sie, lace your boddice blue, Put on your Sunday claithes, and trim your cap a - new, For I'm
we'll taste the bar - ley mow, foot it to and fro, Sin Jam - ie is come hame we'll gie him hearty cheer. And its
Soave.
pp
right glad a heart, Kimmer, right glad a heart, I ha'e a bonnie breast knot, and for his sake I'll wea'it, Sin
what's a' the steer, Kimmer, what's a' the steer, Jam - ie is land-ed, and soon he will be here ; Bid Al - lan
Jamie is come hame we hae nae care to fear, Bid the neighbors all come down and wel - come Jam-ie here.
Ramsay rin, bid him kill a fat - ted deer, O the neighbors lit - tle ken how wel - come Jam-ie here.

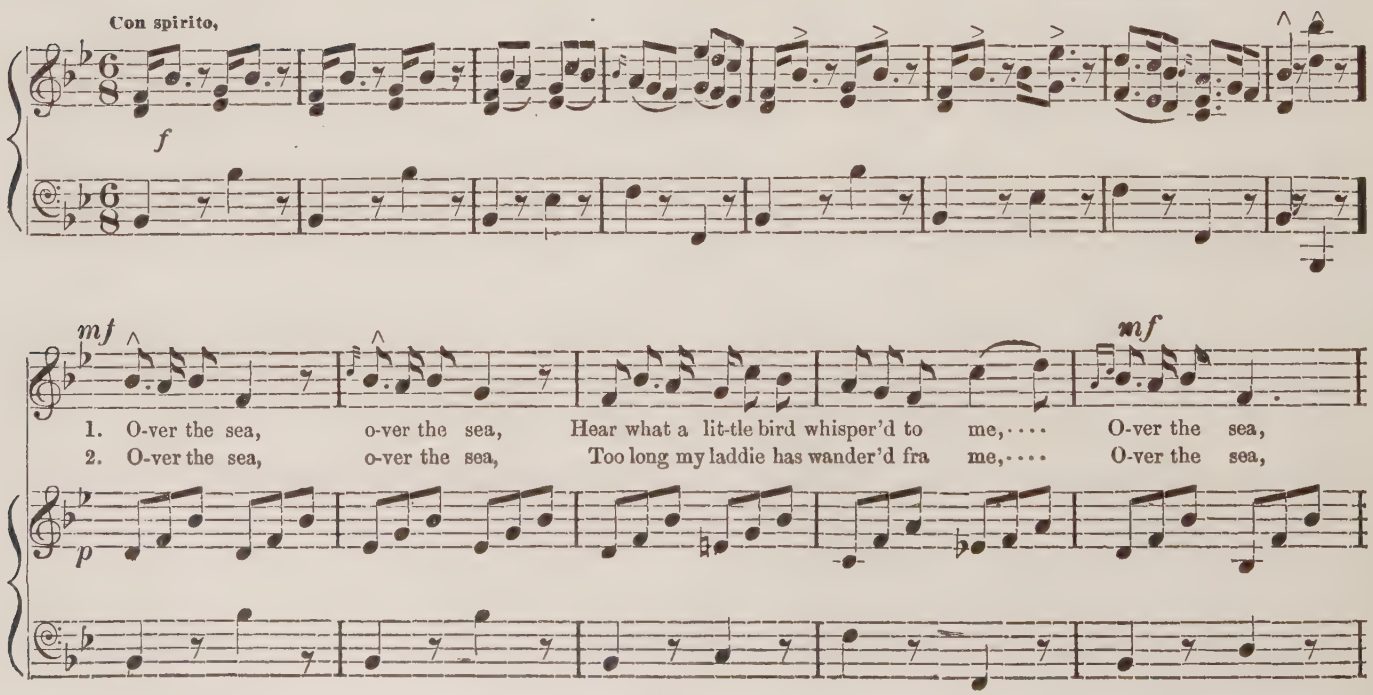
DOWN THE BURN, DAVY LOVE.

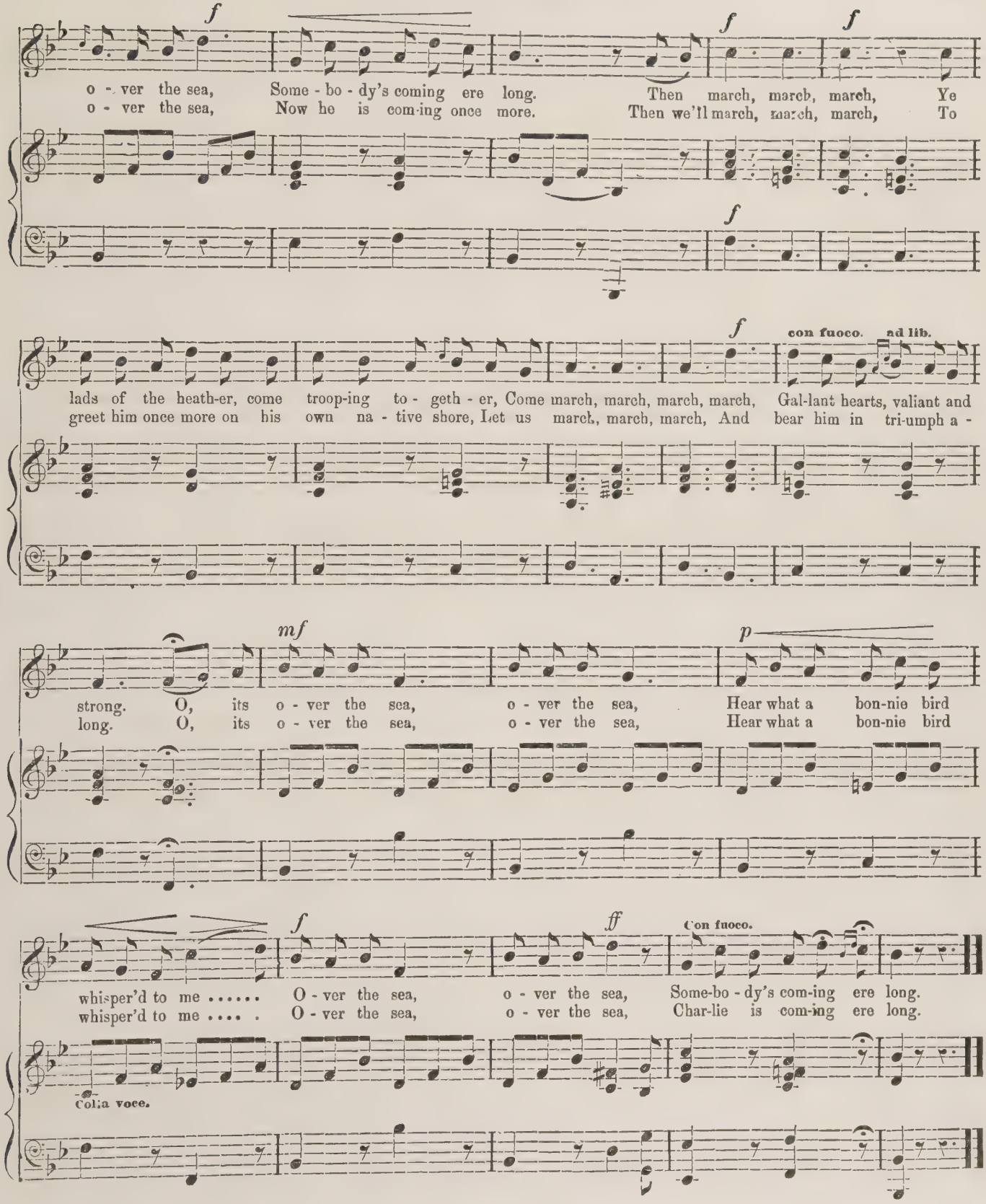

1. When trees did bud, and fields were green, And broom bloom'd fair to see, When
2. Now Da - vy did each lad sur - pass, That dwelt on this burn side, And
3. Her cheeks were ro - sy red and white, Her een was bon - ny blue, Her
4. As fate had dealt to him a routh, Straight to the Kirk he led her, There
Ma - ry was com - plete fif - teen, And love laugh'd in her e'e.
Ma - ry was the bon - niest lass, Just meet to be a bride.
locks were like Au - ro - ra bright Her lips like drop - ping dew.
plight - ed her his faith and truth, And a bon - ny bride he made her ;
Chorus to 1st. 2nd & 3d verses. Blithe Da - vy's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus
Chorus to 4th. verse. No more a-sham'd to own her love, Or speak her mind thus
free, Gang down the burn, Da-vy love, down the burn, Da-vy love, down the burn, Da - vy love, And
free, Gang down the burn, Da-vy love ; down the burn, Da-vy love, down the burn, Da - vy love, And


I will fol - low thee, down the burn, Davy love, down the burn, Davy love, down the burn, Davy love, Gang down the burn, Davy love, And
Rall.
I will fol - low thee.
Rall.
mf
f
Rall.

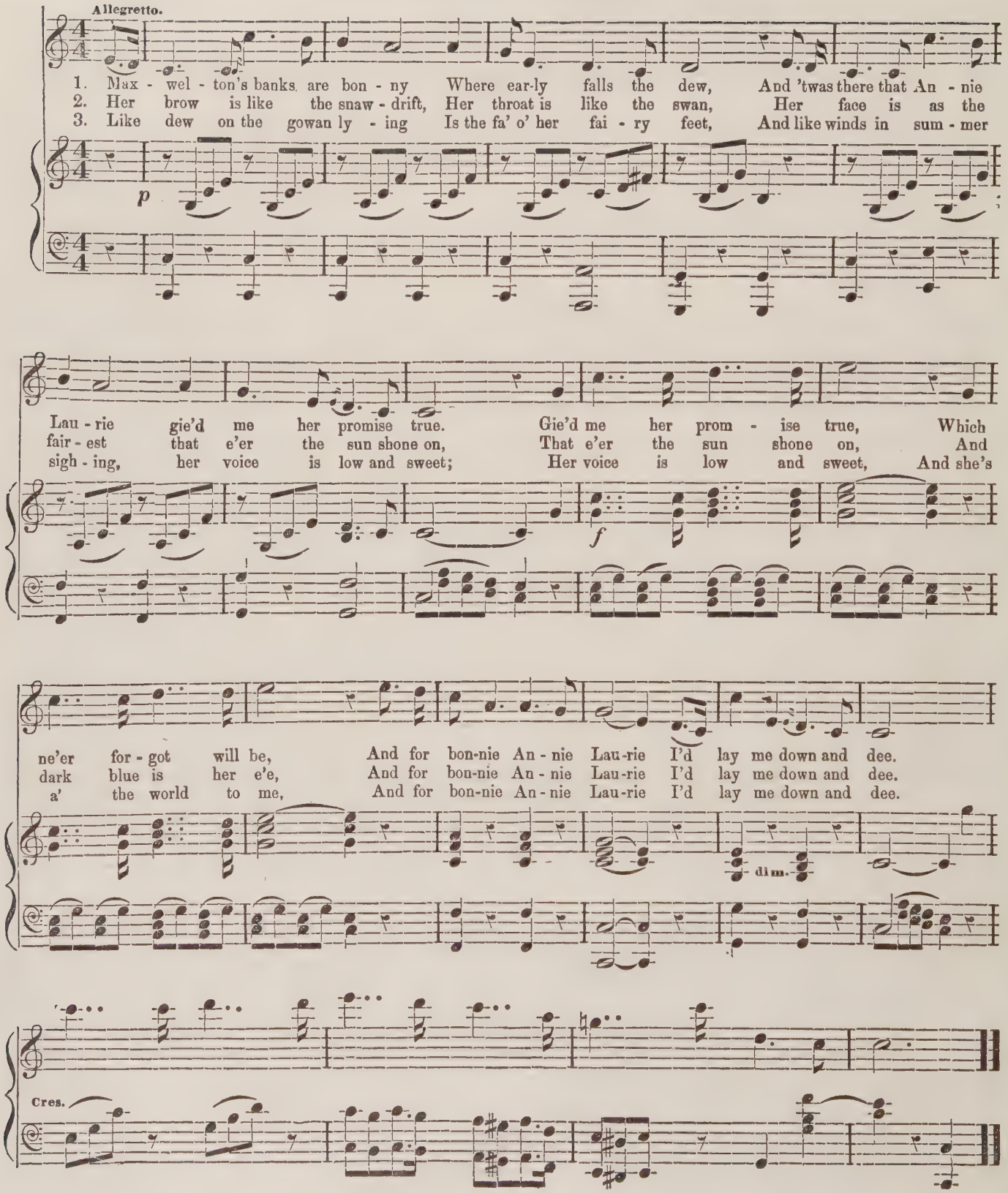
OVER THE SEA.

Mrs. Groom.


Con spirito,
f
mf
mf
1. O-ver the sea, o-ver the sea, Hear what a lit-tle bird whisper'd to me, O-ver the sea,
2. O-ver the sea, o-ver the sea, Too long my laddie has wander'd fra me, O-ver the sea,
p


f
o - ver the sea, Some - bo - dy's coming ere long. Then march, march, march, Ye
o - ver the sea, Now he is com-ing once more. Then we'll march, march, march, To
f
f
f
f
con fuoco.
ad lib.
lads of the heath-er, come troop-ing to - geth - er, Come march, march, march, Gal-lant hearts, valiant and
greet him once more on his own na - tive shore, Let us march, march, march, And bear him in tri-umph a -
mf
p
strong. O, its o - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Hear what a bon-nie bird
long. O, its o - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Hear what a bon-nie bird
f
ff
Con fuoco.
whisper'd to me ..... O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Some-bo - dy's com-ing ere long.
whisper'd to me .... . O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Char-lie is com-ing ere long.
Colla voce.

ANNIE LAURIE..


Allegretto.
1. Max - wel - ton's banks are bon - ny Where ear-ly falls the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face is as the
3. Like dew on the gowan ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in sum - mer
p
Lau - rie gie'd me her promise true. Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Which
fair - est that e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And
sigh - ing, her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's
f
ne'er for - got will be, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
dim.
Cres.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND WILLIE.

Words by William Motherwell. H. Swift.

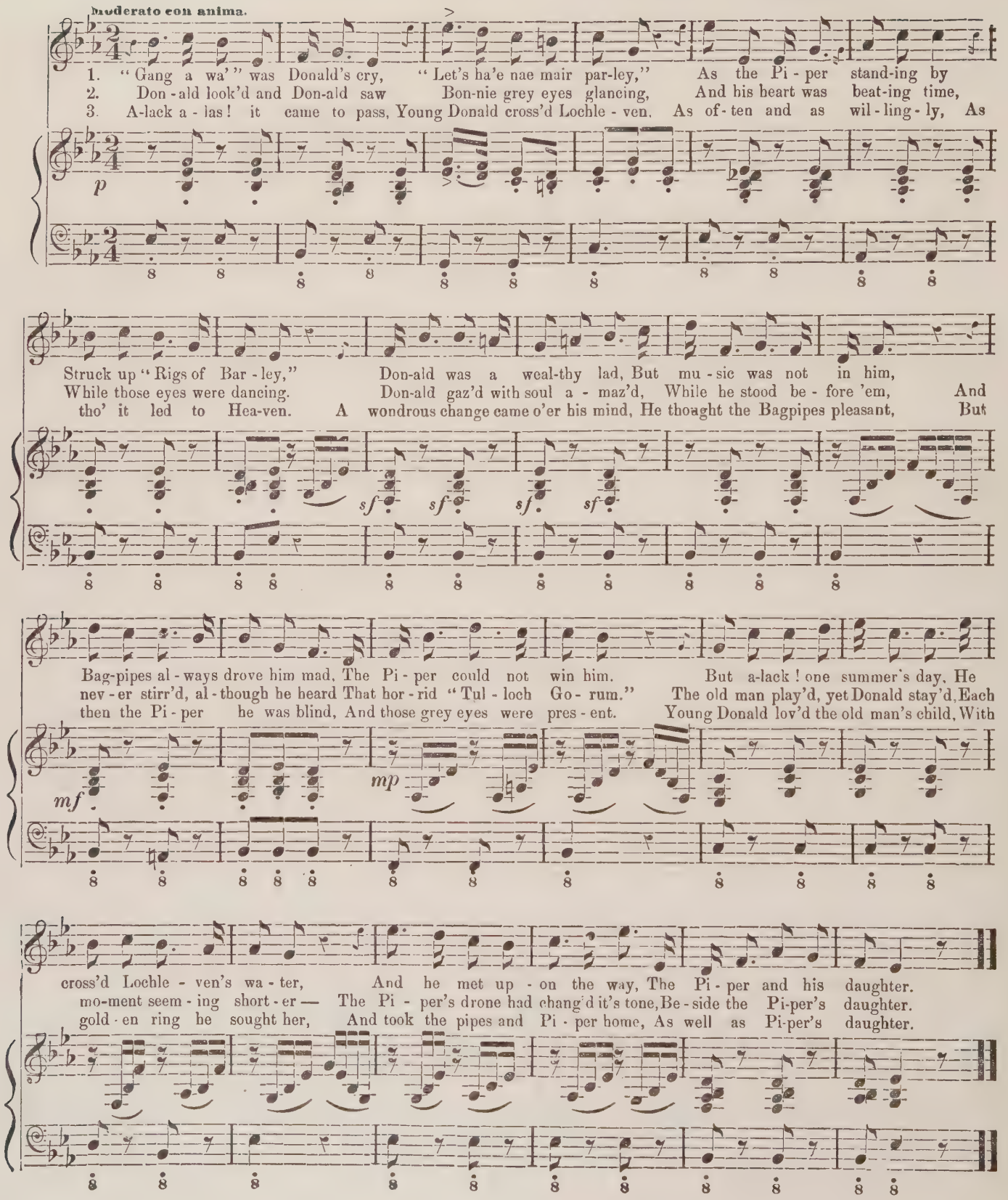
1. My
2. I'm
3. But

heid is like to rend, Willie, My heart is like to break, I'm wear - in aff my
wea - ry O' this world, Willie, And sick wi' a' I see, I can - na live as
O! remem - ber me, Willie, On land where'er ye be, And O think on the

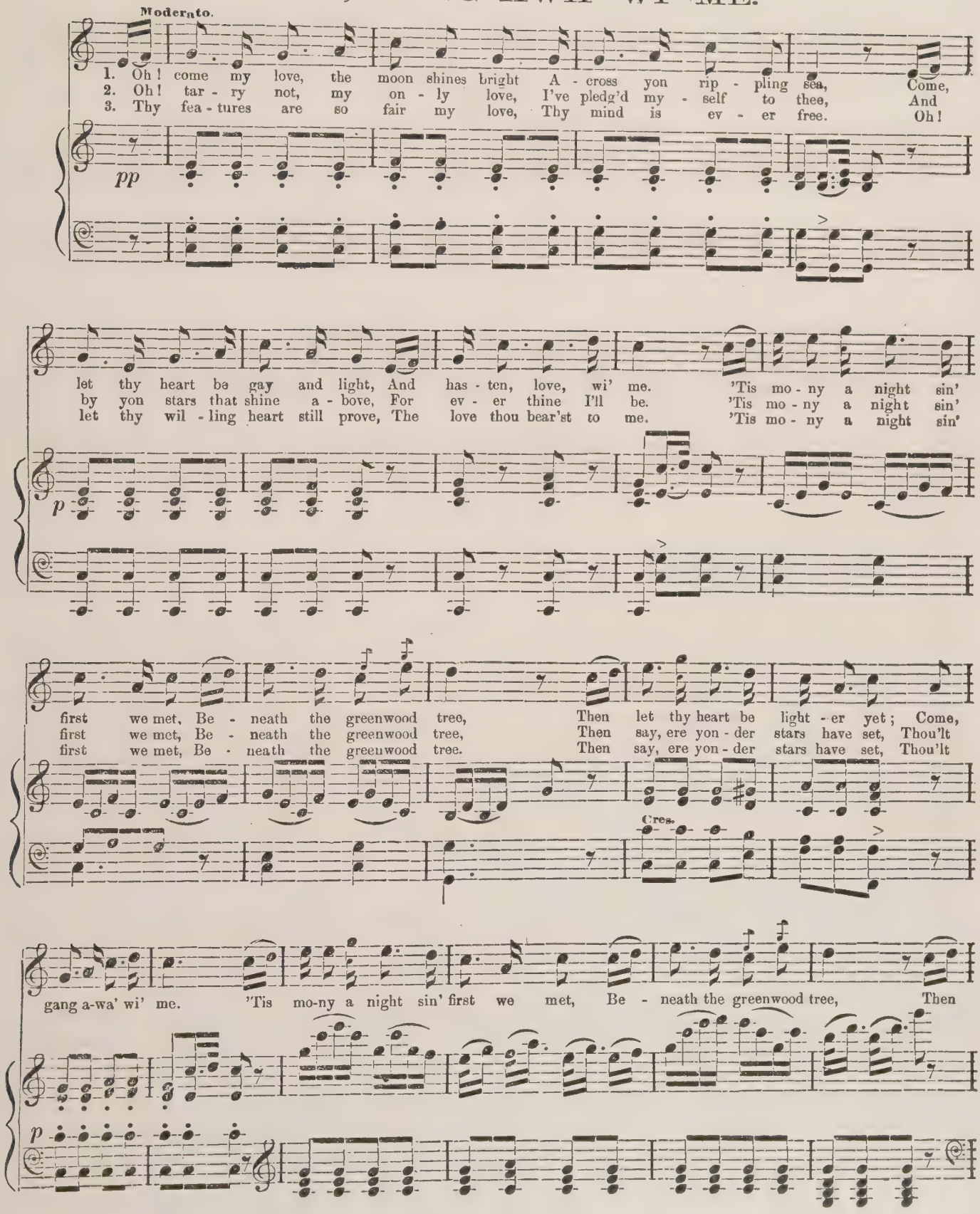
feet, Willie, Im dy - in' for your sake, O! lay your cheek on mine, Willie, your
I ha'e liv'd, or be as I should be, But fauld un - to your heart, Willie, The
leal, leal heart, That ne'er luvit ane but thee! And O think on the cauld cauld mools, That

hand on my breast-bane, O say ye'll think on me, Wil-lie, When I am deid and gane!
heart that still is thine, And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek, Ye said was red lang syne.
file my yel-low hair, That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin, Ye nev - er sall kiss mair!

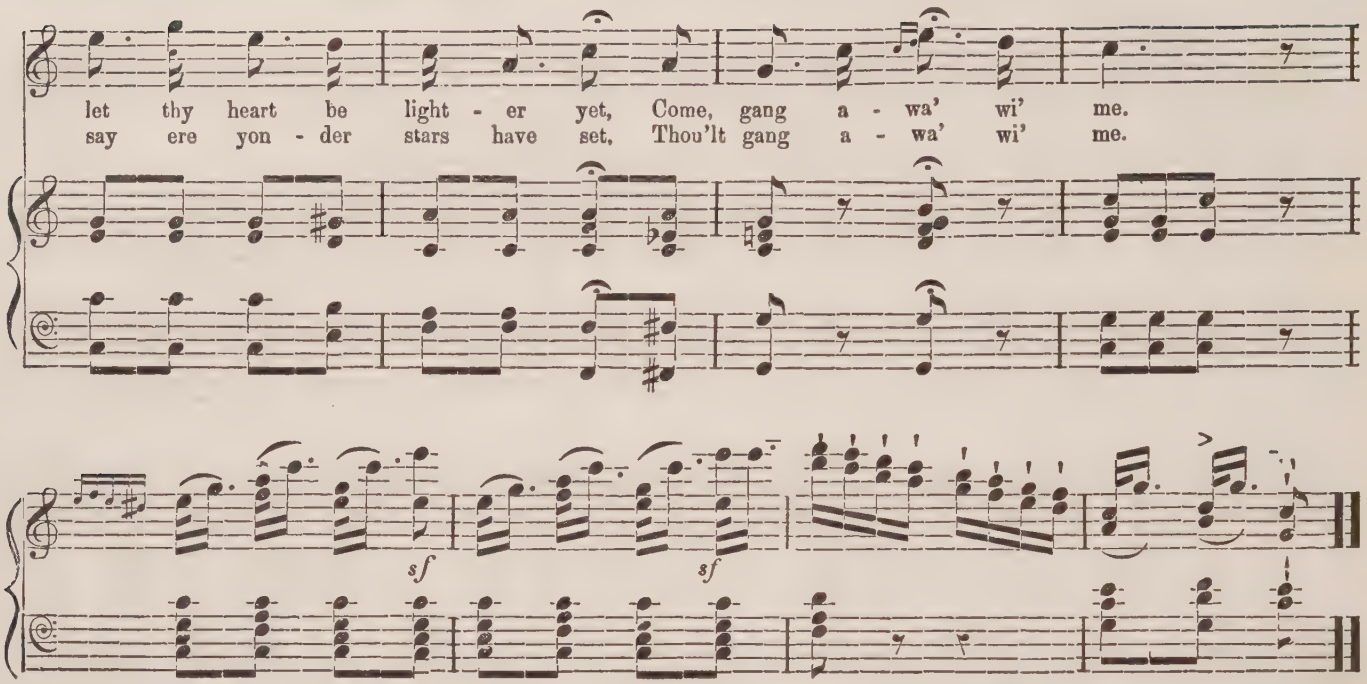
THE PIPER'S DAUGHTER.

Eliza Cook.

Moderato con anima.
1. "Gang a wa'" was Donald's cry, "Let's ha'e nae mair par-ley," As the Pi-per stand-ing by
2. Don-ald look'd and Don-ald saw Bon-nie grey eyes glancing, And his heart was beat-ing time,
3. A-lack a-las! it came to pass, Young Donald cross'd Lochle-ven. As of-ten and as wil-ling-ly, As
p
Struck up "Rigs of Bar-ley," Don-ald was a weal-thy lad, But mu-sic was not in him,
While those eyes were dancing. Don-ald gaz'd with soul a-maz'd, While he stood be-fore 'em, And
tho' it led to Hea-ven. A wondrous change came o'er his mind, He thought the Bagpipes pleasant, But
sf sf sf sf
Bag-pipes al-ways drove him mad, The Pi-per could not win him. But a-lack! one summer's day, He
nev-er stirr'd, al-though he heard That hor-rid "Tul-loch Go-rum." The old man play'd, yet Donald stay'd, Each
then the Pi-per he was blind, And those grey eyes were pres-ent. Young Donald lov'd the old man's child, With
mf
mp
cross'd Lochle-ven's wa-ter, And he met up-on the way, The Pi-per and his daughter.
mo-ment seem-ing short-er — The Pi-per's drone had chang'd it's tone, Be-side the Pi-per's daughter.
gold-en ring he sought her, And took the pipes and Pi-per home, As well as Pi-per's daughter.

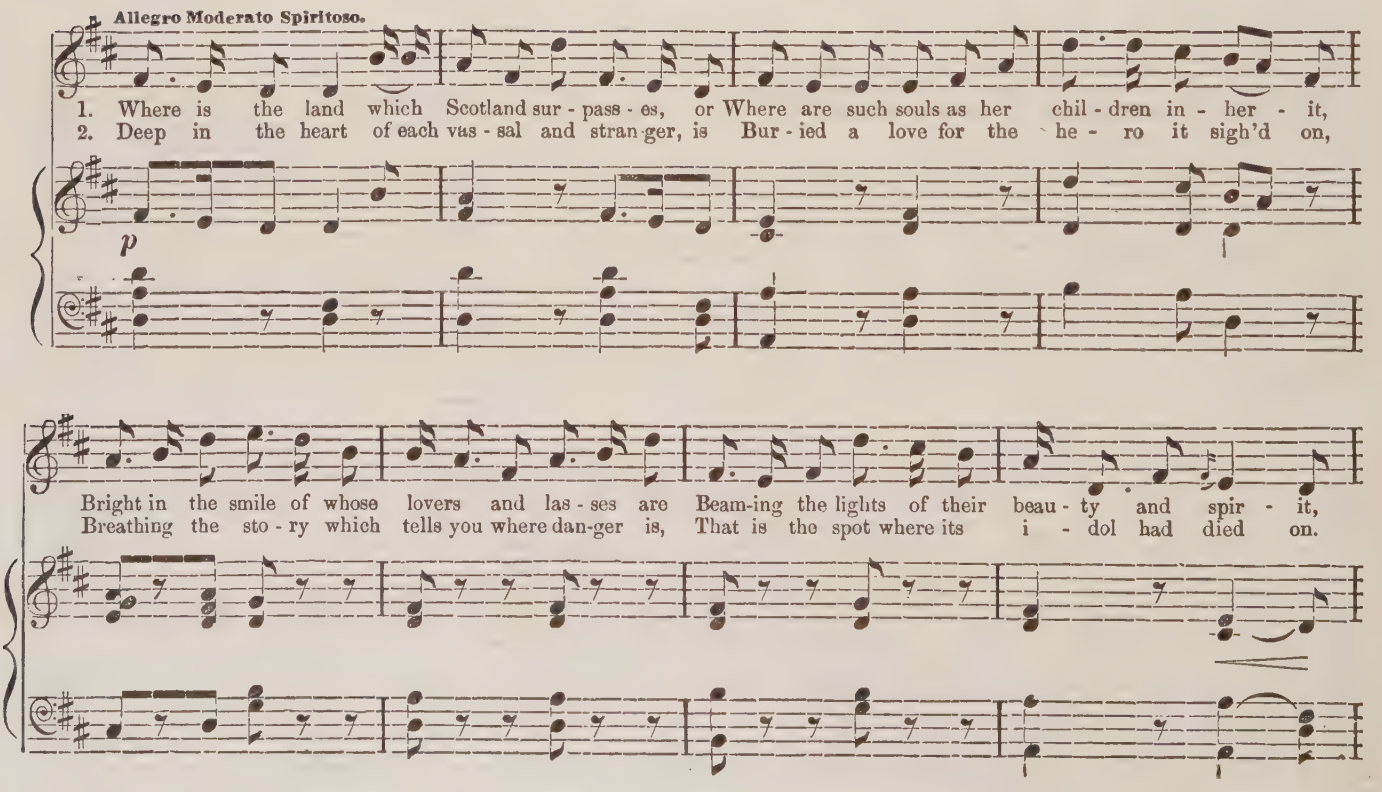
COME, GANG AWA' WI' ME.


Moderato.
1. Oh! come my love, the moon shines bright A - cross yon rip - pling sea, Come,
2. Oh! tar - ry not, my on - ly love, I've pledg'd my - self to thee, And
3. Thy fea - tures are so fair my love, Thy mind is ev - er free. Oh!
pp
let thy heart be gay and light, And has - ten, love, wi' me. 'Tis mo - ny a night sin'
by yon stars that shine a - bove, For ev - er thine I'll be. 'Tis mo - ny a night sin'
let thy wil - ling heart still prove, The love thou bear'st to me. 'Tis mo - ny a night sin'
p
first we met, Be - neath the greenwood tree, Then let thy heart be light - er yet; Come,
first we met, Be - neath the greenwood tree, Then say, ere yon - der stars have set, Thou'lt
first we met, Be - neath the greenwood tree. Then say, ere yon - der stars have set, Thou'lt
Cres.
gang a-wa' wi' me. 'Tis mo-ny a night sin' first we met, Be - neath the greenwood tree, Then
p

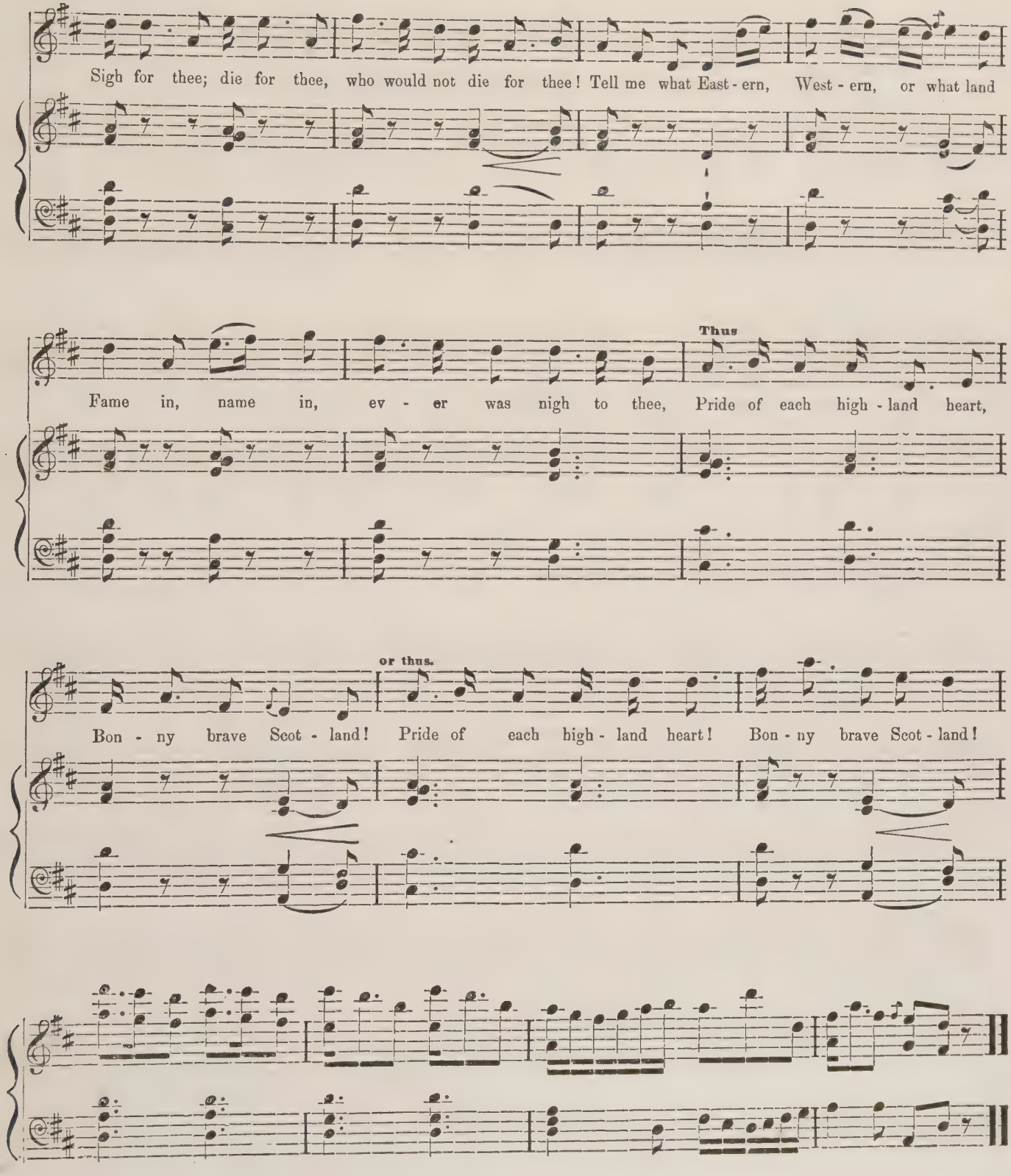
COME, GANG AWA' WI' ME. Concluded.



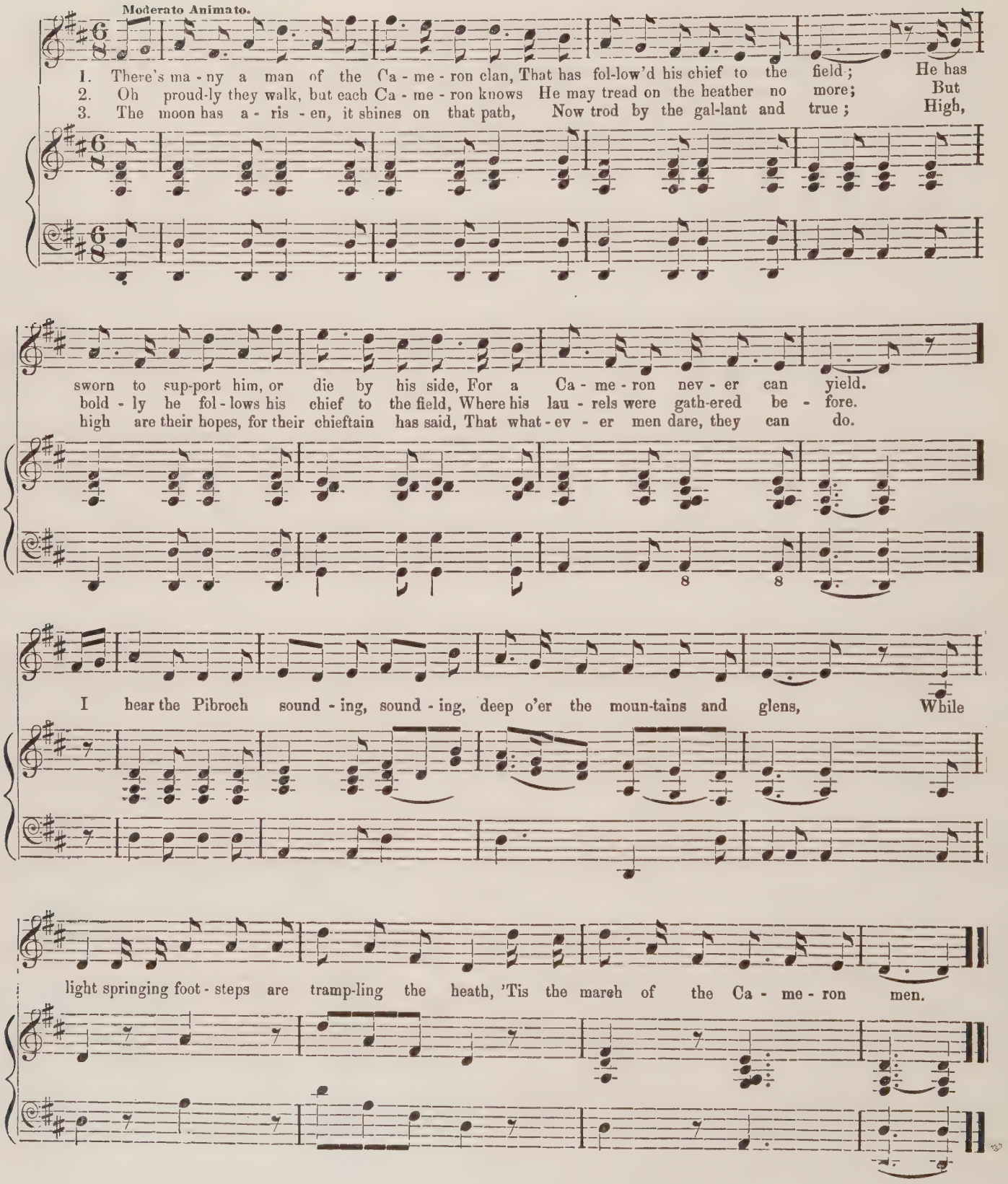
BONNY BRAVE SCOTLAND.


Allegro Moderato Spiritoso.
1. Where is the land which Scotland sur - pass - es, or Where are such souls as her chil - dren in - her - it,
2. Deep in the heart of each vas - sal and stran - ger, is Bur - ied a love for the he - ro it sigh'd on,
p
Bright in the smile of whose lovers and las - ses are Beam-ing the lights of their beau - ty and spir - it,
Breathing the sto - ry which tells you where dan-ger is, That is the spot where its i - dol had died on.

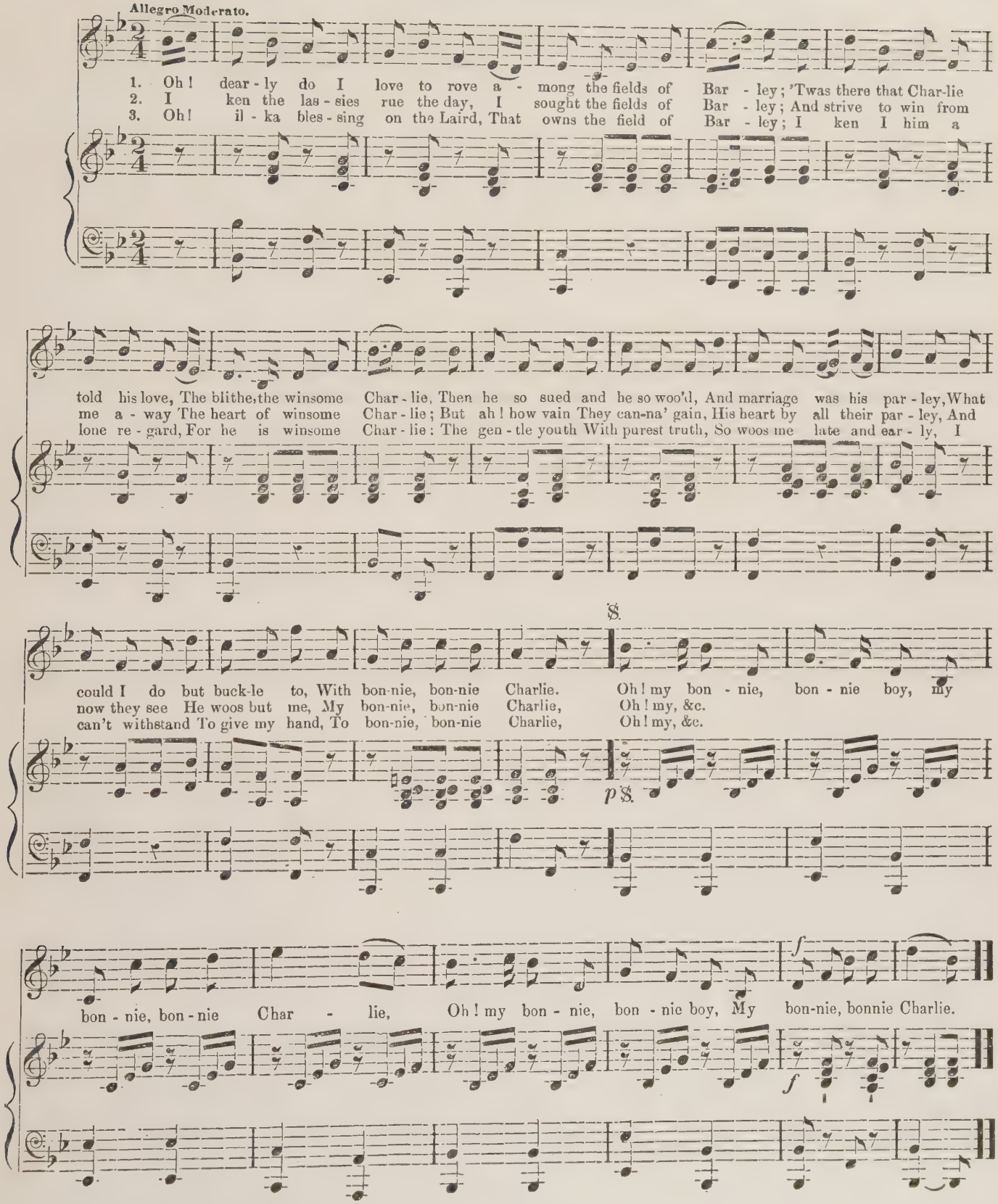
BONNY BRAVE SCOTLAND. Concluded.


Sigh for thee; die for thee, who would not die for thee! Tell me what East-ern, West-ern, or what land
Thus
Fame in, name in, ev-er was nigh to thee, Pride of each high-land heart,
or thus.
Bon-ny brave Scot-land! Pride of each high-land heart! Bon-ny brave Scot-land!

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

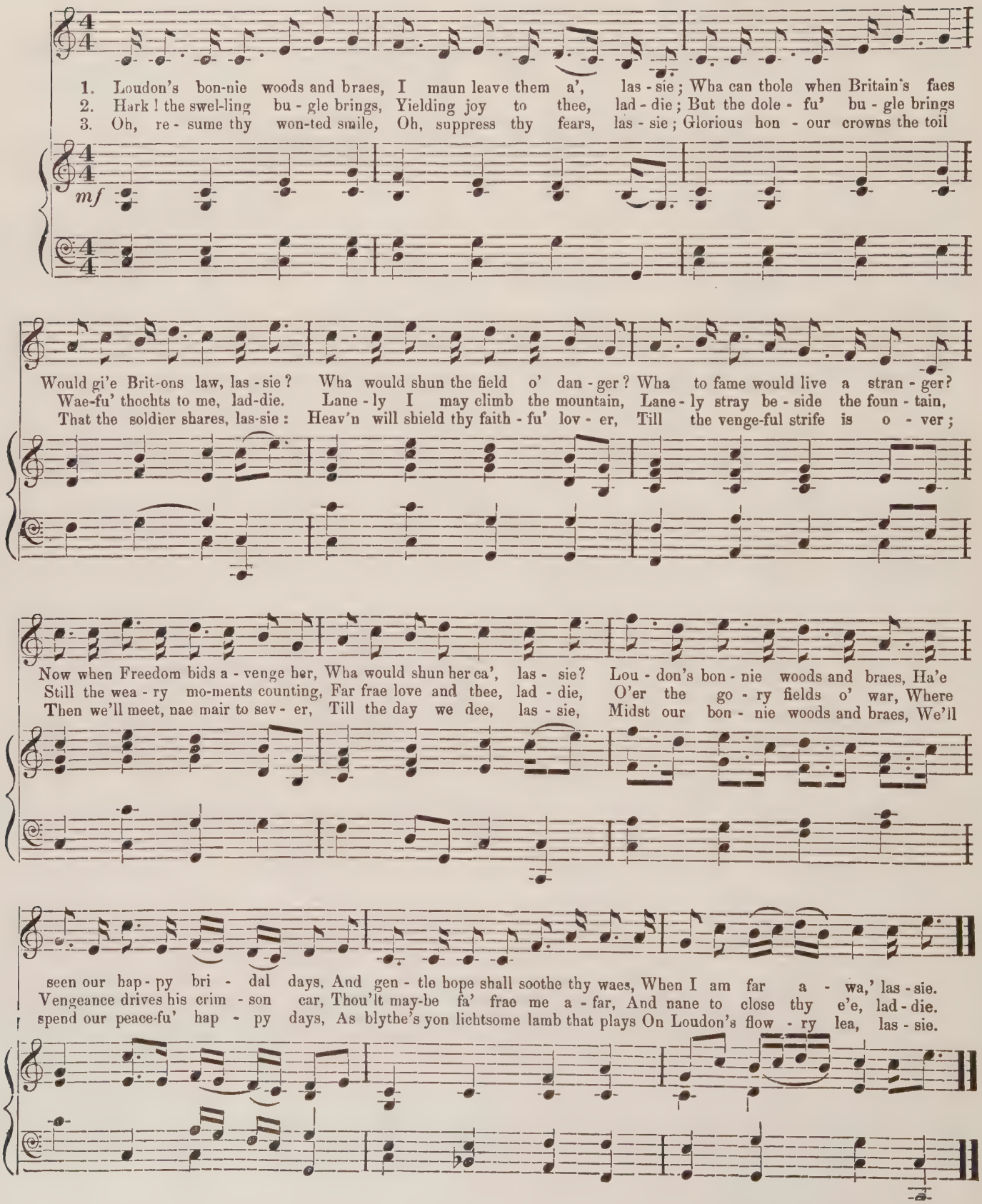
F. Dun.

Moderato Animato.
1. There's ma - ny a man of the Ca - me - ron clan, That has fol-low'd his chief to the field; He has
2. Oh proud-ly they walk, but each Ca - me - ron knows He may tread on the heather no more; But
3. The moon has a - ris - en, it shines on that path, Now trod by the gal-lant and true; High,
sworn to sup-port him, or die by his side, For a Ca - me - ron nev - er can yield.
bold - ly he fol - lows his chief to the field, Where his lau - rels were gath-ered be - fore.
high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said, That what - ev - er men dare, they can do.
I hear the Pibroch sound - ing, sound - ing, deep o'er the moun-tains and glens, While
light springing foot - steps are tramp-ling the heath, 'Tis the march of the Ca - me - ron men.

BONNIE CHARLIE.


Allegro Moderato.
1. Oh! dear-ly do I love to rove a-mong the fields of Bar-ley; 'Twas there that Char-lie
2. I ken the las-sies rue the day, I sought the fields of Bar-ley; And strive to win from
3. Oh! il-ka bles-sing on the Laird, That owns the field of Bar-ley; I ken I him a
told his love, The blithe, the winsome Char-lie, Then he so sued and he so woo'd, And marriage was his par-ley, What
me a-way The heart of winsome Char-lie; But ah! how vain They can-na' gain, His heart by all their par-ley, And
lone re-gard, For he is winsome Char-lie: The gen-tle youth With purest truth, So woos me late and ear-ly, I
$.
could I do but buck-le to, With bon-nie, bon-nie Charlie. Oh! my bon-nie, bon-nie boy, my
now they see He woos but me, My bon-nie, bon-nie Charlie, Oh! my, &c.
can't withstand To give my hand, To bon-nie, bon-nie Charlie, Oh! my, &c.
p $.
bon-nie, bon-nie Char-lie, Oh! my bon-nie, bon-nie boy, My bon-nie, bonnie Charlie.
f
f

LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

Arr. A. Lawrie.


1. Loudon's bon-nie woods and braes, I maun leave them a', las - sie; Wha can thole when Britain's faes
2. Hark! the swel-ling bu - gle brings, Yielding joy to thee, lad - die; But the dole - fu' bu - gle brings
3. Oh, re - sume thy won-ted smile, Oh, suppress thy fears, las - sie; Glorious hon - our crowns the toil
mf
Would gi'e Brit-ons law, las - sie? Wha would shun the field o' dan - ger? Wha to fame would live a stran - ger?
Wae-fu' thochts to me, lad-die. Lane - ly I may climb the mountain, Lane - ly stray be - side the foun - tain,
That the soldier shares, las-sie: Heav'n will shield thy faith - fu' lov - er, Till the venge-ful strife is o - ver;
Now when Freedom bids a - venge her, Wha would shun her ca', las - sie? Lou - don's bon - nie woods and braes, Ha'e
Still the wea - ry mo-ments counting, Far frae love and thee, lad - die, O'er the go - ry fields o' war, Where
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sev - er, Till the day we dee, las - sie, Midst our bon - nie woods and braes, We'll
seen our hap - py bri - dal days, And gen - tle hope shall soothe thy waes, When I am far a - wa,' las - sie.
Vengeance drives his crim - son car, Thou'lt may-be fa' frae me a - far, And nane to close thy e'e, lad - die.
spend our peace-fu' hap - py days, As blythe's yon lichtsome lamb that plays On Loudon's flow - ry lea, las - sie.

OH NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WITH ME.

Words by Thomas Percy. **T. Carter.**

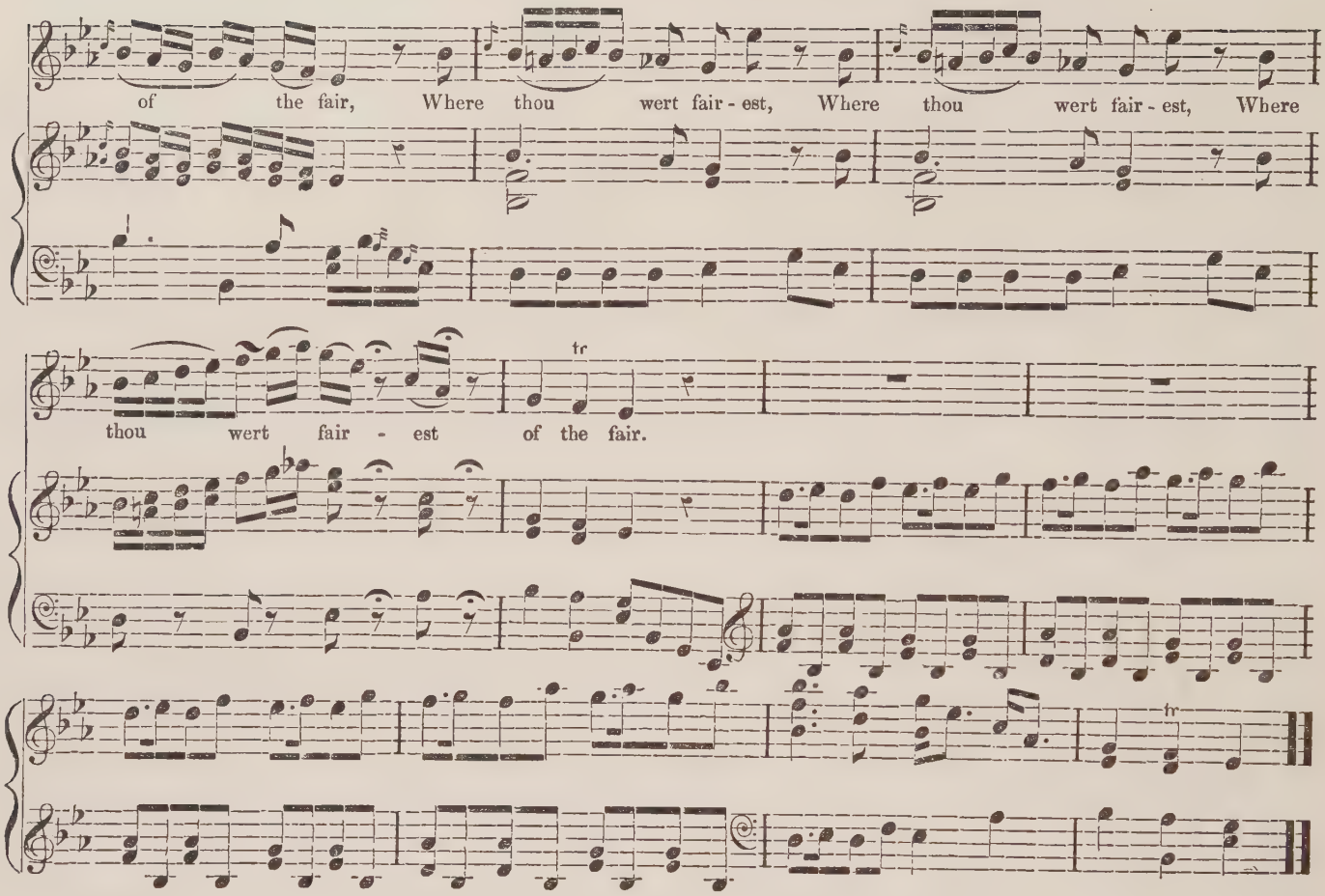
Affettuoso.

1. Oh! Nan - ny, wilt thou gang with me, Nor sigh to leave the charm - ing town? Can
2. Oh! Nan - ny, when thou'rt far a - way, Wilt thou not cast a wish be - hind? Say
3. And when, at last, thy love shall die, Wilt thou re-ceive his part - ing breath? Wilt

si - lent glens have charms for thee, The low - ly cot and rus - set gown? No long - er drest in
canst thou face the flak - ey snow, Nor shrink be - fore the warp - ing wind? Oh! can that soft and
thou re-press each strug-gling sigh, And cheer with smiles the bed of death? And wilt thou, o'er his

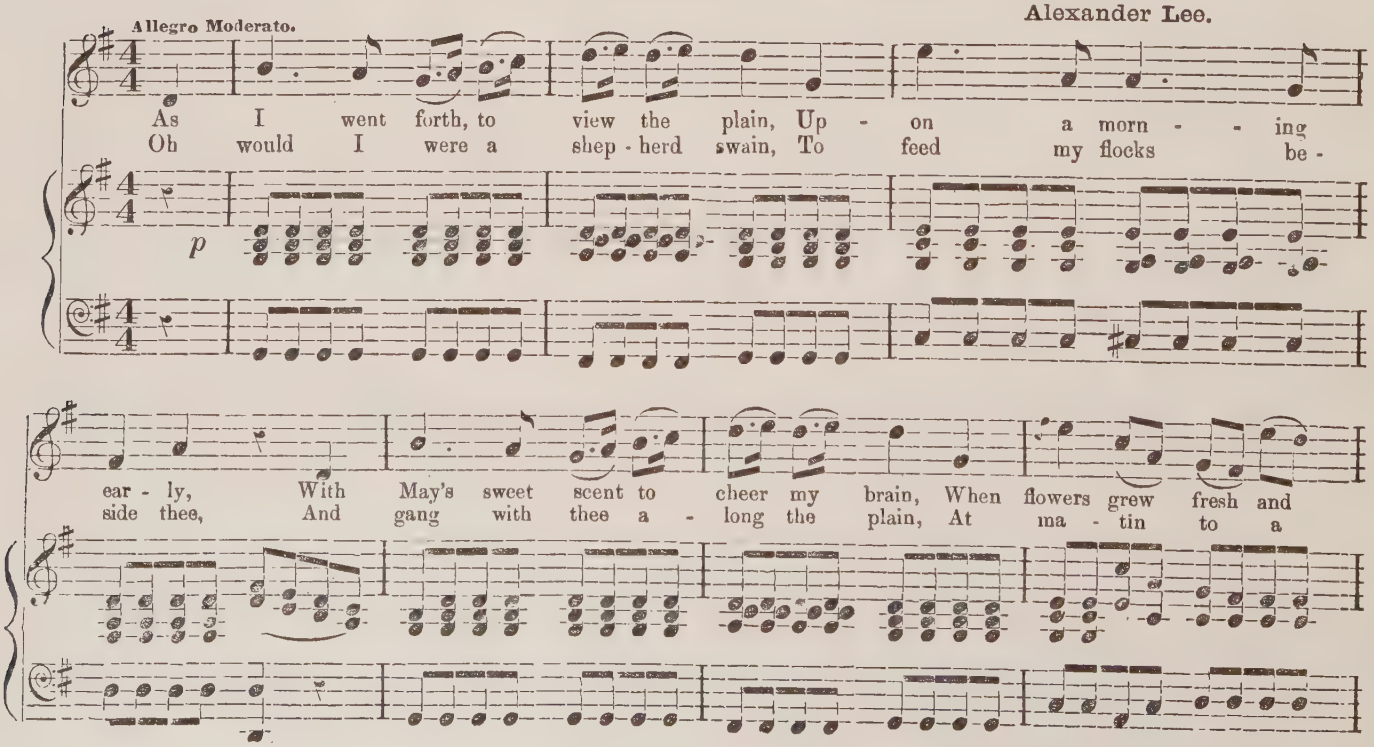
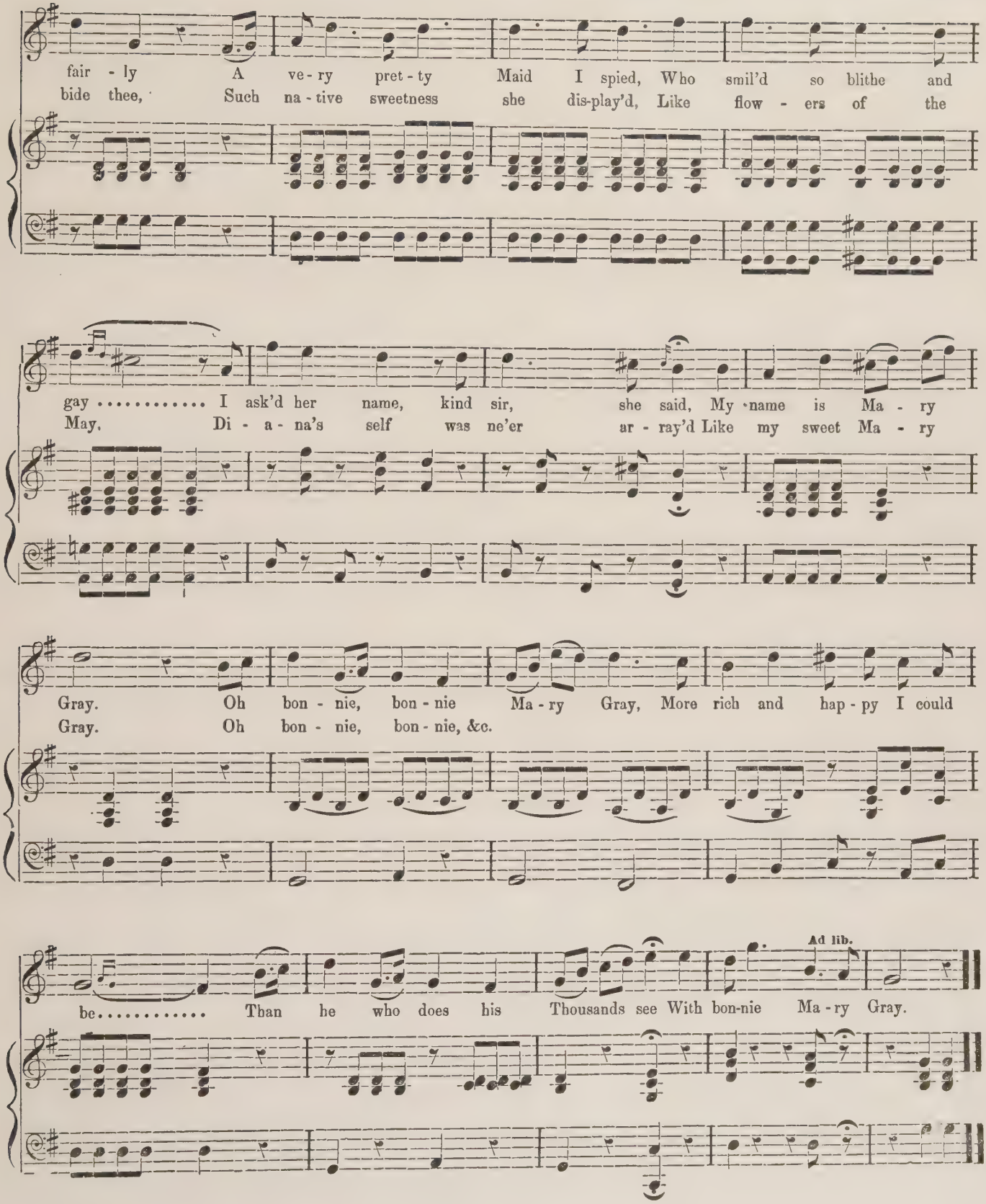
silk - en sheen, No long - er deck'd with jew - els rare, Say, can'st thou quit the bu - sy scene, Where
gen - tle mien, Se-ver - est hard - - ships learn to bear? Nor sad re-gret each court - ly scene, Where
much lov'd clay, Strew flowers, and drop the ten - der tear, Nor then regret those scenes so gay, Where

thou wert fair - est of the fair? Say, canst thou quit the bu - sy scene, Where thou wert fair - est
thou wert fair - est of the fair? Nor sad re - gret each court - ly scene, Where thou wert fair - est
thou wert fair - est of the fair? Nor then re - gret those scenes so gay, Where thou wert fair - est



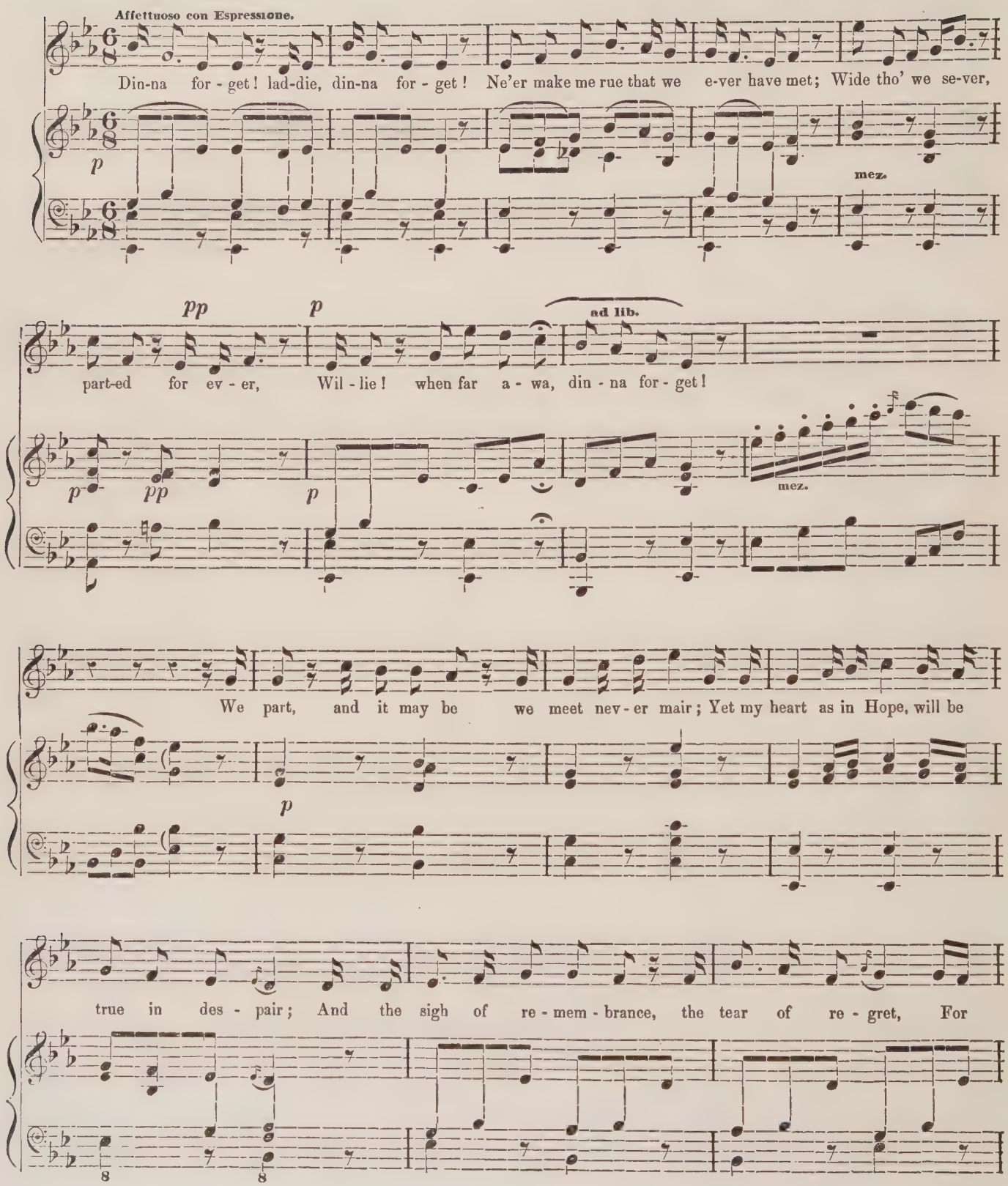
BONNIE MARY GRAY.

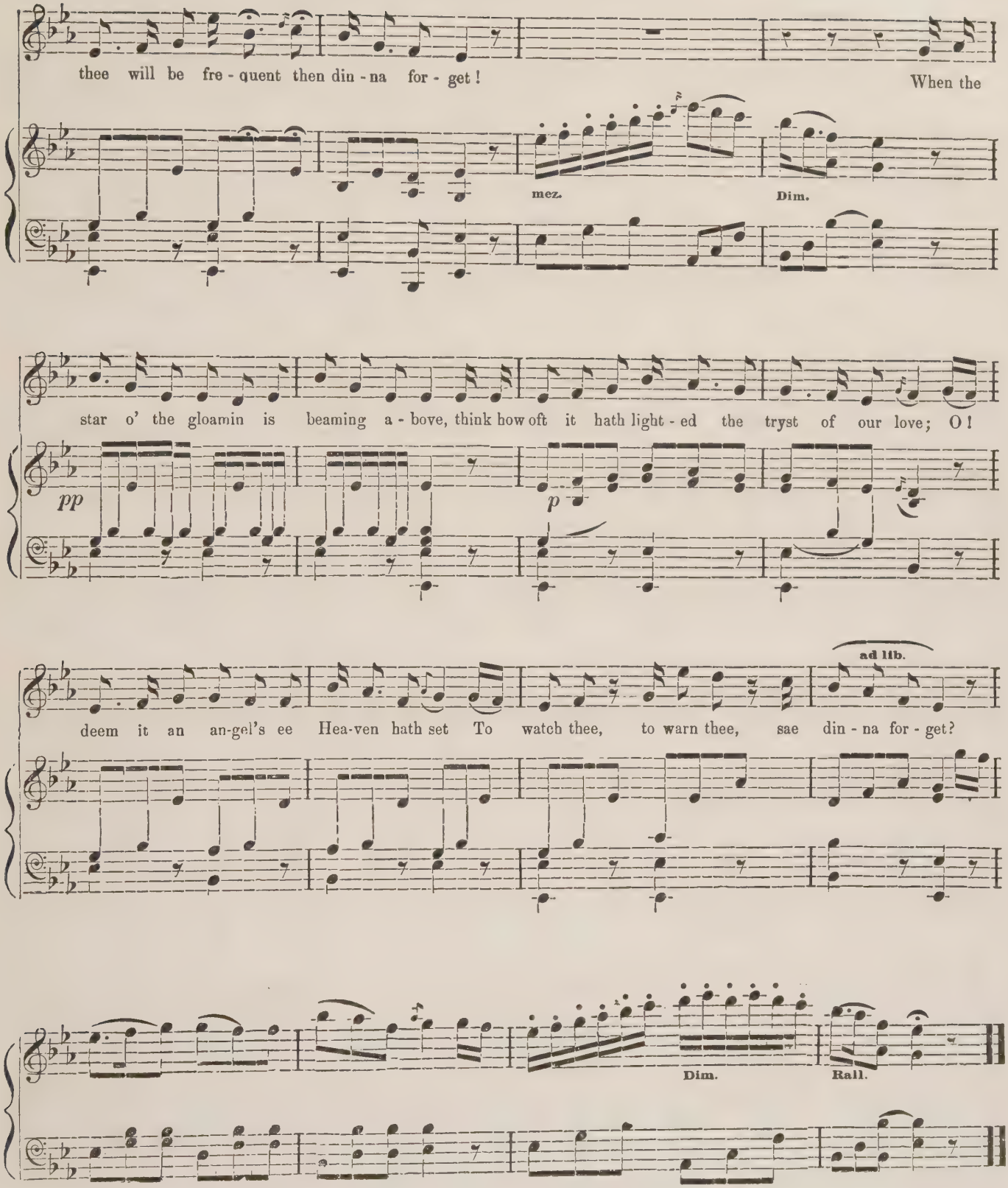
Alexander Lee.


Allegro Moderato.
As I went forth, to view the plain, Up - on a morn - - ing
Oh would I were a shep - herd swain, To feed my flocks be -
p
ear - ly, With May's sweet scent to cheer my brain, When flowers grew fresh and
side thee, And gang with thee a - long the plain, At ma - tin to a

fair - ly A ve - ry pret - ty Maid I spied, Who smil'd so blithe and
bide thee, Such na - tive sweetness she dis-play'd, Like flow - ers of the
gay ..... I ask'd her name, kind sir, she said, My name is Ma - ry
May, Di - a - na's self was ne'er ar - ray'd Like my sweet Ma - ry
Gray. Oh bon - nie, bon - nie Ma - ry Gray, More rich and hap - py I could
Gray. Oh bon - nie, bon - nie, &c.
Ad lib.
be..... Than he who does his Thousands see With bon-nie Ma - ry Gray.

DINNA FORGET.

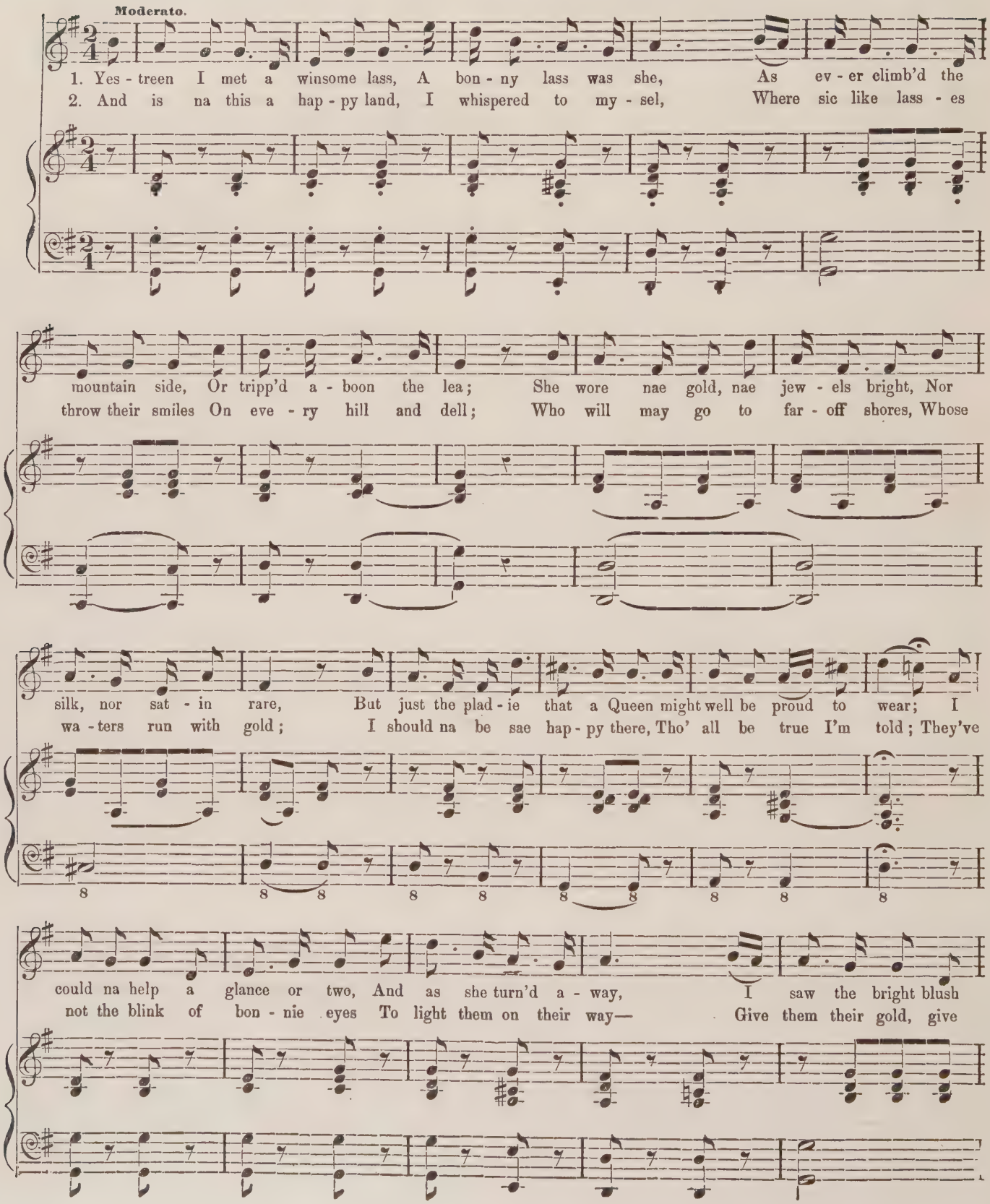
John Imlah. Mrs. Millard.

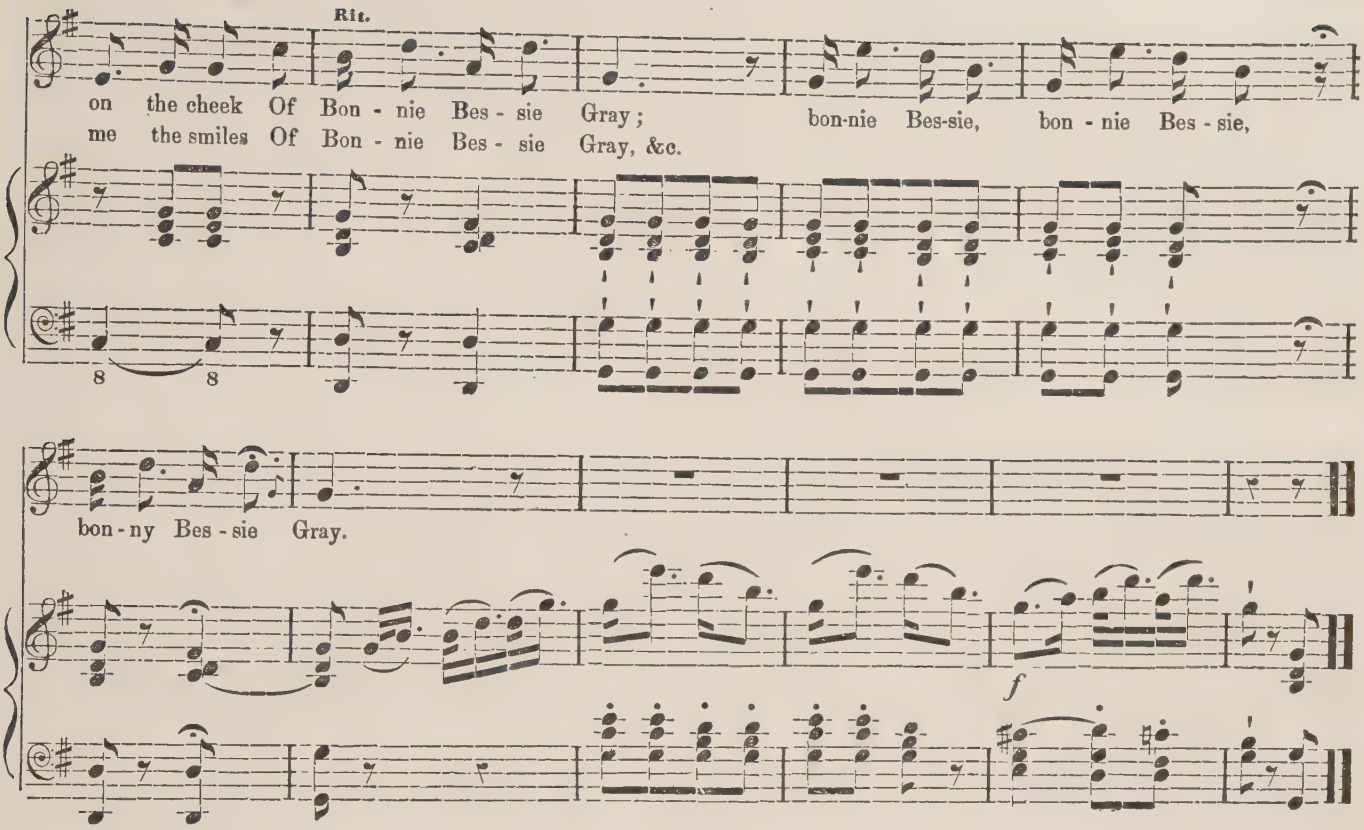

Affettuoso con Espressione.
Din-na for - get! lad-die, din-na for - get! Ne'er make me rue that we e-ver have met; Wide tho' we se-ver,
p
mez.
pp
p
ad lib.
part-ed for ev - er, Wil - lie! when far a - wa, din - na for - get!
p
pp
p
mez.
We part, and it may be we meet nev - er mair; Yet my heart as in Hope, will be
p
true in des - pair; And the sigh of re - mem - brance, the tear of re - gret, For
8
8


thee will be fre - quent then din - na for - get!
When the
mez.
Dim.
star o' the gloamin is beaming a - bove, think how oft it hath light - ed the tryst of our love; O!
pp
p
ad lib.
deem it an an-gel's ee Hea-ven hath set To watch thee, to warn thee, sae din - na for - get?
Dim.
Rall.

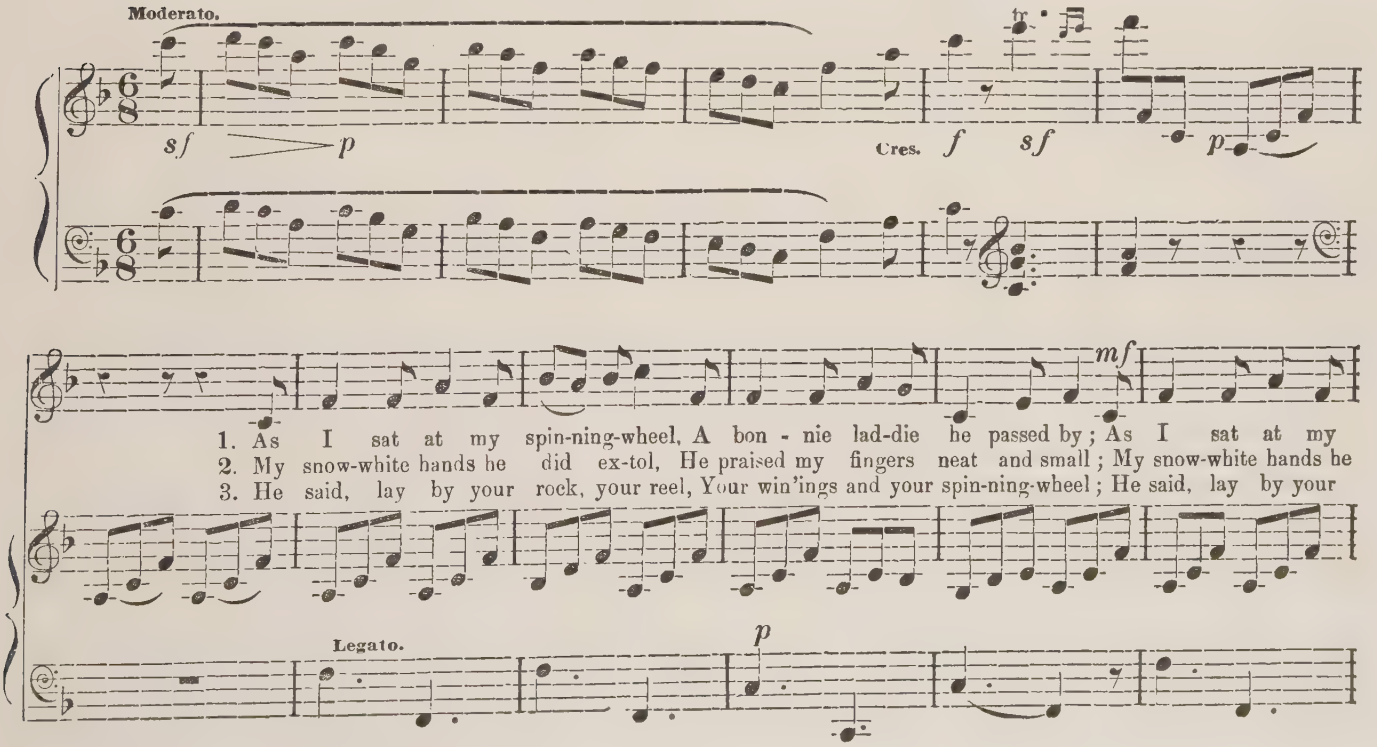
BONNIE BESSIE GRAY.

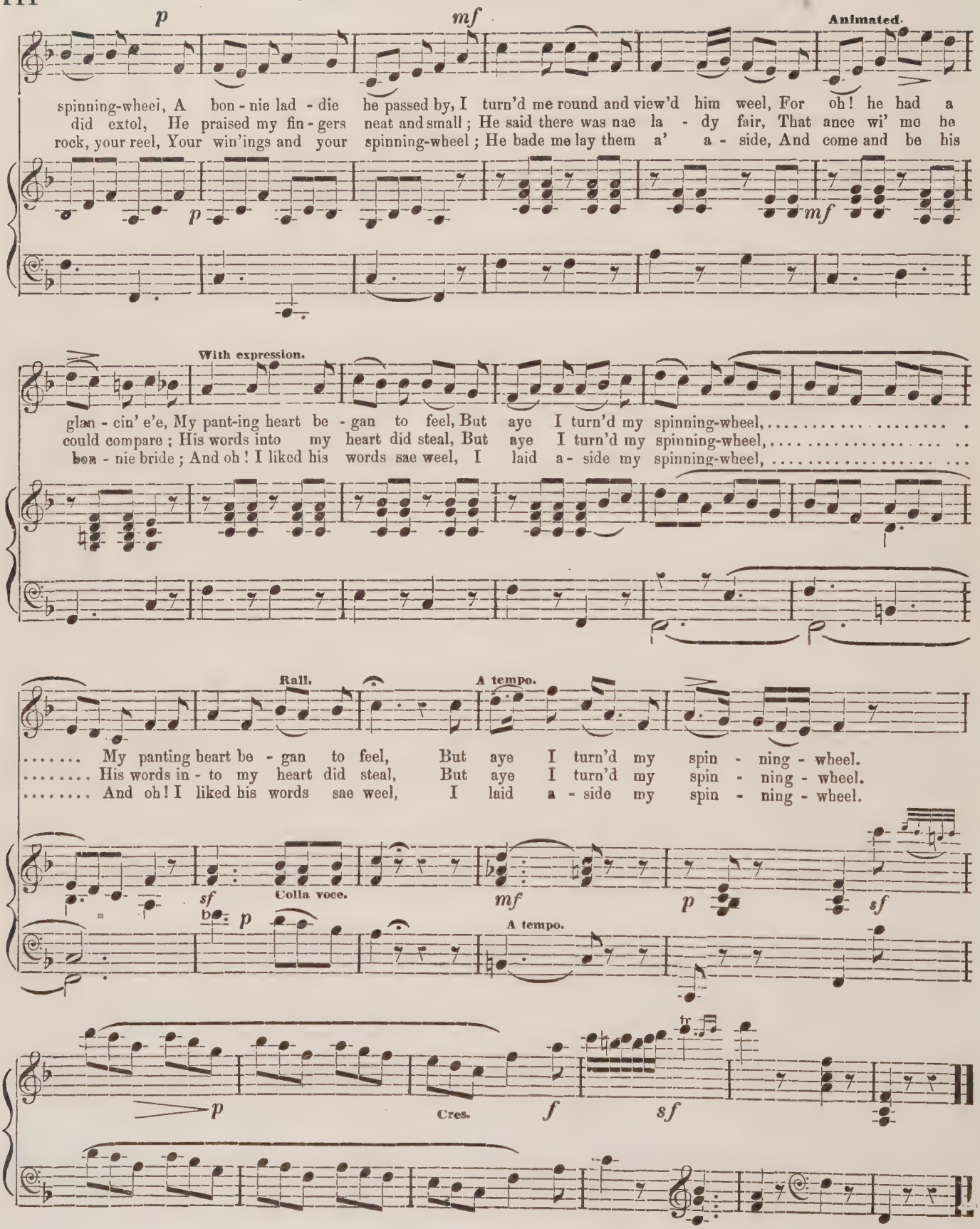
Words by C. Jeffries. C. W. Glover.


Moderato.
1. Yes - treen I met a winsome lass, A bon - ny lass was she, As ev - er climb'd the
2. And is na this a hap - py land, I whispered to my - sel, Where sic like lass - es
mountain side, Or tripp'd a - boon the lea; She wore nae gold, nae jew - els bright, Nor
throw their smiles On eve - ry hill and dell; Who will may go to far - off shores, Whose
silk, nor sat - in rare, But just the plad - ie that a Queen might well be proud to wear; I
wa - ters run with gold; I should na be sae hap - py there, Tho' all be true I'm told; They've
could na help a glance or two, And as she turn'd a - way, I saw the bright blush
not the blink of bon - nie eyes To light them on their way— Give them their gold, give


Rit.
on the cheek Of Bon - nie Bes - sie Gray;
me the smiles Of Bon - nie Bes - sie Gray, &c.
bon-nie Bes-sie, bon - nie Bes - sie,
bon - ny Bes - sie Gray.
f

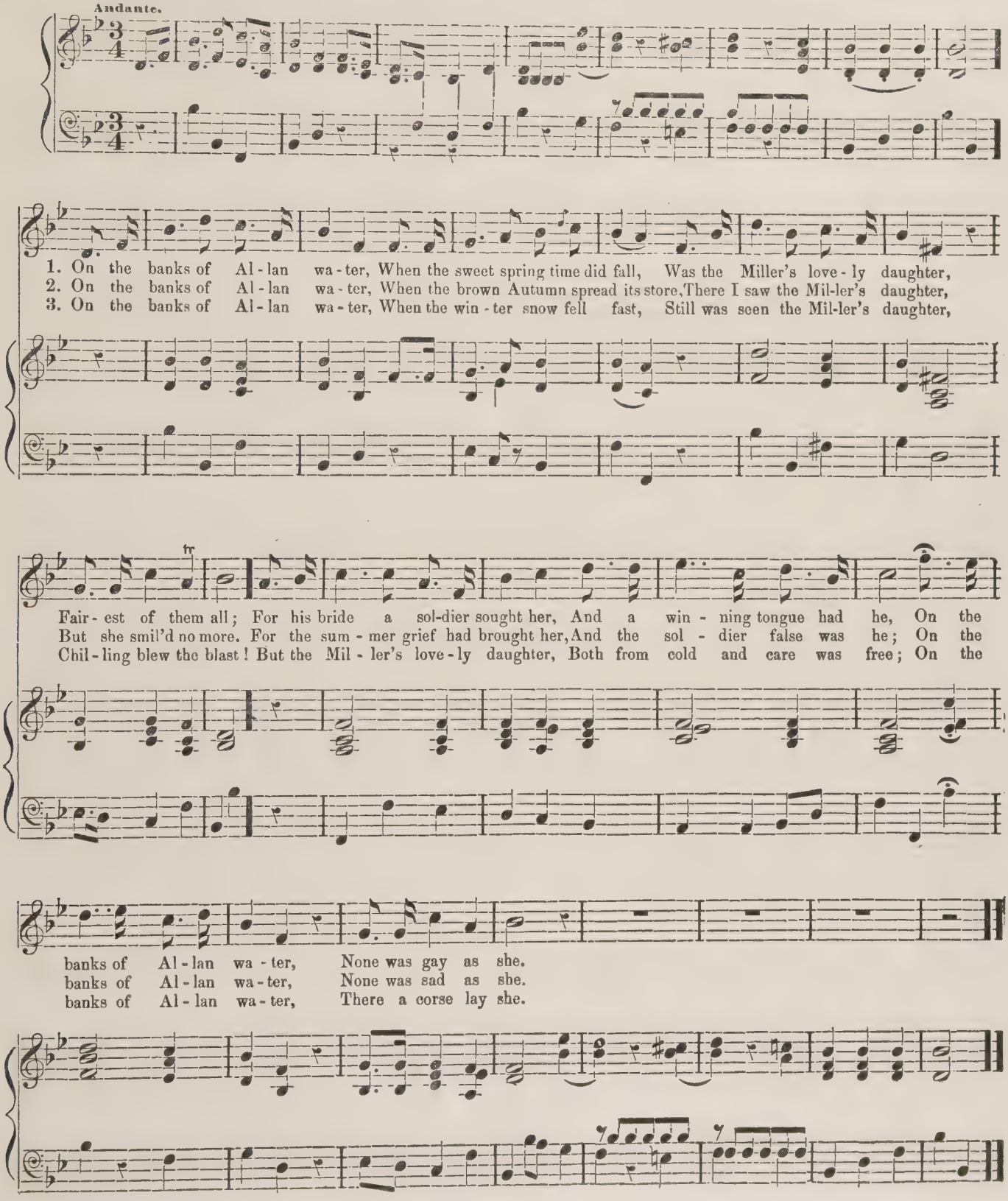
THE SPINNING WHEEL.


Moderato.
sf
p
Cres.
f
sf
p
mf
1. As I sat at my spin-ning-wheel, A bon - nie lad-die he passed by; As I sat at my
2. My snow-white hands he did ex-tol, He praised my fingers neat and small; My snow-white hands he
3. He said, lay by your rock, your reel, Your win'ings and your spin-ning-wheel; He said, lay by your
Legato.
p

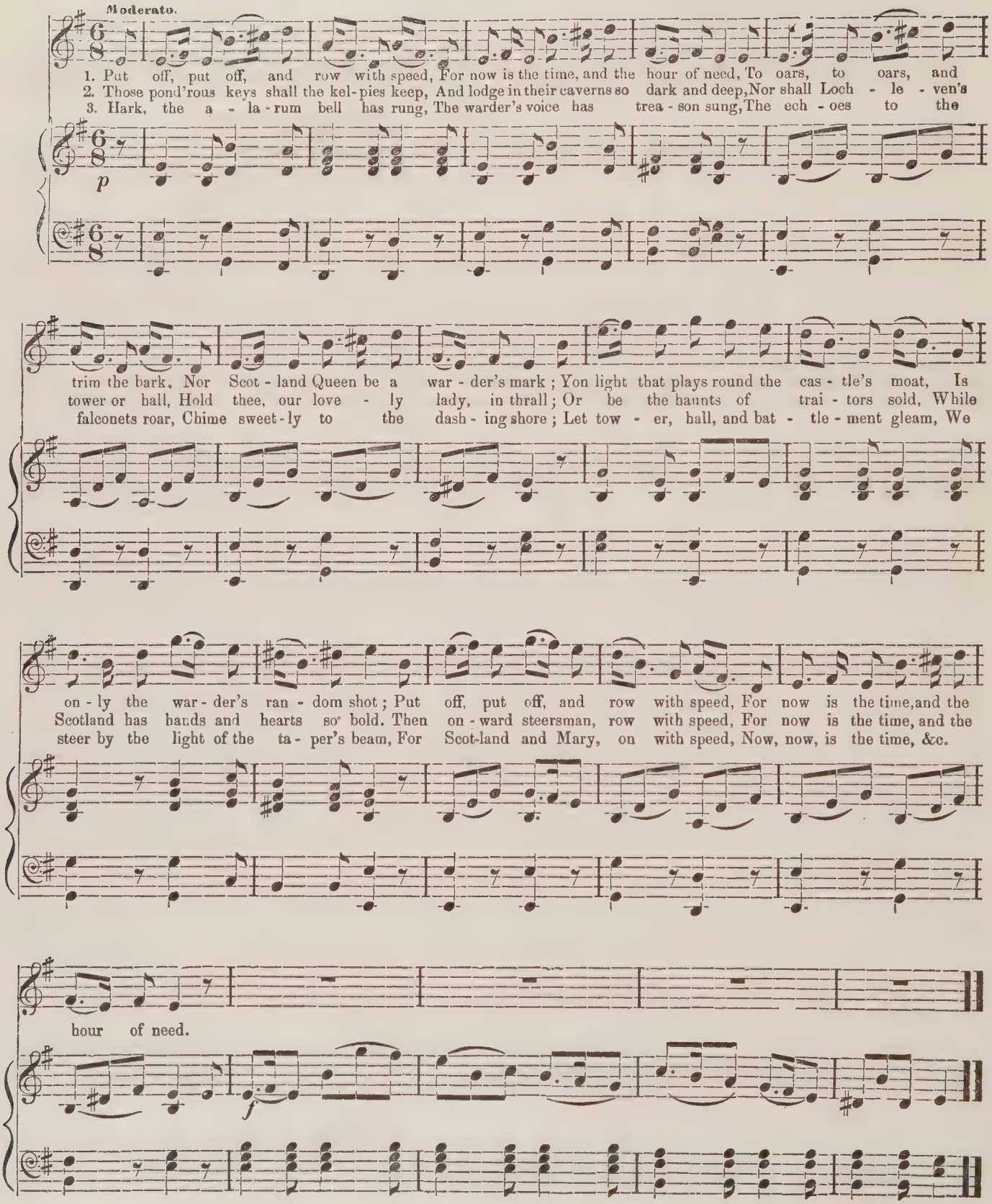

p
mf
Animated.
spinning-wheel, A bon - nie lad - die he passed by, I turn'd me round and view'd him weel, For oh! he had a
did extol, He praised my fin - gers neat and small; He said there was nae la - dy fair, That ance wi' me he
rock, your reel, Your win'ings and your spinning-wheel; He bade me lay them a' a - side, And come and be his
p
mf
With expression.
glan - cin' e'e, My pant-ing heart be - gan to feel, But aye I turn'd my spinning-wheel, ...
could compare; His words into my heart did steal, But aye I turn'd my spinning-wheel, ...
bon - nie bride; And oh! I liked his words sae weel, I laid a - side my spinning-wheel, ...
Rall.
A tempo.
. . . . . My panting heart be - gan to feel, But aye I turn'd my spin - ning - wheel.
. . . . . His words in - to my heart did steal, But aye I turn'd my spin - ning - wheel.
. . . . . And oh! I liked his words sae weel, I laid a - side my spin - ning - wheel.
sf
Colla voce.
mf
p
sf
p
A tempo.
p
Cres.
f
sf

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

Words by M. G. Lewis, Esq

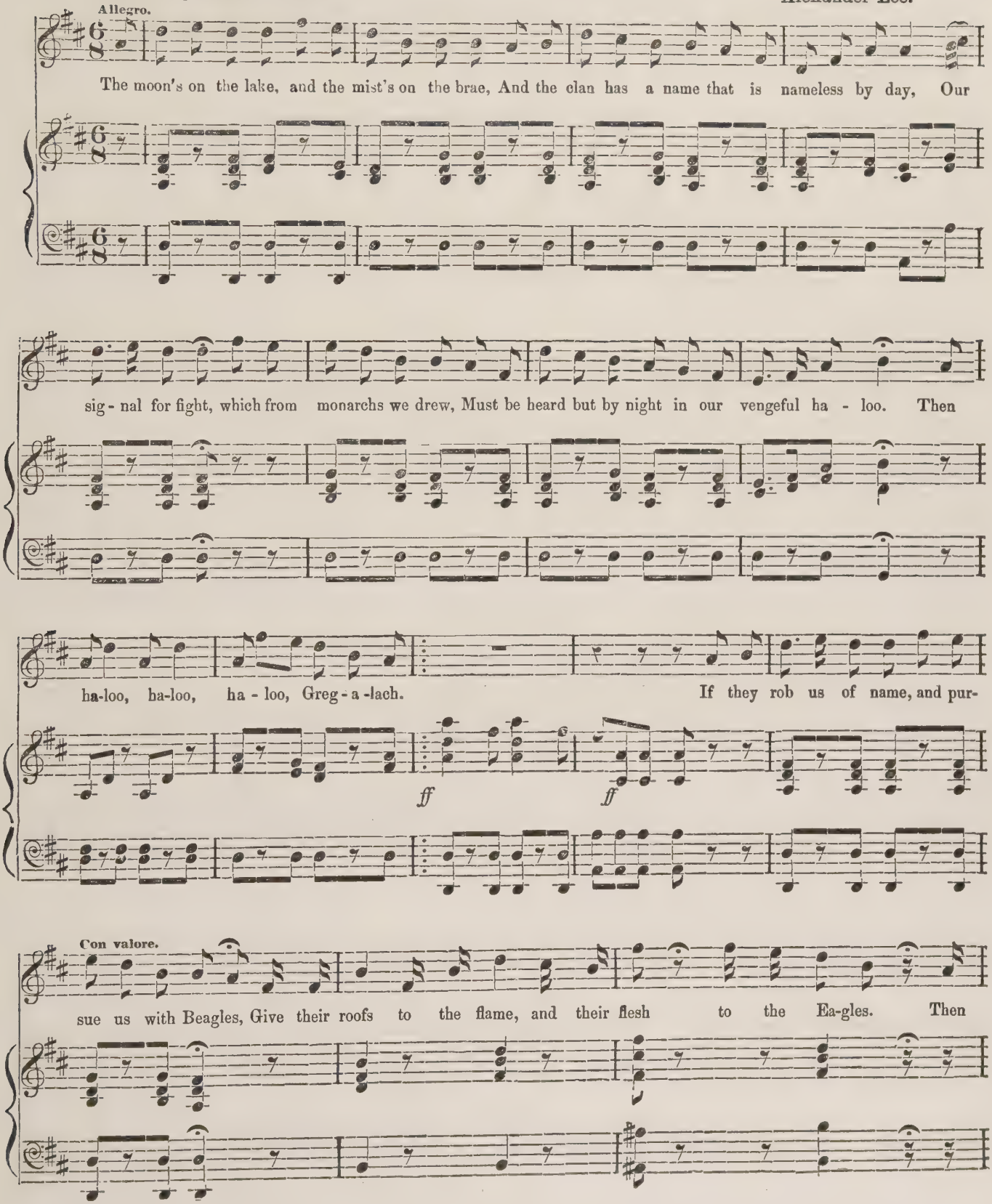

Andante.
1. On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, When the sweet spring time did fall, Was the Miller's love-ly daughter,
2. On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, When the brown Autumn spread its store, There I saw the Mil-ler's daughter,
3. On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, When the win-ter snow fell fast, Still was seen the Mil-ler's daughter,
Fair-est of them all; For his bride a sol-dier sought her, And a win-ning tongue had he, On the
But she smil'd no more. For the sum-mer grief had brought her, And the sol-dier false was he; On the
Chil-ling blew the blast! But the Mil-ler's love-ly daughter, Both from cold and care was free; On the
banks of Al-lan wa-ter, None was gay as she.
banks of Al-lan wa-ter, None was sad as she.
banks of Al-lan wa-ter, There a corse lay she.

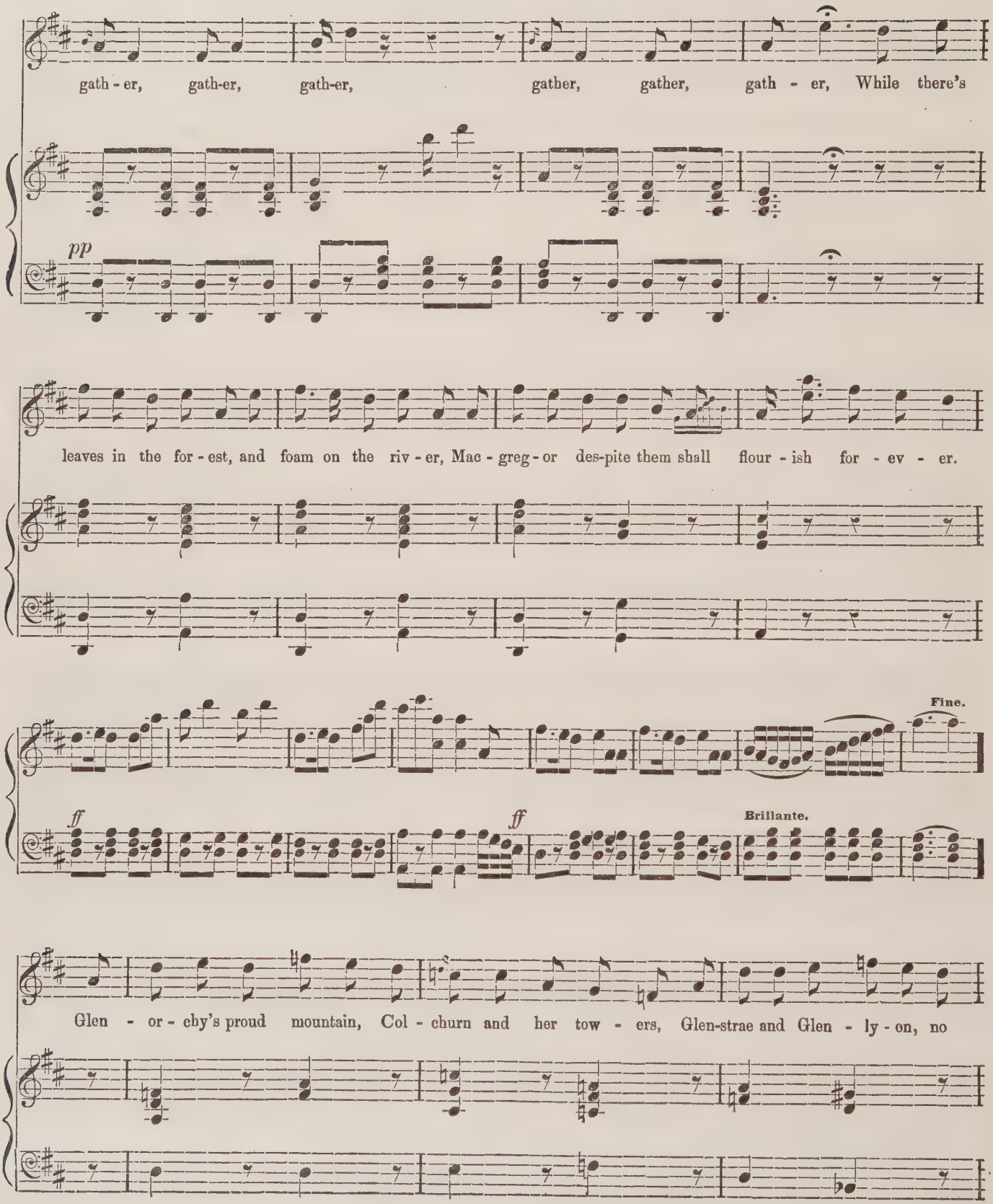
QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE.

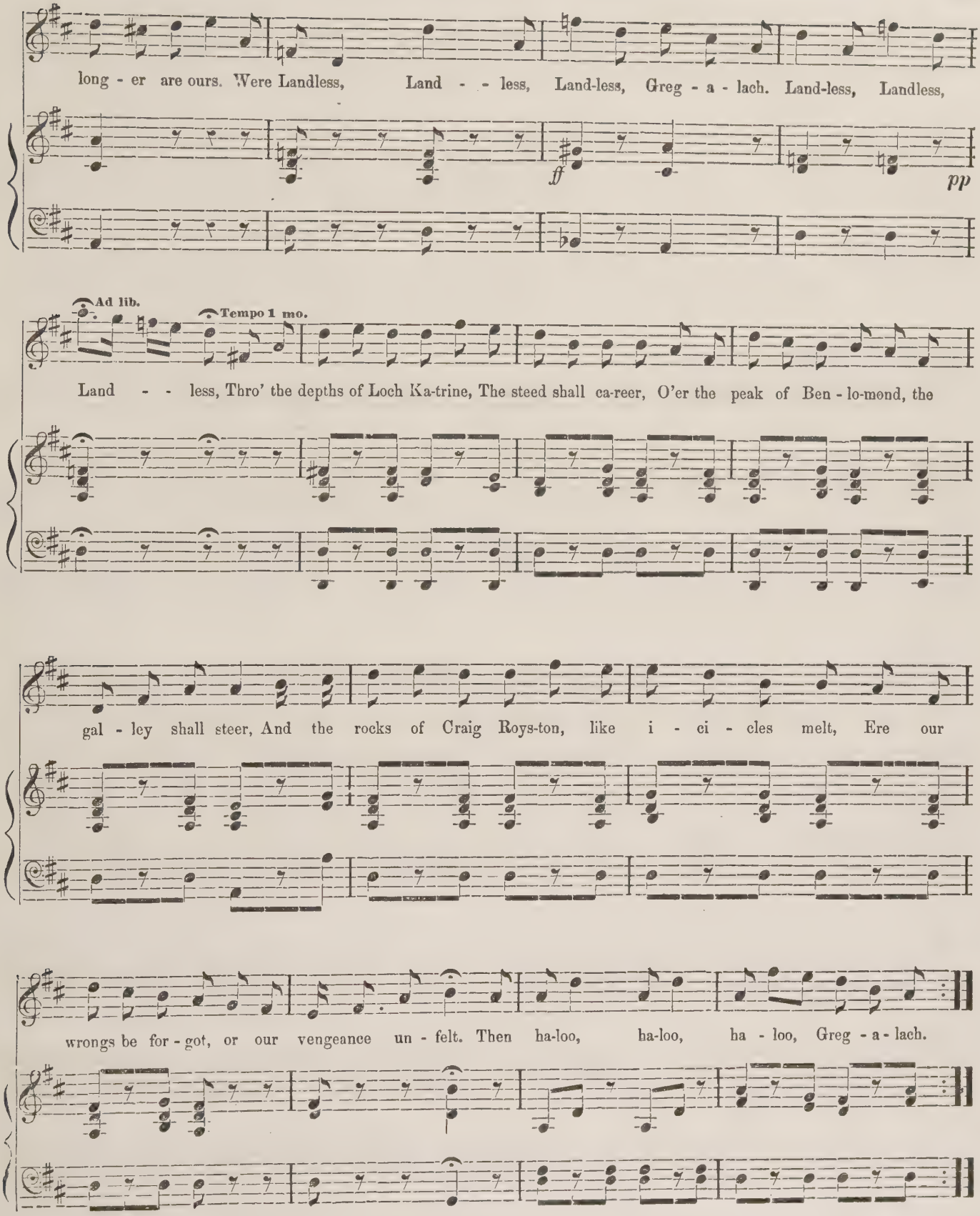

Moderato.
1. Put off, put off, and row with speed, For now is the time, and the hour of need, To oars, to oars, and
2. Those pond'rous keys shall the kel-pies keep, And lodge in their caverns so dark and deep, Nor shall Loch - le - ven's
3. Hark, the a - la-rum bell has rung, The warder's voice has trea - son sung, The ech - oes to the
p
trim the bark, Nor Scot - land Queen be a war - der's mark; Yon light that plays round the cas - tle's moat, Is
tower or hall, Hold thee, our love - ly lady, in thrall; Or be the haunts of trai - tors sold, While
falconets roar, Chime sweet-ly to the dash - ing shore; Let tow - er, hall, and bat - tle - ment gleam, We
on - ly the war - der's ran - dom shot; Put off, put off, and row with speed, For now is the time, and the
Scotland has hands and hearts so bold. Then on - ward steersman, row with speed, For now is the time, and the
steer by the light of the ta - per's beam, For Scot-land and Mary, on with speed, Now, now, is the time, &c.
hour of need.
f

MAC-GREGOR'S GATHERING.

Written by Walter Scott. Alexander Lee.

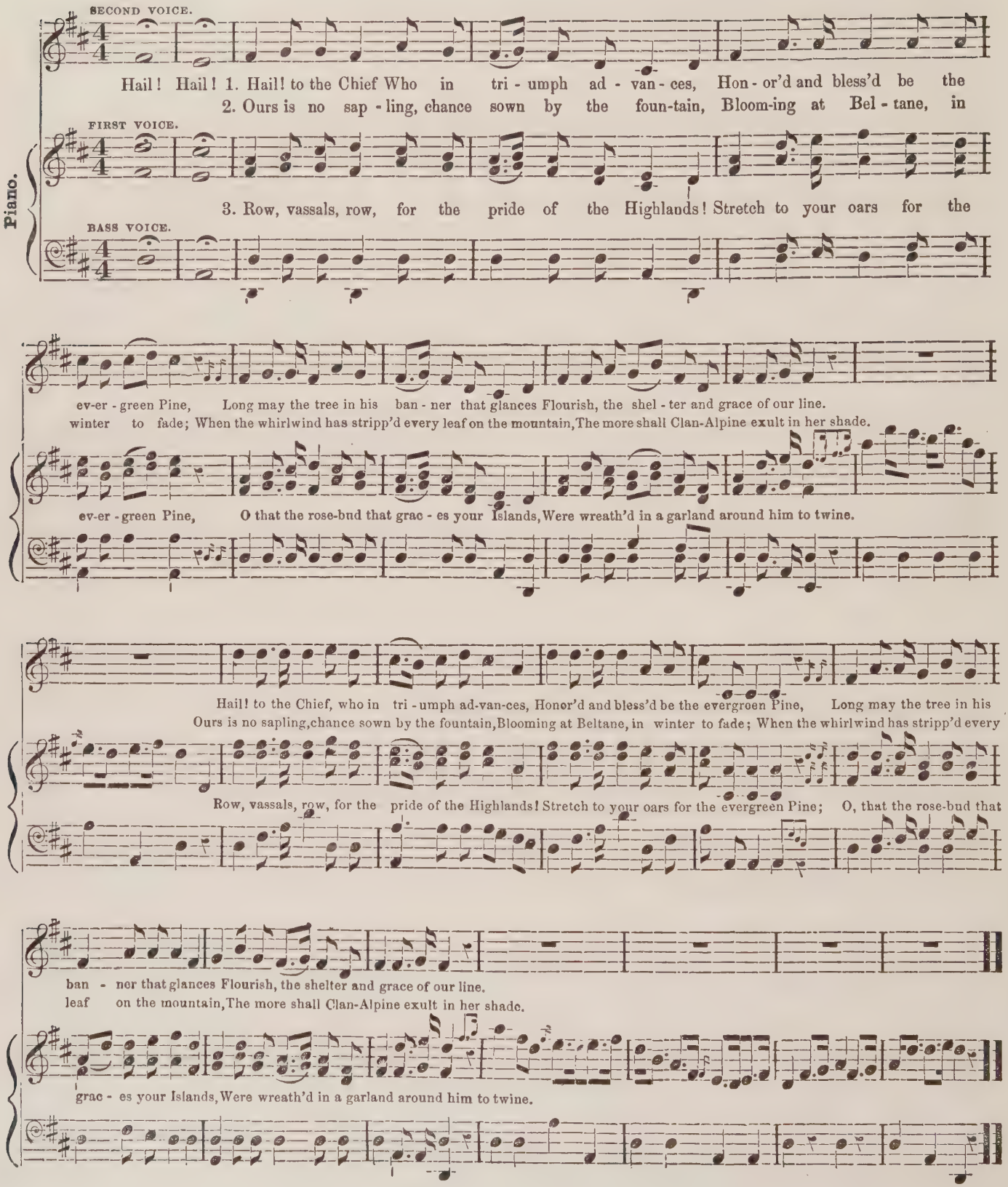

Allegro.
The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae, And the clan has a name that is nameless by day, Our
sig - nal for fight, which from monarchs we drew, Must be heard but by night in our vengeful ha - loo. Then
ha-loo, ha-loo, ha - loo, Greg - a -lach.
If they rob us of name, and pur-
ff
ff
Con valore.
sue us with Beagles, Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the Ea-gles. Then

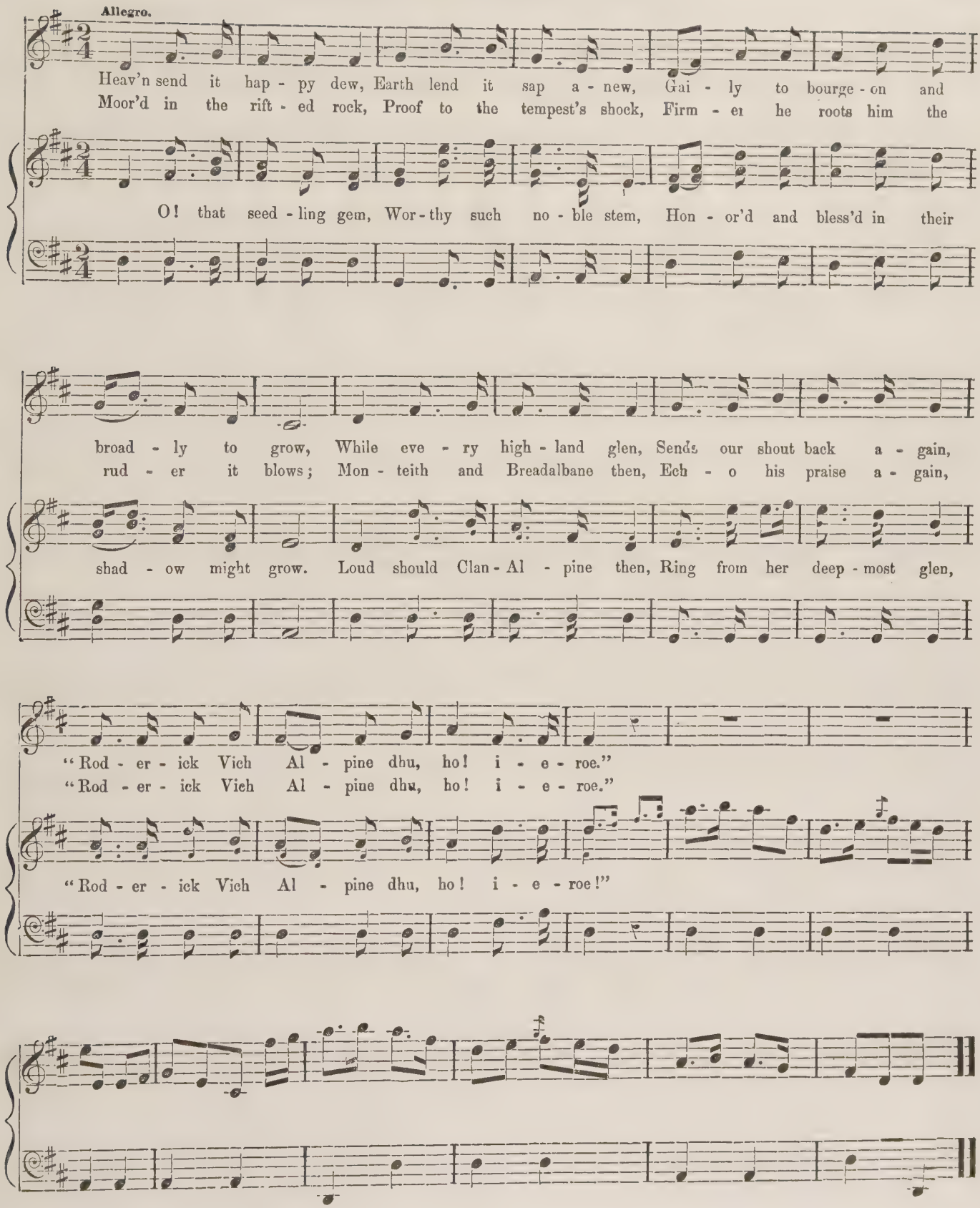

gath - er, gath-er, gath-er, gather, gather, gath - er, While there's
pp
leaves in the for - est, and foam on the riv - er, Mac - greg - or des-pite them shall flour - ish for - ev - er.
Fine.
ff
ff
Brillante.
Glen - or - chy's proud mountain, Col - churn and her tow - ers, Glen-strae and Glen - ly - on, no


long - er are ours. Were Landless, Land - - less, Land-less, Greg - a - lach. Land-less, Landless,
ff
pp
Ad lib.
Tempo 1 mo.
Land - - less, Thro' the depths of Loch Ka-trine, The steed shall ca-reer, O'er the peak of Ben - lo-mond, the
gal - ley shall steer, And the rocks of Craig Roys-ton, like i - ci - cles melt, Ere our
wrongs be for - got, or our vengeance un - felt. Then ha-loo, ha-loo, ha - loo, Greg - a - lach.

HAIL! TO THE CHIEF.

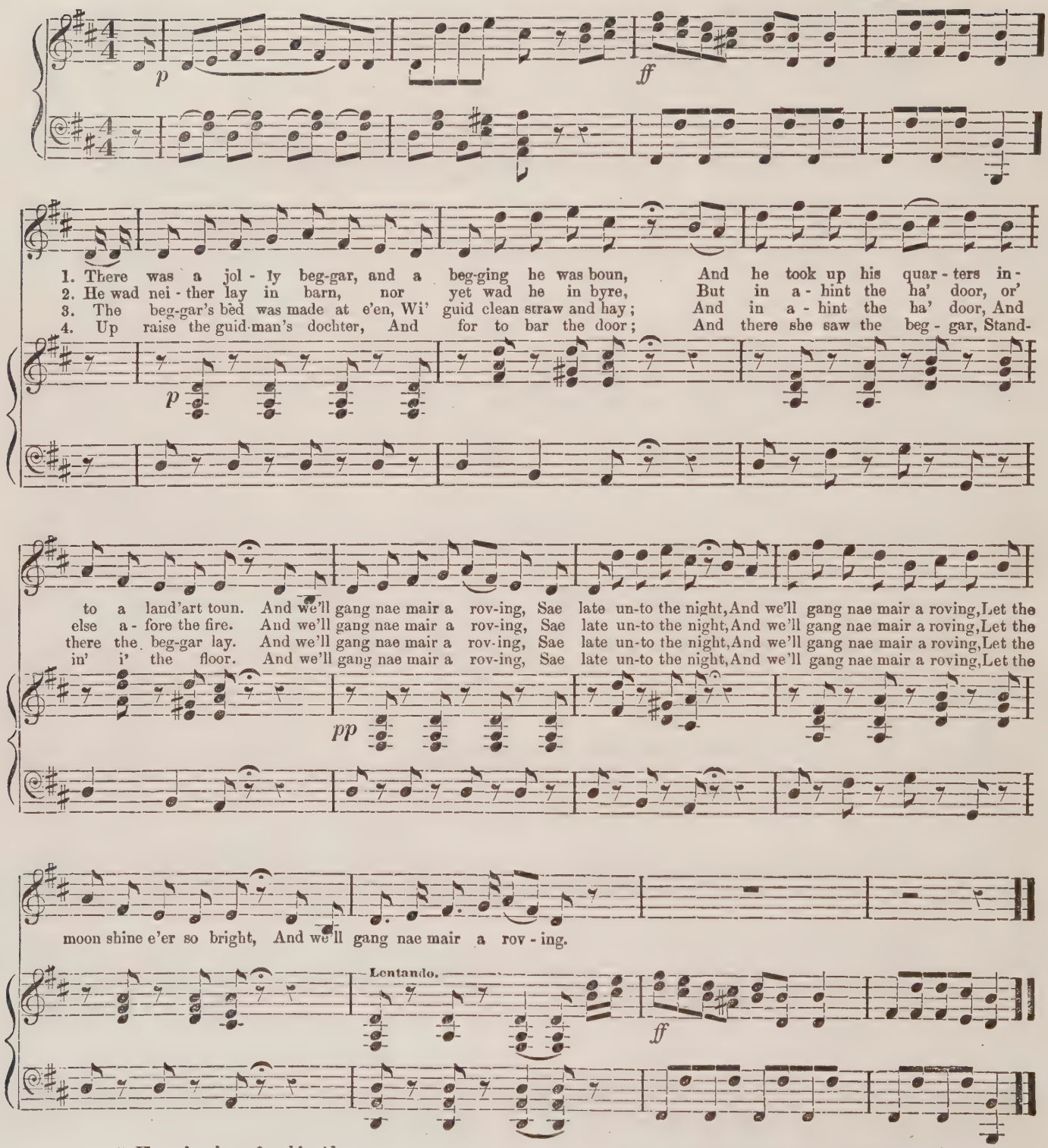
Written by Sir Walter Scott. James Sanderson.


SECOND VOICE.
Hail! Hail! 1. Hail! to the Chief Who in tri - umph ad - van - ces, Hon - or'd and bless'd be the
2. Ours is no sap - ling, chance sown by the foun-tain, Bloom-ing at Bel - tane, in
FIRST VOICE.
3. Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the
BASS VOICE.
Piano.
ev-er - green Pine, Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glances Flourish, the shel - ter and grace of our line.
winter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
ev-er - green Pine, O that the rose-bud that grac - es your Islands, Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine.
Hail! to the Chief, who in tri - umph ad-van-ces, Honor'd and bless'd be the evergroen Pine, Long may the tree in his
Ours is no sapling, chance sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd every
Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the evergreen Pine; O, that the rose-bud that
ban - ner that glances Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.
leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
grac - es your Islands, Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine.


Allegro.
Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth lend it sap a - new, Gai - ly to bourge - on and
Moor'd in the rift - ed rock, Proof to the tempest's shock, Firm - er he roots him the
O! that seed - ling gem, Wor - thy such no - ble stem, Hon - or'd and bless'd in their
broad - ly to grow, While eve - ry high - land glen, Sends our shout back a - gain,
rud - er it blows; Mon - teith and Breadalbane then, Ech - o his praise a - gain,
shad - ow might grow. Loud should Clan - Al - pine then, Ring from her deep - most glen,
"Rod - er - ick Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe."
"Rod - er - ick Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe."
"Rod - er - ick Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

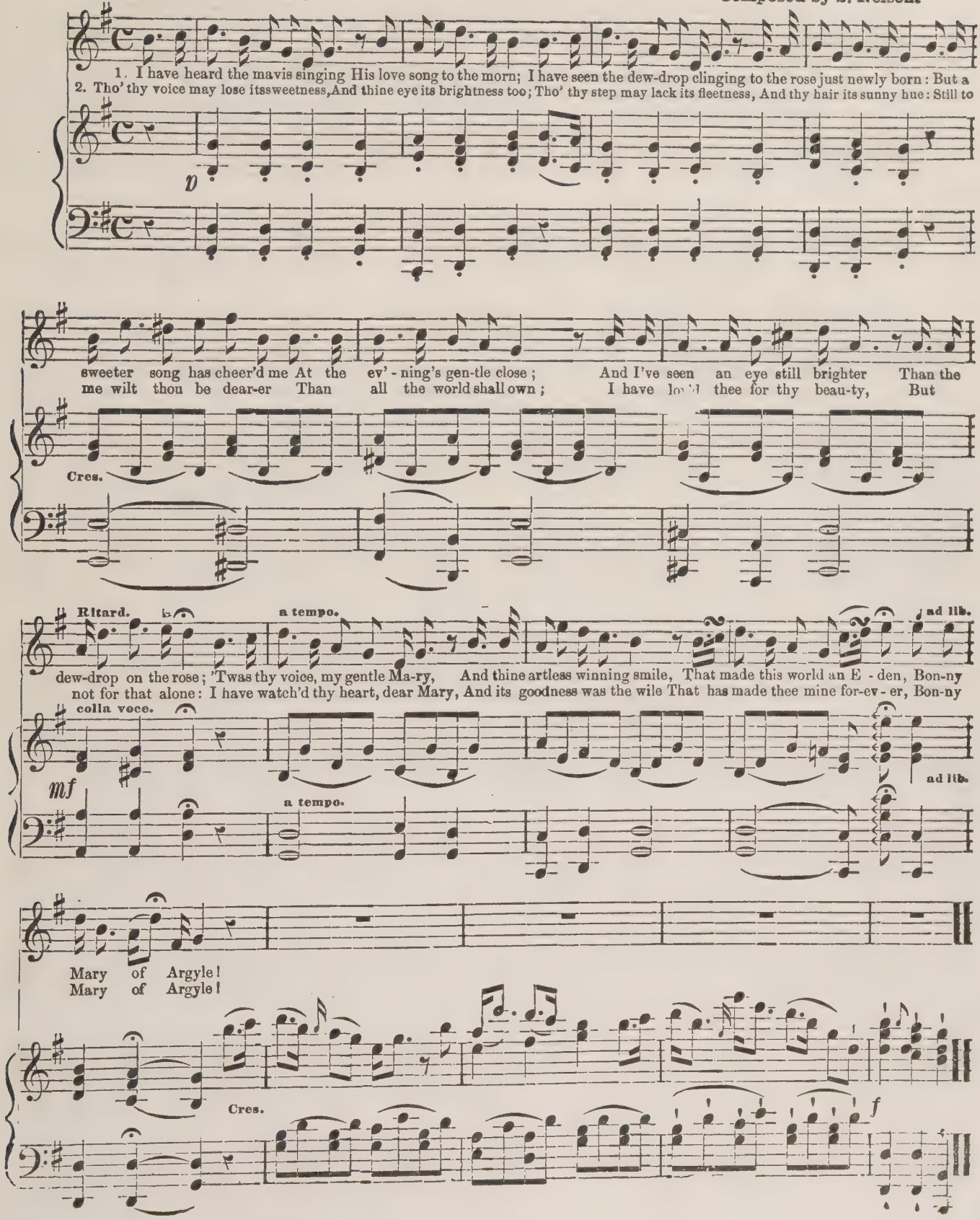
J. Templeton.


p
ff
1. There was a jol - ly beg-gar, and a beg-ging he was boun, And he took up his quar - ters in -
2. He wad nei - ther lay in barn, nor yet wad he in byre, But in a - hint the ha' door, or'
3. The beg-gar's bed was made at e'en, Wi' guid clean straw and hay; And in a - hint the ha' door, And
4. Up raise the guid-man's dochter, And for to bar the door; And there she saw the beg - gar, Stand-
p
to a land'art toun. And we'll gang nae mair a rov-ing, Sae late un-to the night, And we'll gang nae mair a roving, Let the
else a - fore the fire. And we'll gang nae mair a rov-ing, Sae late un-to the night, And we'll gang nae mair a roving, Let the
there the beg-gar lay. And we'll gang nae mair a rov-ing, Sae late un-to the night, And we'll gang nae mair a roving, Let the
in' i' the floor. And we'll gang nae mair a rov-ing, Sae late un-to the night, And we'll gang nae mair a roving, Let the
pp
moon shine e'er so bright, And we'll gang nae mair a rov - ing.
Lentando.
ff

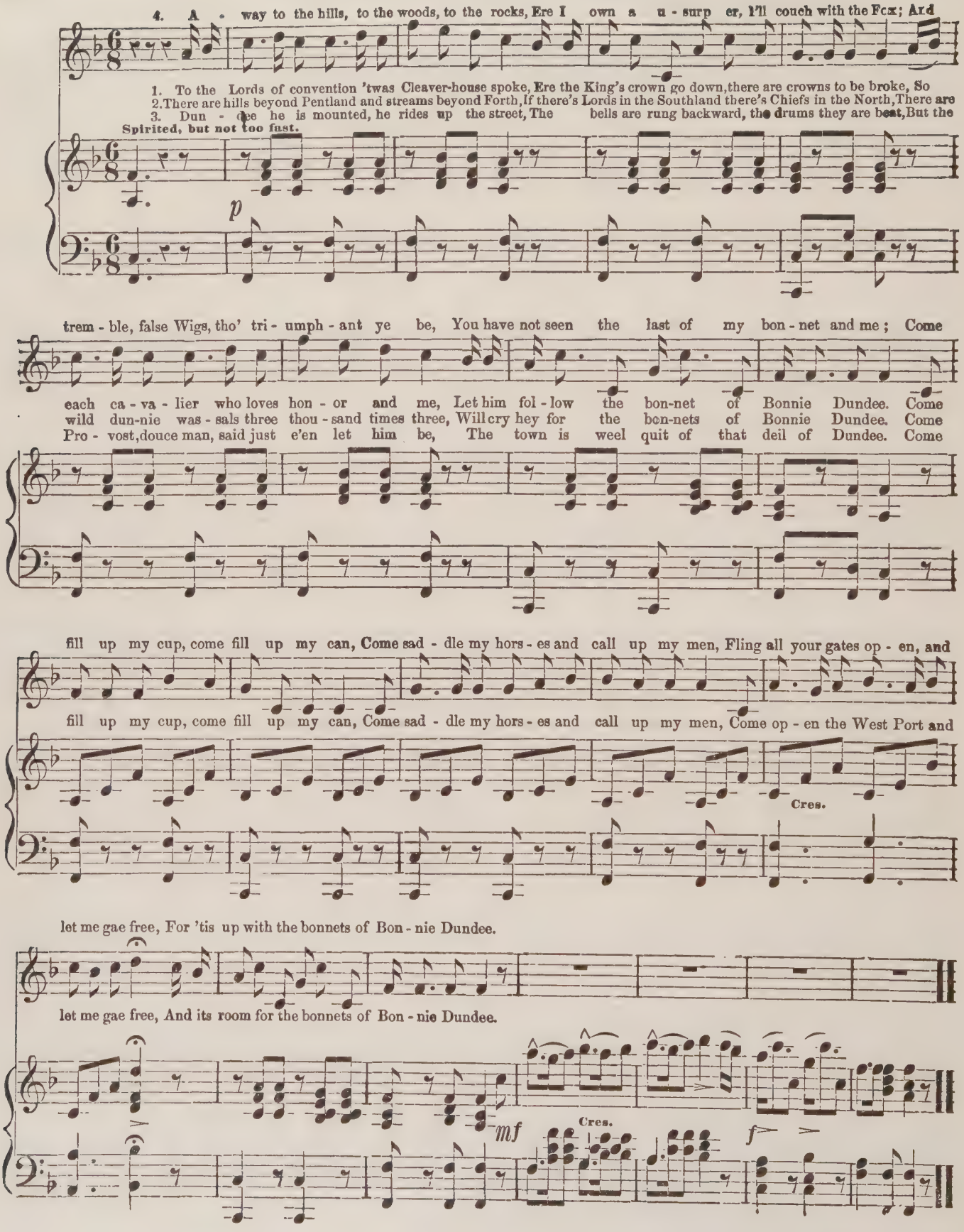
5 He took a horn frae his side,
And blew baith loud and shrill;
And four-and-twenty belted knights,
Came skipping o'er the hill.
And we'll gang, &c.

6 Then out he took he's wee bit knife,
Loot a' his duddies fa';
And he stood forth a gentleman,
The brawest o' them a'.
And we'll gang, &c.

Written by Charles Jefferys. Composed by S. Nelson.

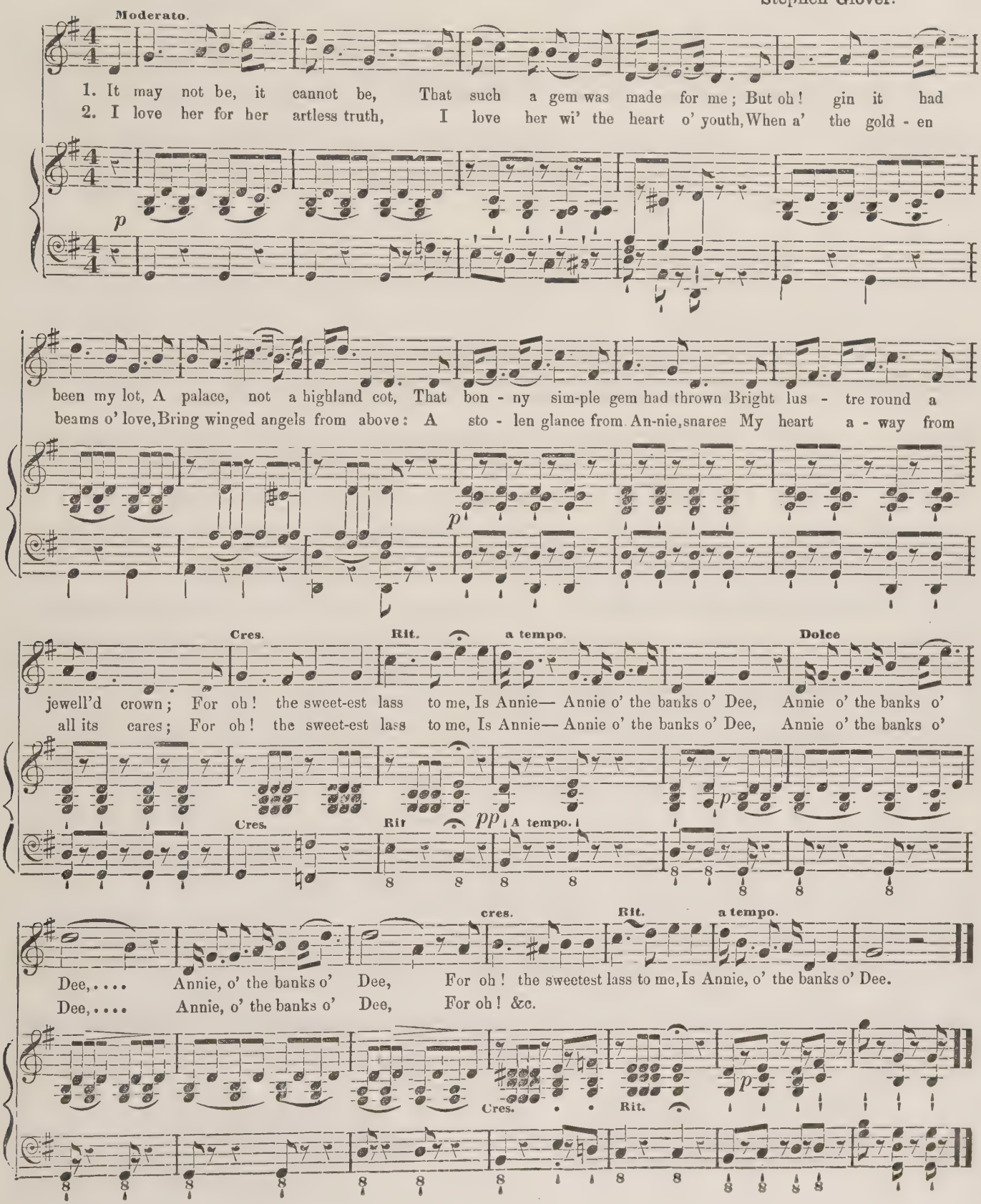

1. I have heard the mavis singing His love song to the morn; I have seen the dew-drop clinging to the rose just newly born: But a
2. Tho' thy voice may lose itssweetness,And thine eye its brightness too; Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness, And thy hair its sunny hue: Still to
D
sweeter song has cheer'd me At the ev'-ning's gen-tle close; And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the
me wilt thou be dear-er Than all the world shall own; I have lo'd thee for thy beau-ty, But
Cres.
Ritard.
a tempo.
ad lib.
dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gentle Ma-ry, And thine artless winning smile, That made this world an E-den, Bon-ny
not for that alone: I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary, And its goodness was the wile That has made thee mine for-ev-er, Bon-ny
colla voce.
mf
a tempo.
ad lib.
Mary of Argyle!
Mary of Argyle!
Cres.
f

BONNIE DUNDEE.


4. A - way to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks, Ere I own a u - surp er, I'll couch with the Fox; And
1. To the Lords of convention 'twas Cleaver-house spoke, Ere the King's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke, So
2. There are hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth, If there's Lords in the Southland there's Chiefs in the North, There are
3. Dun - dee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat, But the
Spirited, but not too fast.
p
trem - ble, false Wigs, tho' tri - umph - ant ye be, You have not seen the last of my bon - net and me; Come
each ca - va - lier who loves hon - or and me, Let him fol - low the bon-net of Bonnie Dundee. Come
wild dun-nie was - sals three thou - sand times three, Will cry hey for the bon-nets of Bonnie Dundee. Come
Pro - vost, douce man, said just e'en let him be, The town is weel quit of that deil of Dundee. Come
fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come sad - dle my hors - es and call up my men, Fling all your gates op - en, and
fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come sad - dle my hors - es and call up my men, Come op - en the West Port and
Cres.
let me gae free, For 'tis up with the bonnets of Bon - nie Dundee.
let me gae free, And its room for the bonnets of Bon - nie Dundee.
mf
Cres.
f

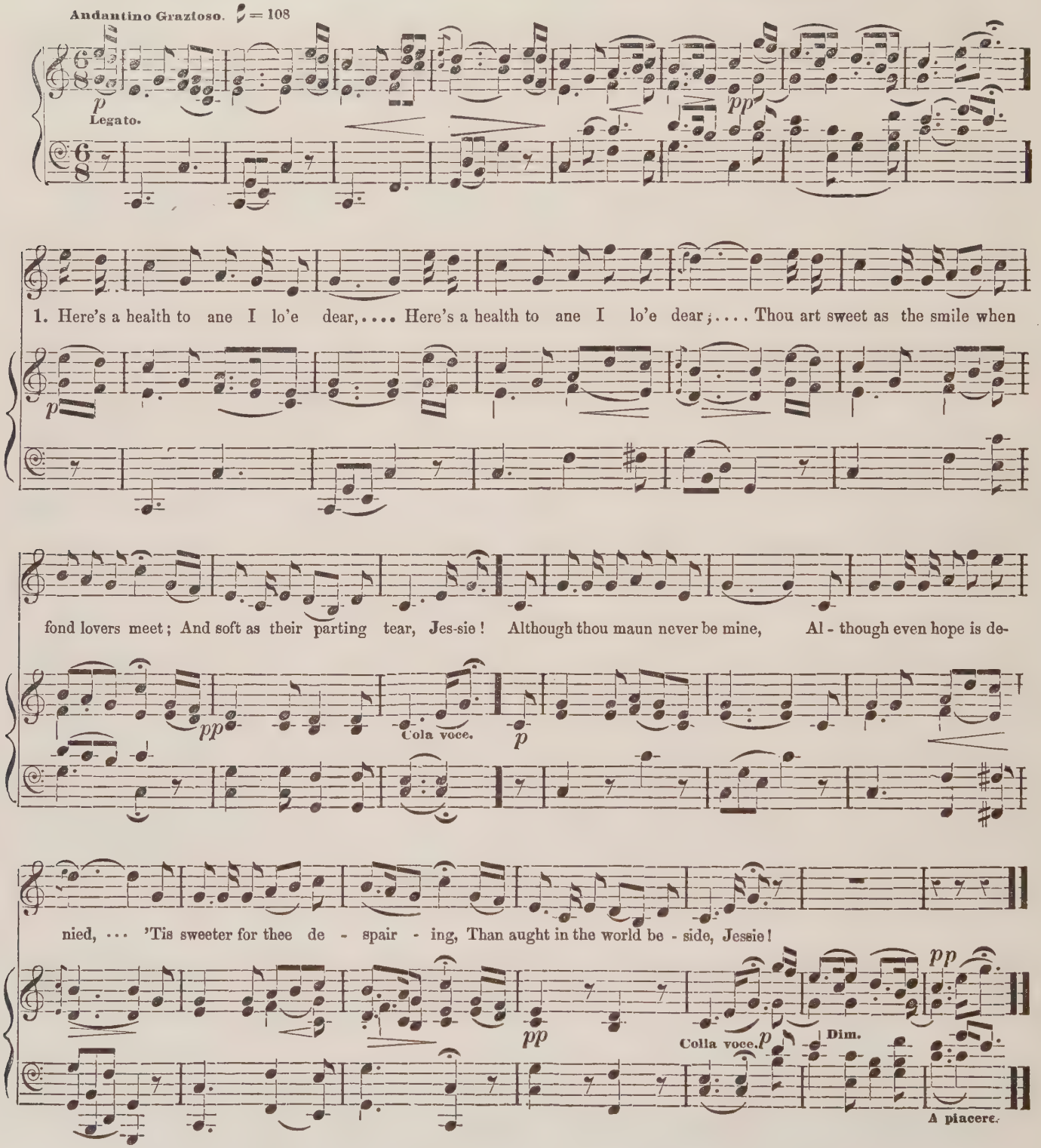
ANNIE O' THE BANKS O' DEE.

Words by Mrs. Crawford.

Stephen Glover.

Moderato.
1. It may not be, it cannot be, That such a gem was made for me; But oh! gin it had been my lot, A palace, not a highland cot, That bon - ny sim-ple gem had thrown Bright lus - tre round a
2. I love her for her artless truth, I love her wi' the heart o' youth, When a' the gold - en beams o' love, Bring winged angels from above: A sto - len glance from An-nie, snares My heart a - way from
p
Cres.
Rit.
a tempo.
Dolce
jewell'd crown; For oh! the sweet-est lass to me, Is Annie— Annie o' the banks o' Dee, Annie o' the banks o'
all its cares; For oh! the sweet-est lass to me, Is Annie— Annie o' the banks o' Dee, Annie o' the banks o'
Cres.
Rit
pp
A tempo.
cres.
Rit.
a tempo.
Dee, ... Annie, o' the banks o' Dee, For oh! the sweetest lass to me, Is Annie, o' the banks o' Dee.
Dee, ... Annie, o' the banks o' Dee, For oh! &c.
Cres.
Rit.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E, DEAR.

Words by Burns. Arranged by J. T. Surenne.

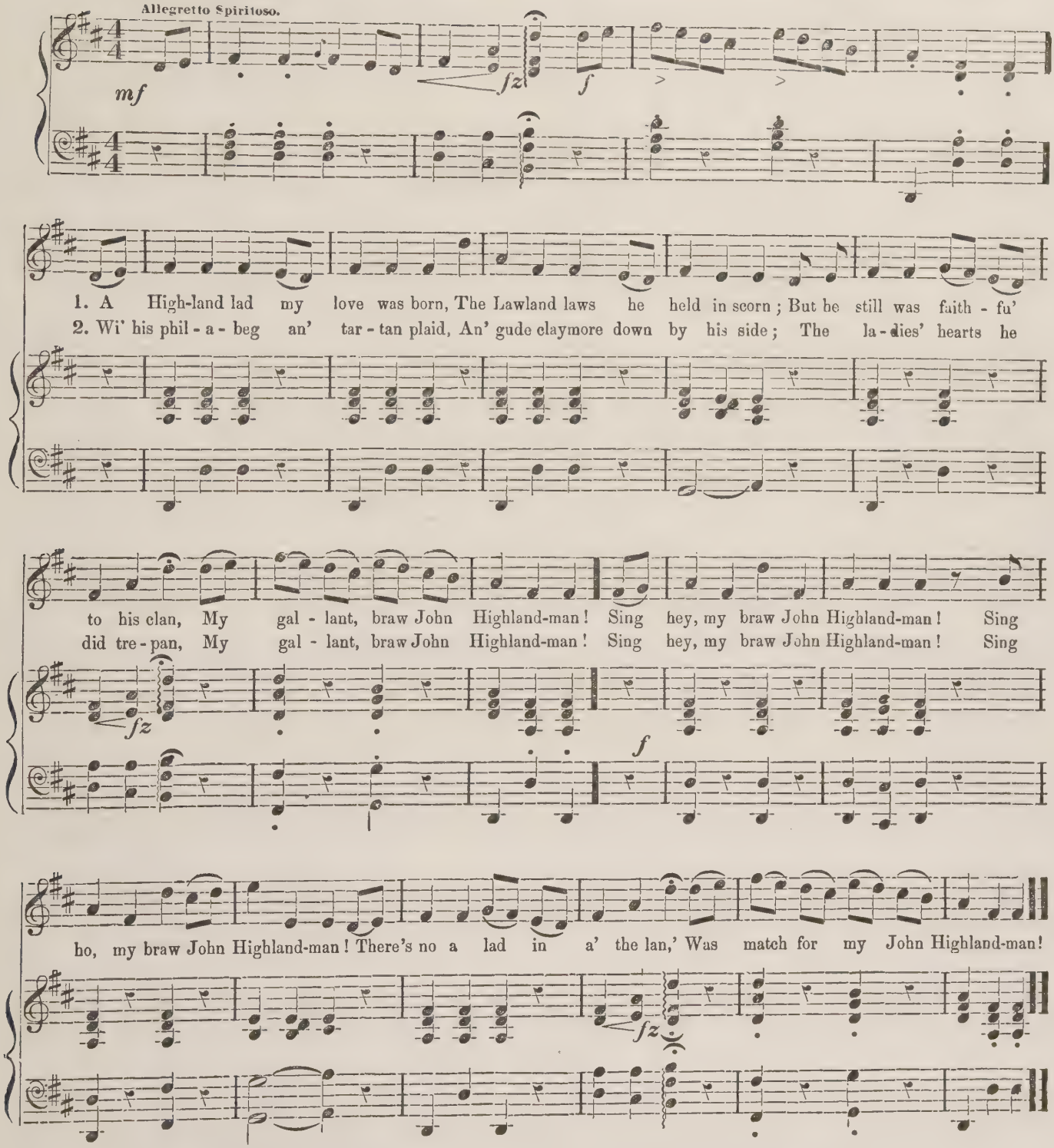

Andantino Grazioso. ♩ = 108
p
Legato.
pp
1. Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, ... Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear; .... Thou art sweet as the smile when
fond lovers meet; And soft as their parting tear, Jes-sie! Although thou maun never be mine, Al - though even hope is de-
pp
Cola voce.
p
nied, ... 'Tis sweeter for thee de - spair - ing, Than aught in the world be - side, Jessie!
pp
pp
Colla voce.
p
Dim.
A piacere.

2 I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessie!

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

Words by Burns.


Allegretto Spiritoso.
mf
fz
f
1. A High-land lad my love was born, The Lawland laws he held in scorn; But be still was faith - fu'
2. Wi' his phil - a - beg an' tar - tan plaid, An' gude claymore down by his side; The la - dies' hearts he
to his clan, My gal - lant, braw John Highland-man! Sing hey, my braw John Highland-man! Sing
did tre - pan, My gal - lant, braw John Highland-man! Sing hey, my braw John Highland-man! Sing
fz
f
ho, my braw John Highland-man! There's no a lad in a' the lan,' Was match for my John Highland-man!
fz

3 They banish'd him beyond the sea;
But, ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls run,
Embracing my John Highland-man.
Sing hey, &c.

4 But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
An' bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highland-man!
Sing hey, &c.

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSSIE YET.

Words by James Hogg. Arranged by G. F. Graham.

Allegretto Scherzoso.

1. My love, she's but a
2. She's nei - ther proud nor
3. I'm jeal - ous o' what

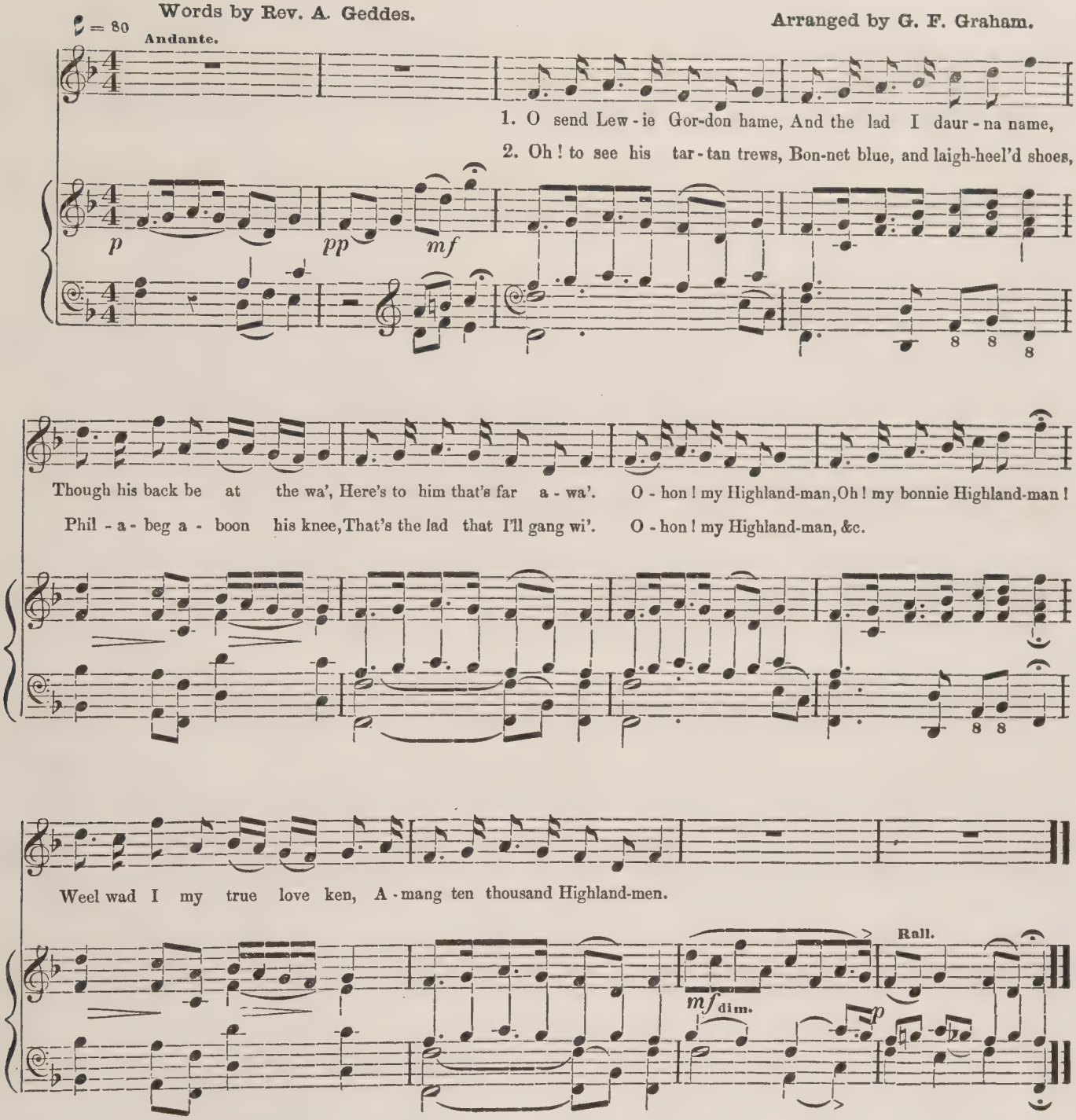
las-sie yet, A lightsome, love-ly las - sie yet; It scarce wad do To sit an' woo Down by the stream sae
sau - cy yet, She's nei-ther plump nor gau - cy yet: But just a jin-kin', Bon - nie blin - kin', Hil - ty - skil - ty
bless-es her, The ve - ry breeze that kiss-es her, The flowery beds On which she treads, Tho' wae for ane that

glas - sy yet. But there's a braw time com - in' yet, When we may gang a - roam-in' yet; An'
las - sie yet. But O her art - less smile's mair sweet Than hin - ey, or than mar-ma-lete; An'
mis - ses her. Than O to meet my las - sie yet, Up in yon glen sae gras - sy yet; For

hint wi' glee, O' joys to be, When fa's the mod-est gloam-in' yet.
right or wrong, Ere it be lang, I'll bring her to a par - ley yet.
all I see, Are nought to me, Save her that's but a lass - sie yet.

LEWIE GORDON.

Words by Rev. A. Geddes. Arranged by G. F. Graham.

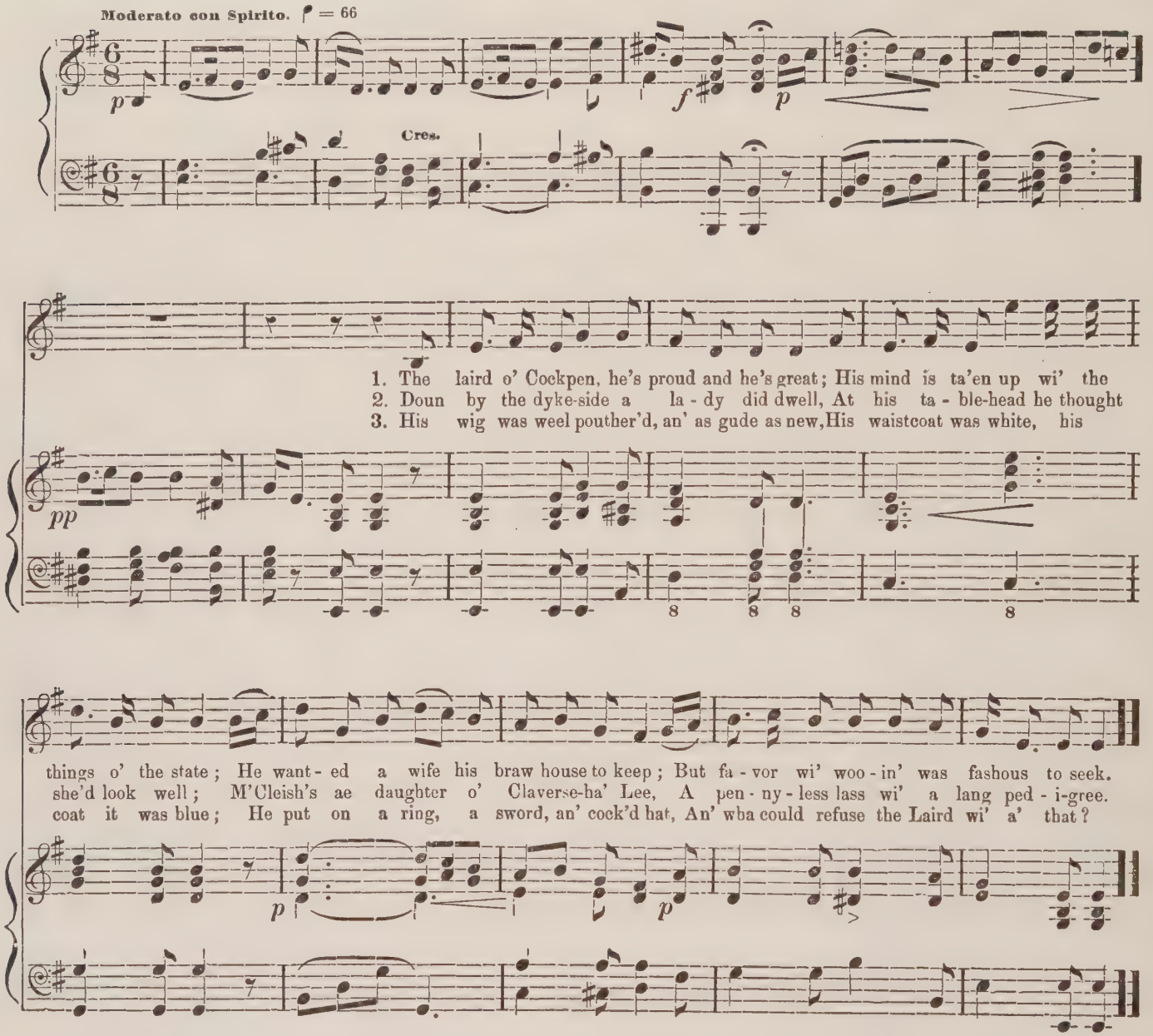

♩ = 80
Andante.
1. O send Lew - ie Gor-don hame, And the lad I daur - na name,
2. Oh! to see his tar - tan trews, Bon-net blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
p
pp
mf
Though his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a - wa'. O - hon! my Highland-man, Oh! my bonnie Highland-man!
Phil - a - beg a - boon his knee, That's the lad that I'll gang wi'. O - hon! my Highland-man, &c.
Weel wad I my true love ken, A - mang ten thousand Highland-men.
mf dim.
p
Rall.

3 Princely youth of whom I sing,
Thou wert born to be a king;
On thy breast a regal star
Shines on loyal hearts afar!
Ohon! my Highland-man, &c.

4 Oh! to see this wished-for one,
Seated on a kingly throne!
All our griefs would disappear:
We should hail a joyful year!
Ohon! my Highland-man, &c.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

Air—"When she cam' ben, she bobbed." Arranged by H. E. Dibdin.


Moderato con Spirito. ♩ = 66
p
f
p
Cres.
1. The laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great; His mind is ta'en up wi' the
2. Doun by the dyke-side a la - dy did dwell, At his ta - ble-head he thought
3. His wig was weel pouther'd, an' as gude as new, His waistcoat was white, his
pp
things o' the state; He want - ed a wife his braw house to keep; But fa - vor wi' woo - in' was fashous to seek.
she'd look well; M'Cleish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee, A pen - ny - less lass wi' a lang ped - i-gree.
coat it was blue; He put on a ring, a sword, an' cock'd hat, An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?
p
p

4

He took the gray mare, an' rade cannilie,
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

5

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;
"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put off her apron, an' on her silk goun,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doun.

6

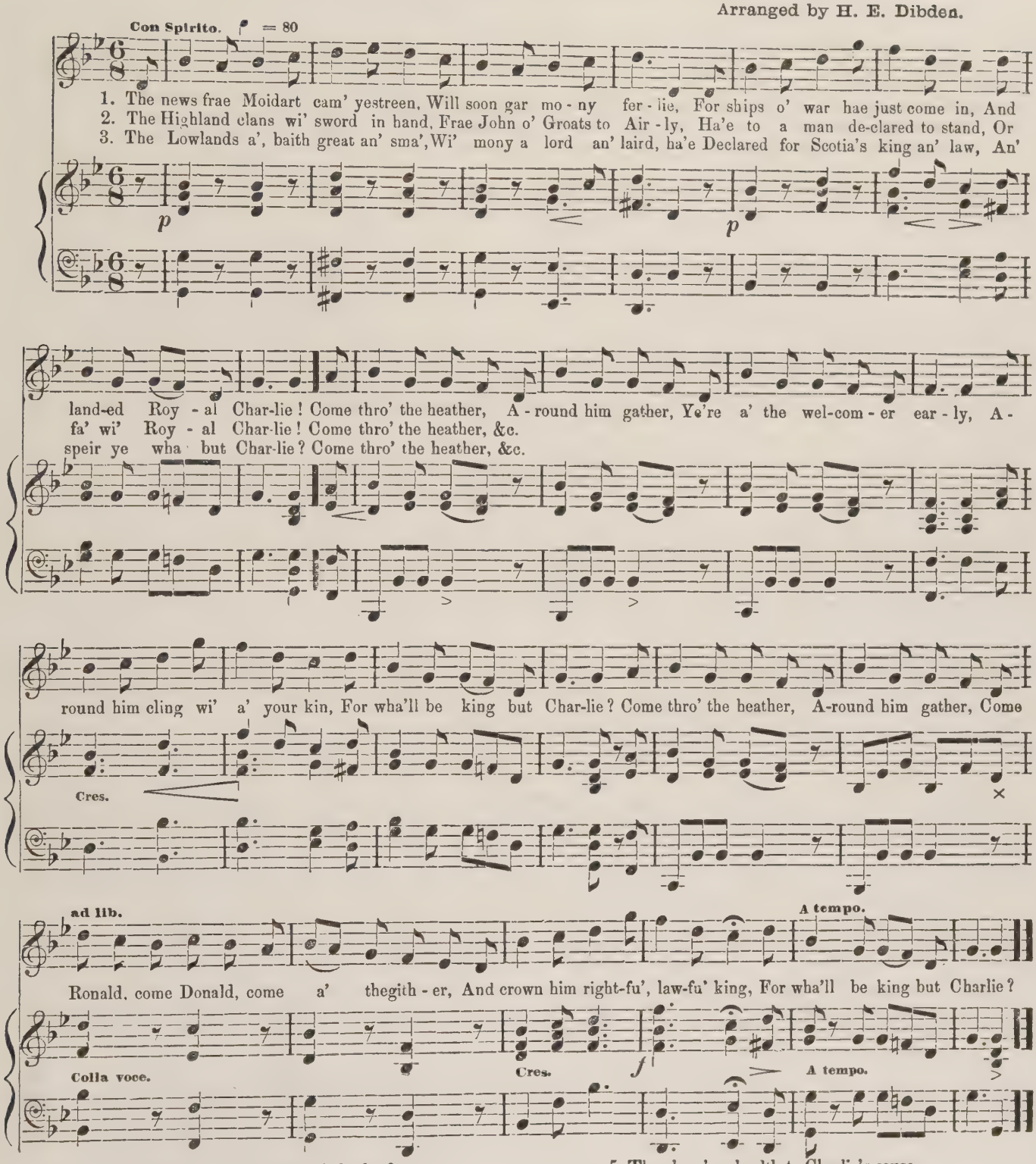
An' when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;
An' what was his errand, he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na!
An' wi' a laigh curtsie, she turned awa'.

7

Dumfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did he gi'e;
He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;
An' aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE!

Arranged by H. E. Dibden.

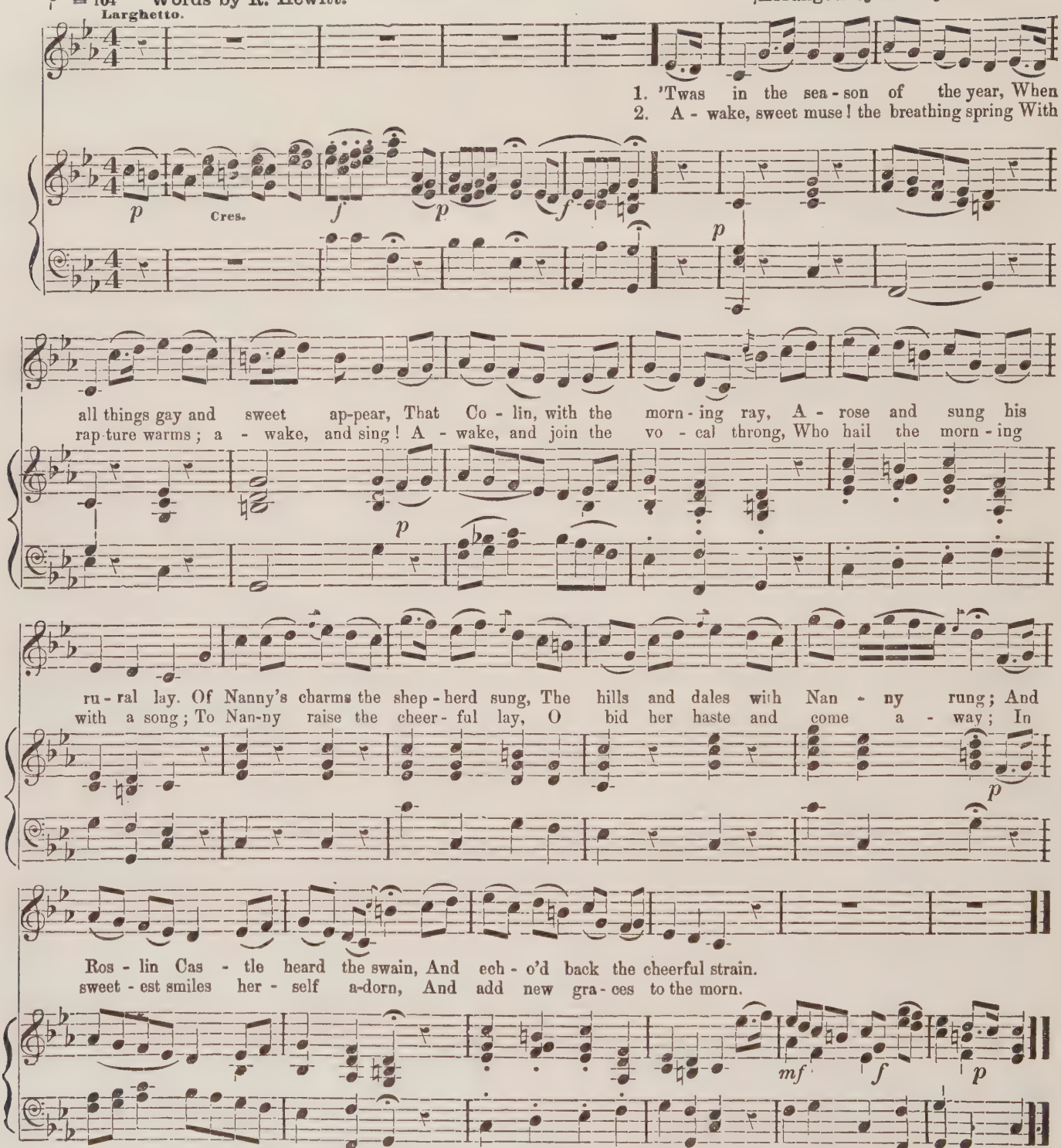

Con Spirito. ♩ = 80
1. The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen, Will soon gar mo - ny fer - lie, For ships o' war hae just come in, And
2. The Highland clans wi' sword in hand, Frae John o' Groats to Air - ly, Ha'e to a man de-clared to stand, Or
3. The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma', Wi' mony a lord an' laird, ha'e Declared for Scotia's king an' law, An'
p
p
land-ed Roy - al Char-lie! Come thro' the heather, A - round him gather, Ye're a' the wel-com - er ear - ly, A -
fa' wi' Roy - al Char-lie! Come thro' the heather, &c.
speir ye wha but Char-lie? Come thro' the heather, &c.
round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but Char-lie? Come thro' the heather, A-round him gather, Come
Cres.
ad lib.
A tempo.
Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegith - er, And crown him right-fu', law-fu' king, For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Colla voce.
Cres.
f
A tempo.

4 There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
But vows baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gi'e heart or hand,
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c

5 Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
An' be't complete an' early,
His very name our heart's blood warms—
To arms for Royal Charlie!
Come through the heather, &c.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

♩ = 104 Larghetto. Words by R. Hewitt. Arranged by Finlay Dun.

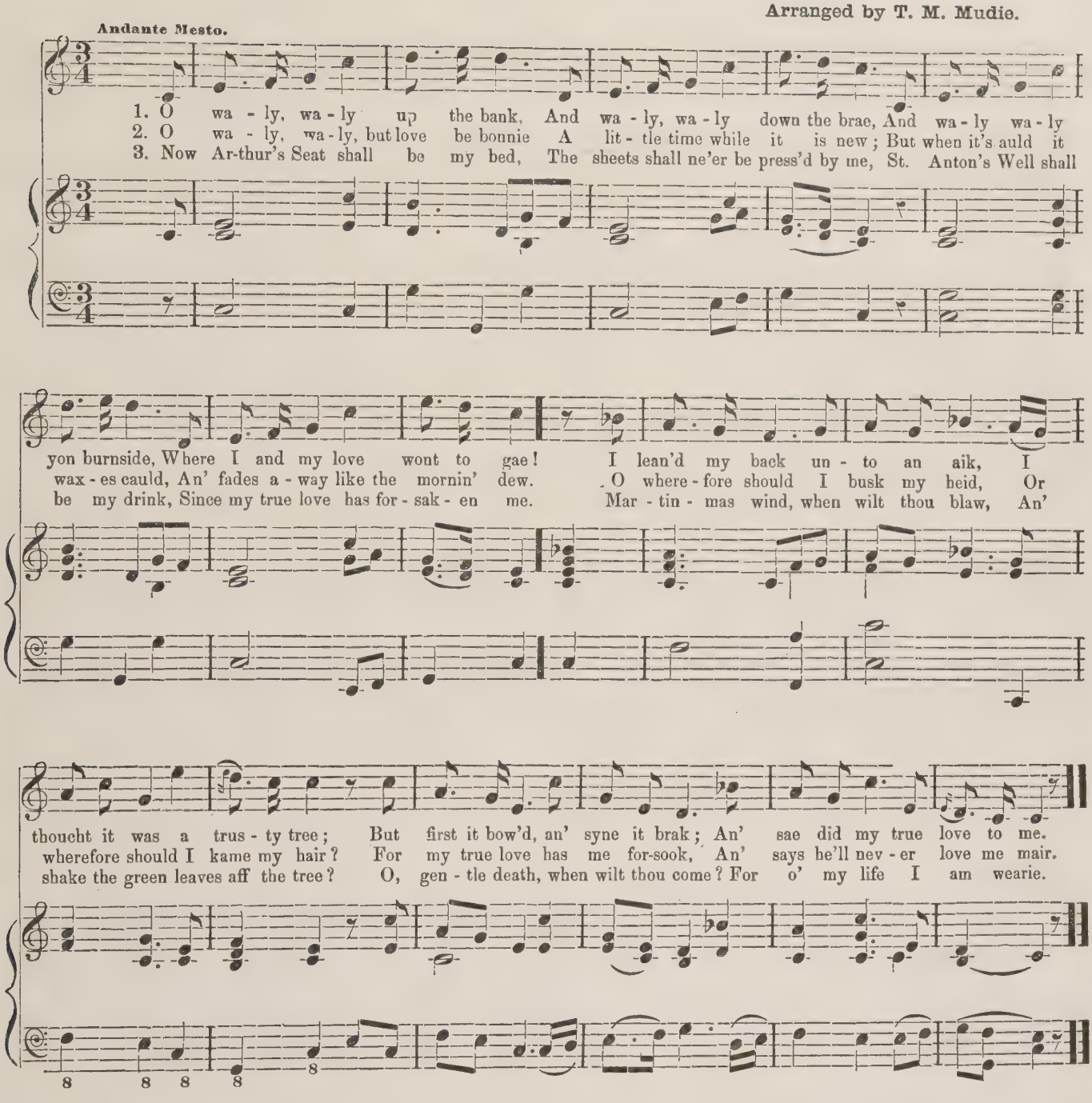

1. 'Twas in the sea - son of the year, When
2. A - wake, sweet muse! the breathing spring With
p
Cres.
f
p
f
p
all things gay and sweet ap-pear, That Co - lin, with the morn - ing ray, A - rose and sung his
rap-ture warms; a - wake, and sing! A - wake, and join the vo - cal throng, Who hail the morn - ing
p
ru - ral lay. Of Nanny's charms the shep - herd sung, The hills and dales with Nan - ny rung; And
with a song; To Nan-ny raise the cheer - ful lay, O bid her haste and come a - way; In
p
Ros - lin Cas - tle heard the swain, And ech - o'd back the cheerful strain.
sweet - est smiles her - self a-dorn, And add new gra - ces to the morn.
mf
f
p

3 O hark, my love, on every spray
Each feathered warbler tunes his lay
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song.
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

4 O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine;
O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

O WALY, WALY.

Arranged by T. M. Mudie.


Andante Mesto.
1. O wa - ly, wa - ly up the bank, And wa - ly, wa - ly down the brae, And wa - ly wa - ly
2. O wa - ly, wa - ly, but love be bonnie A lit - tle time while it is new; But when it's auld it
3. Now Ar-thur's Seat shall be my bed, The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me, St. Anton's Well shall
yon burnside, Where I and my love wont to gae! I lean'd my back un - to an aik, I
wax - es cauld, An' fades a - way like the mornin' dew. O where - fore should I busk my heid, Or
be my drink, Since my true love has for - sak - en me. Mar - tin - mas wind, when wilt thou blaw, An'
thoucht it was a trus - ty tree; But first it bow'd, an' syne it brak; An' sae did my true love to me.
wherefore should I kame my hair? For my true love has me for-sook, An' says he'll nev - er love me mair.
shake the green leaves aff the tree? O, gen - tle death, when wilt thou come? For o' my life I am wearie.

4

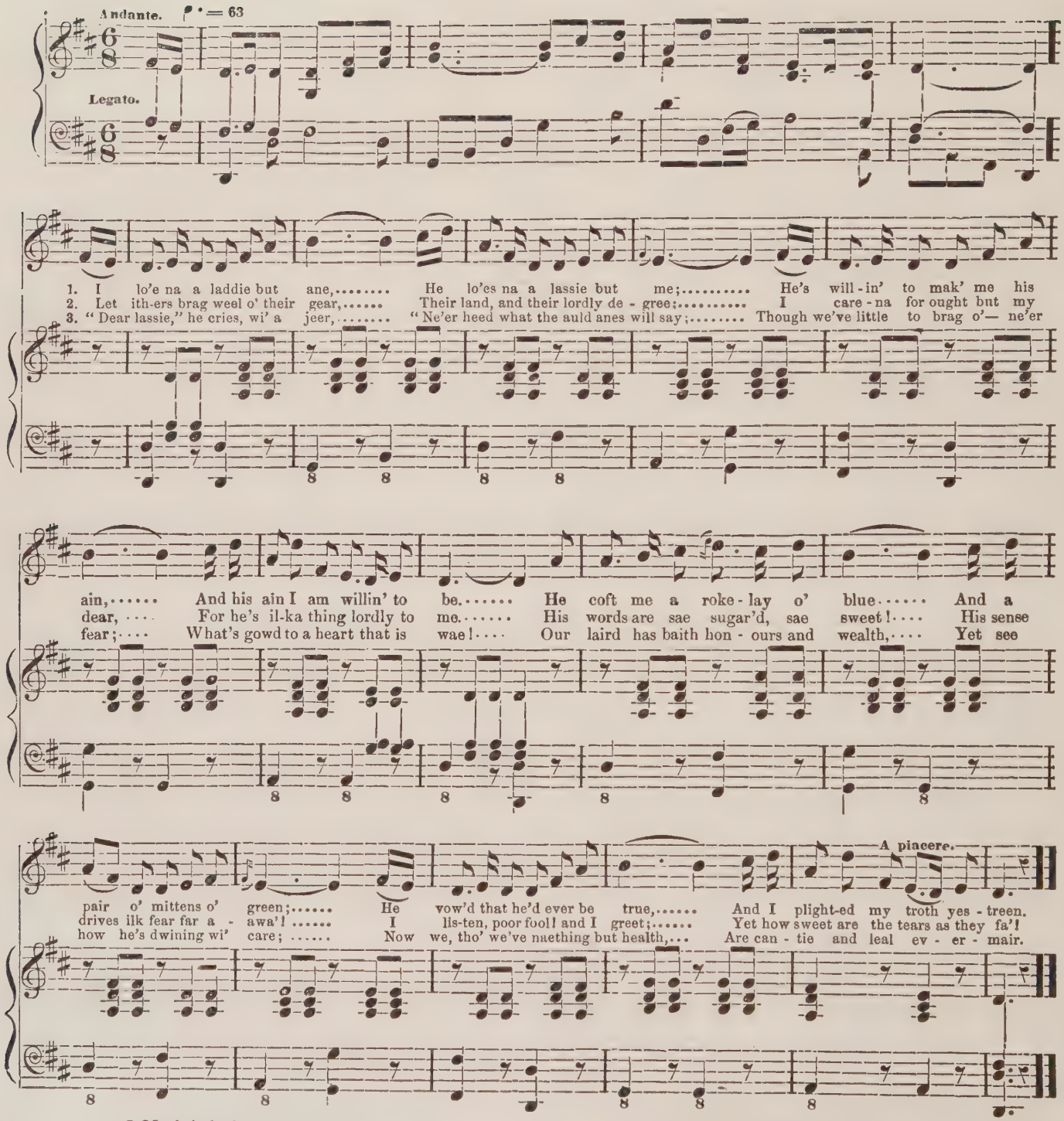
'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry:
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we cam' in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
An' I mysel' in cramasie.

5

But had I wist, before I kiss'd,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gold,
An' pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh! oh! if my young babe were born,
An' set upon the nurse's knee,
An' I mysel' were dead an' gane,
An' the green grass growin' over me!

I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Arranged by A. Lawrie.

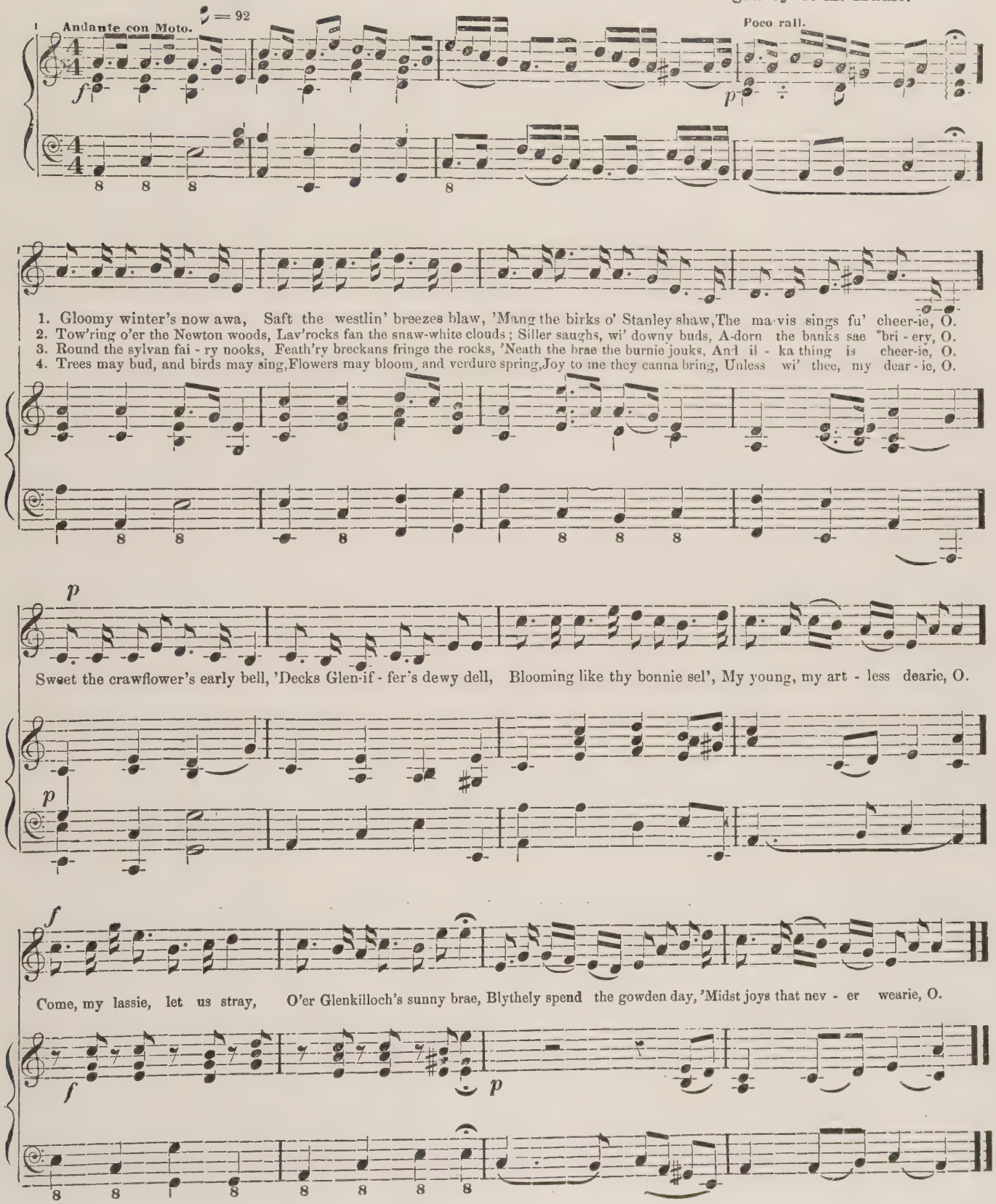

Andante. ♩. = 63
Legato.
1. I lo'e na a laddie but ane,..... He lo'es na a lassie but me;..... He's will-in' to mak' me his
2. Let ith-ers brag weel o' their gear,..... Their land, and their lordly de - gree;..... I care - na for ought but my
3. "Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,..... "Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;..... Though we've little to brag o'— ne'er
ain,..... And his ain I am willin' to be..... He coft me a roke - lay o' blue..... And a
dear, ... For he's il-ka thing lordly to me..... His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!.... His sense
fear;.... What's gowd to a heart that is wae!.... Our laird has baith hon - ours and wealth,.... Yet see
A piacere.
pair o' mittens o' green;..... He vow'd that he'd ever be true,..... And I plight-ed my troth yes - treen.
drives ilk fear far a - awa'!..... I lis-ten, poor fool! and I greet;..... Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!
how he's dwining wi' care;..... Now we, tho' we've naething but health,... Are can - tie and leal ev - er - mair.

4 "O Menie! the heart that is true,
Has something mair costly than gear;
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear ought ye tyne,
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
True love is the guardian o' mine."

5 He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
Wae's me, can I take it amiss!
My laddie's unpractised in guile,
He's free aye to daut and to kiss!
Ye lasses who lo'e to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks—I ha'e gi'en my consent,
And this night I am Jamie's for life.

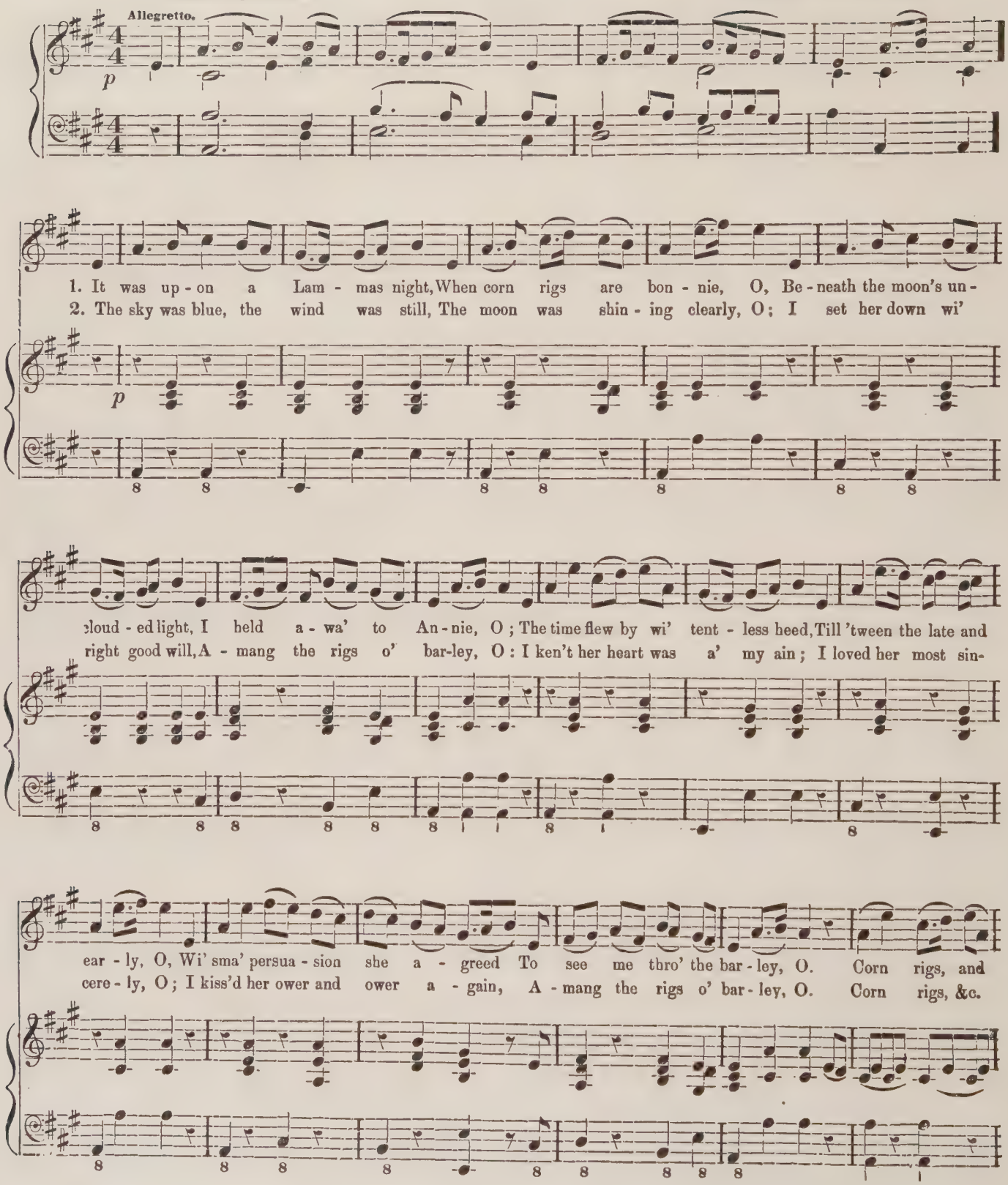
GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

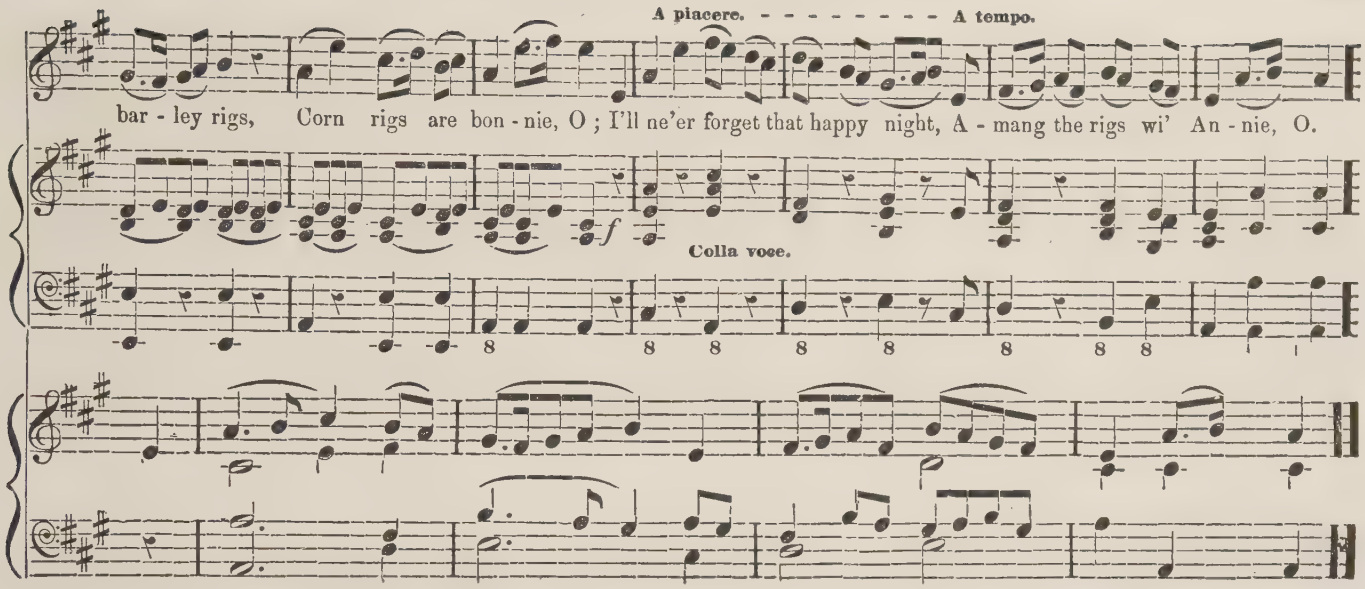
Words by R. Tannahill. Arranged by T. M. Mudie.


Andante con Moto.
♩ = 92
Poco rall.
1. Gloomy winter's now awa, Saft the westlin' breezes blaw, 'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw, The ma-vis sings fu' cheer-ie, O.
2. Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods, Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds; Siller saughs, wi' downy buds, A-dorn the banks sae bri-ery, O.
3. Round the sylvan fai-ry nooks, Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks, 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks, And il-ka thing is cheer-ie, O.
4. Trees may bud, and birds may sing, Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring, Joy to me they canna bring, Unless wi' thee, my dear-ie, O.
Sweet the crawflower's early bell, 'Decks Glen-if-fer's dewy dell, Blooming like thy bonnie sel', My young, my art-less dearie, O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray, O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae, Blythely spend the gowden day, 'Midst joys that nev-er wearie, O.

CORN RIGS.

♩ = 112 Words by Burns. Arranged by T. Lawrie.


Allegretto.
p
1. It was up - on a Lam - mas night, When corn rigs are bon - nie, O, Be - neath the moon's un -
2. The sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shin - ing clearly, O; I set her down wi'
cloud - ed light, I held a - wa' to An - nie, O; The time flew by wi' tent - less heed, Till 'tween the late and
right good will, A - mang the rigs o' bar-ley, O: I ken't her heart was a' my ain; I loved her most sin-
ear - ly, O, Wi' sma' persua - sion she a - greed To see me thro' the bar - ley, O. Corn rigs, and
cere - ly, O; I kiss'd her ower and ower a - gain, A - mang the rigs o' bar - ley, O. Corn rigs, &c.

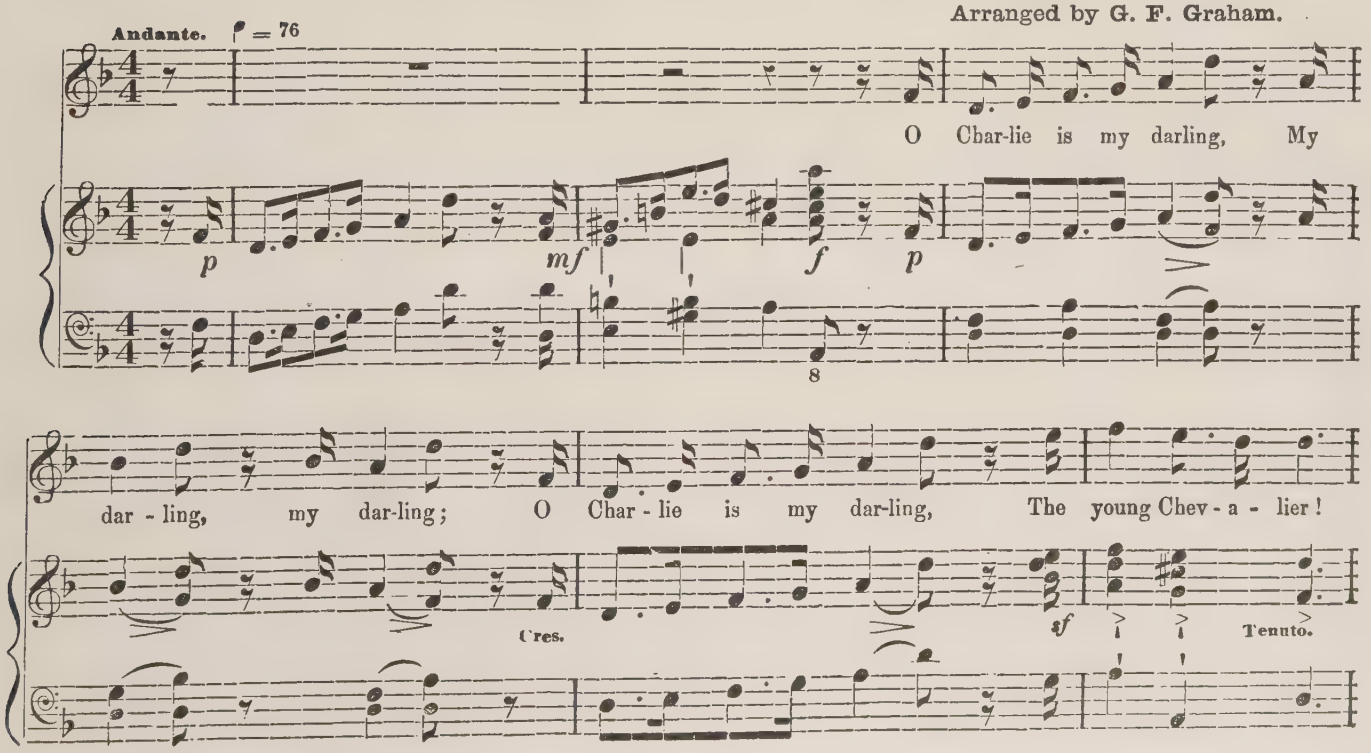


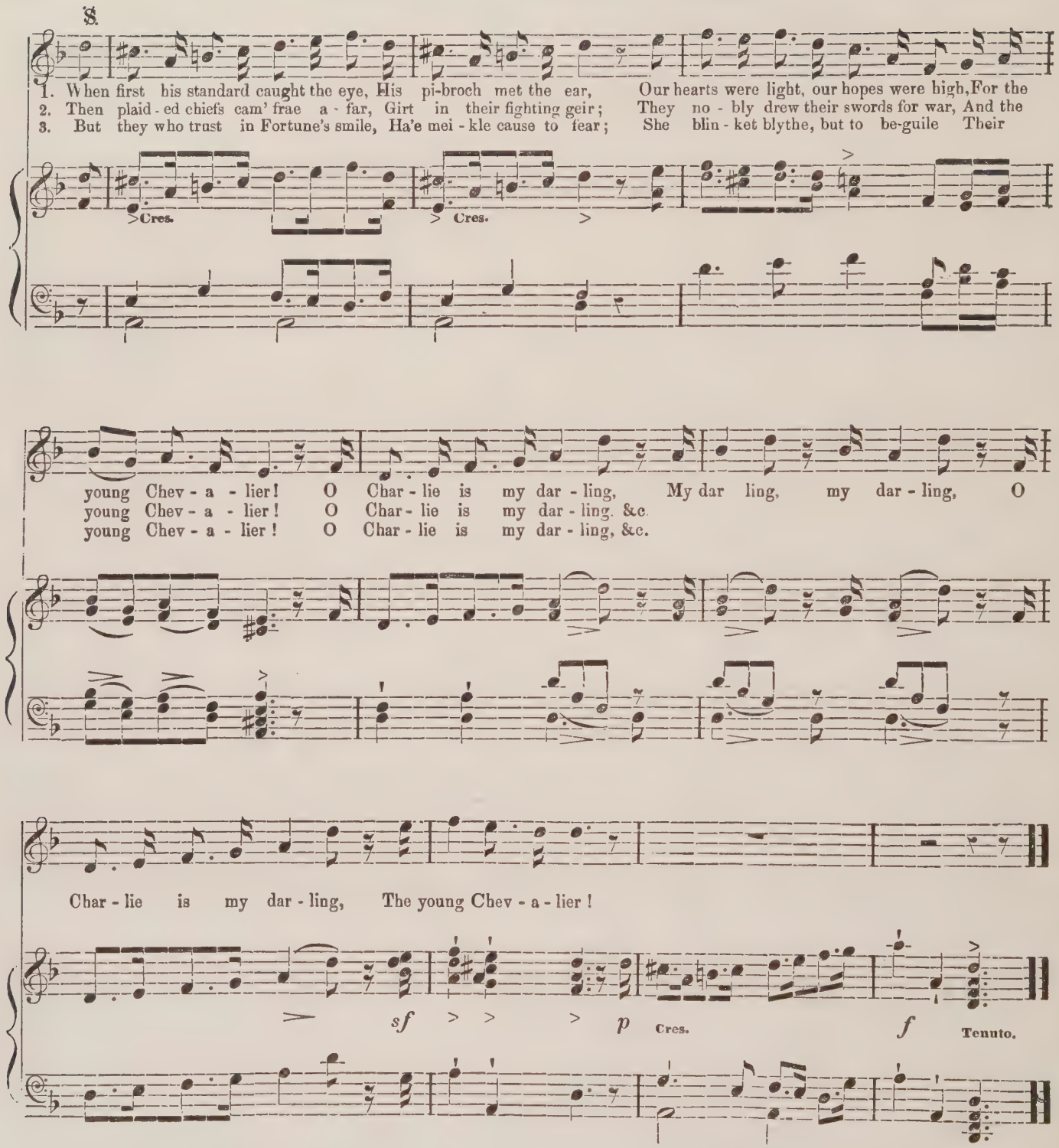
4 I lock'd her in my fond embrace!
Her heart was beating rarely, O!
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley, O!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly, O!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley, O!
Corn rigs, &c.

5 I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin', O;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I hae been happy thinkin', O;
But a' the pleasure, e'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly, O,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley, O.
Corn rigs, &c.

O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Arranged by G. F. Graham.




8
1. When first his standard caught the eye, His pi-broch met the ear, Our hearts were light, our hopes were high, For the
2. Then plaid-ed chiefs cam' frae a-far, Girt in their fighting geir; They no-bly drew their swords for war, And the
3. But they who trust in Fortune's smile, Ha'e mei-kle cause to fear; She blin-ket blythe, but to be-guile Their
Cres.
Cres.
young Chev-a-lier! O Char-lie is my dar-ling, My dar ling, my dar-ling, O
young Chev-a-lier! O Char-lie is my dar-ling. &c.
young Chev-a-lier! O Char-lie is my dar-ling, &c.
Char-lie is my dar-ling, The young Chev-a-lier!
sf
p
Cres.
f
Tenuto.

4

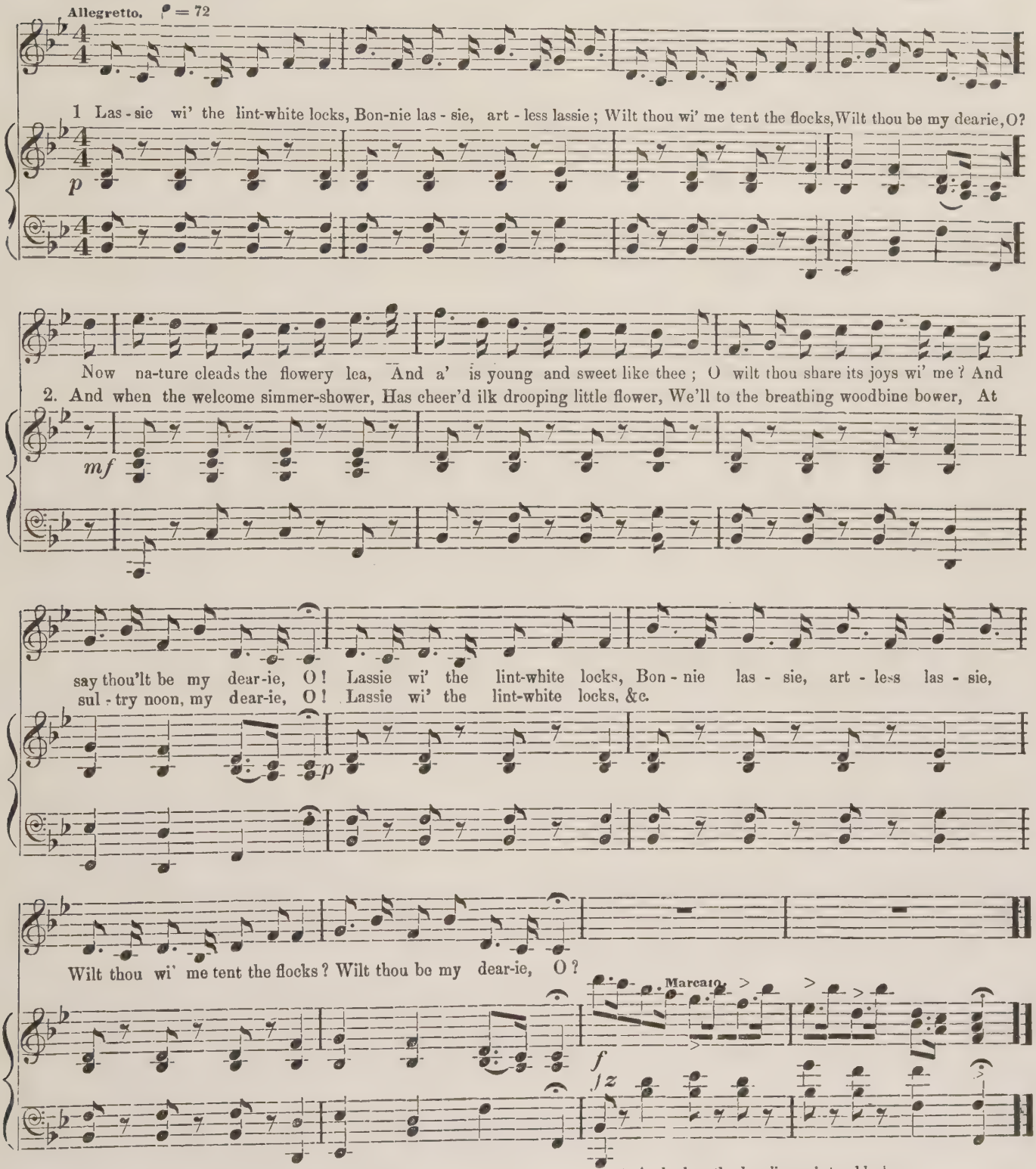
Wae on Culloden's bloody field!
Dark source o' mony a tear;
There Albyn lost her sword and shield,
And her young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

5

Now Scotland's "Flowers are wede away;"
Her mountain Pines are sere;
The Royal Oak is gane for aye—
Our young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my dar'ing, &c.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Words by Burns. **Air—"Rothiemurchus' Rant.'**


Allegretto. ♩ = 72
1 Las - sie wi' the lint-white locks, Bon-nie las - sie, art - less lassie; Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks, Wilt thou be my dearie, O?
p
Now na-ture cleads the flowery lea, And a' is young and sweet like thee; O wilt thou share its joys wi' me? And
2. And when the welcome simmer-shower, Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower, We'll to the breathing woodbine bower, At
mf
say thou'lt be my dear-ie, O! Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, Bon - nie las - sie, art - less las - sie,
sul - try noon, my dear-ie, O! Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.
p
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks? Wilt thou be my dear-ie, O?
Marcato.
f

3 When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

4 And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-like locks, &c.

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

Words by Charles Jeffery. S. Nelson.

1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No breath came o'er the sea, When Ma - ry left her
2. Wher - e'er I wandered, east or west, Tho' fate be - gan to lower, A sol - ace still was
3. And when my fevered lips were parch'd On Afric's burn - ing sand, She whispers hopes of

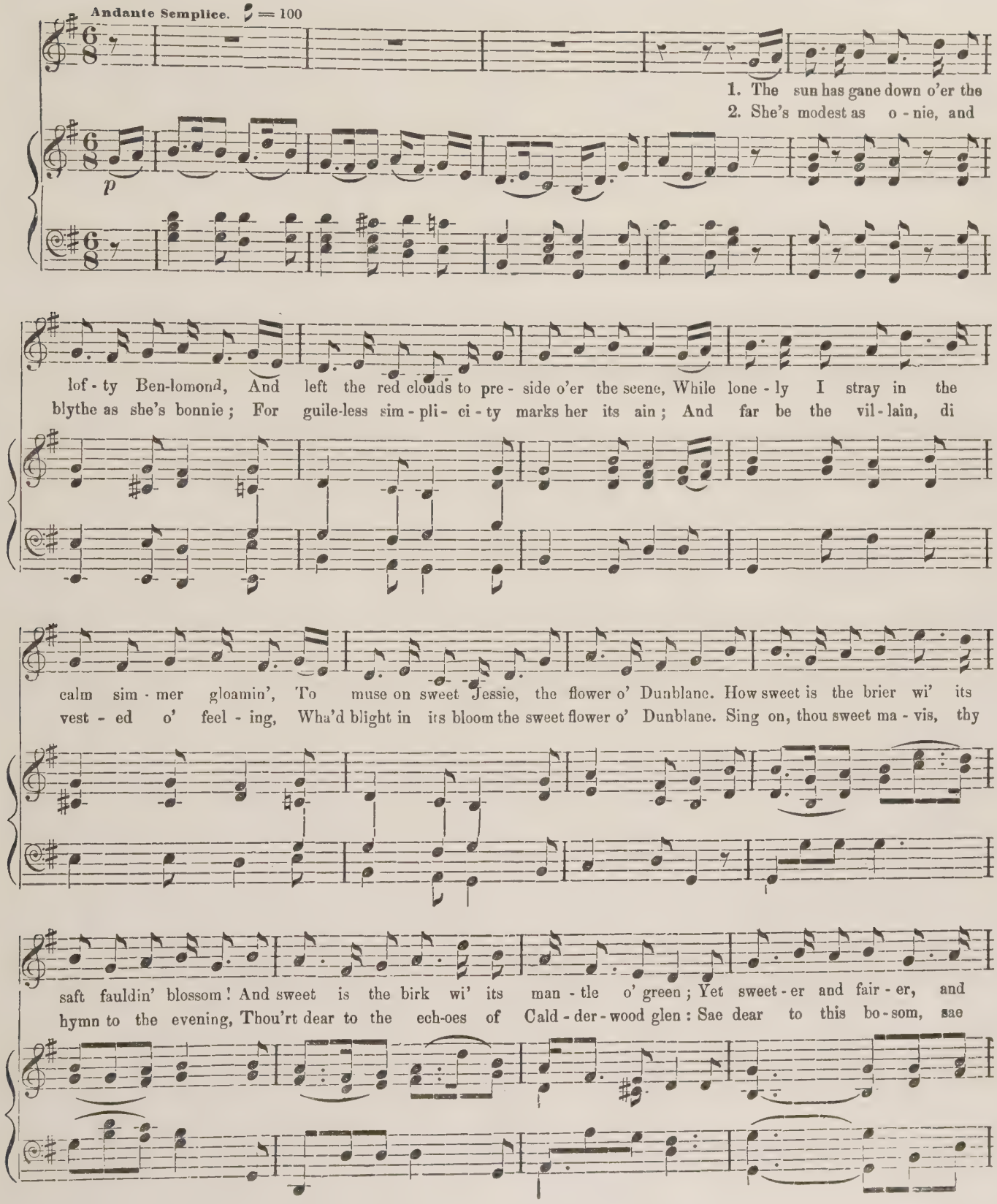
high - land cot, And wandered forth with me: Tho' flowers deck'd the mountain's side, And fragrance fill'd the
she to me, In sorrow's lone - ly hour; When tempests lash'd our gal - lant bark, And rent her shivering
hap - pi - ness, And tales of dis - tant land; My life had been a wil - derness, Unblest by for - tune's

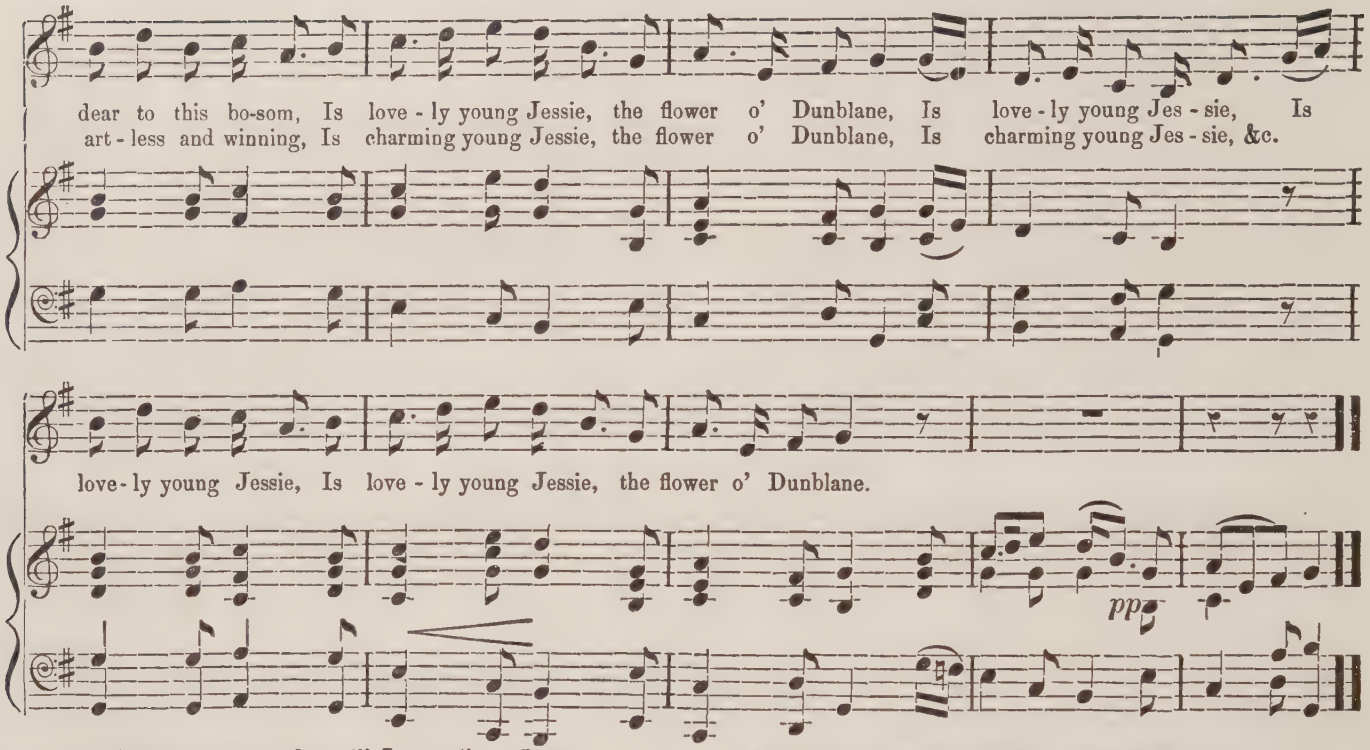
vale, By far the sweetest flow - er there, Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale, Was the Rose of Al - lan-
sail, One maid-en form with - stood the storm, 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale, &c.
gale, Had fate not link'd my lot to hers, The Rose of Al - lan - dale, &c.

dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, By far the sweet - est flower there, Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

Words by R. Tannahill. R. A. Smith.


Andante Semplice. ♪ = 100
p
1. The sun has gane down o'er the
2. She's modest as o - nie, and
lof - ty Ben-lomond, And left the red clouds to pre - side o'er the scene, While lone - ly I stray in the
blythe as she's bonnie; For guile-less sim - pli - ci - ty marks her its ain; And far be the vil - lain, di
calm sim - mer gloamin', To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane. How sweet is the brier wi' its
vest - ed o' feel - ing, Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane. Sing on, thou sweet ma - vis, thy
saft fauldin' blossom! And sweet is the birk wi' its man - tle o' green; Yet sweet - er and fair - er, and
hymn to the evening, Thou'rt dear to the ech-oes of Cald - der - wood glen: Sae dear to this bo - som, sae

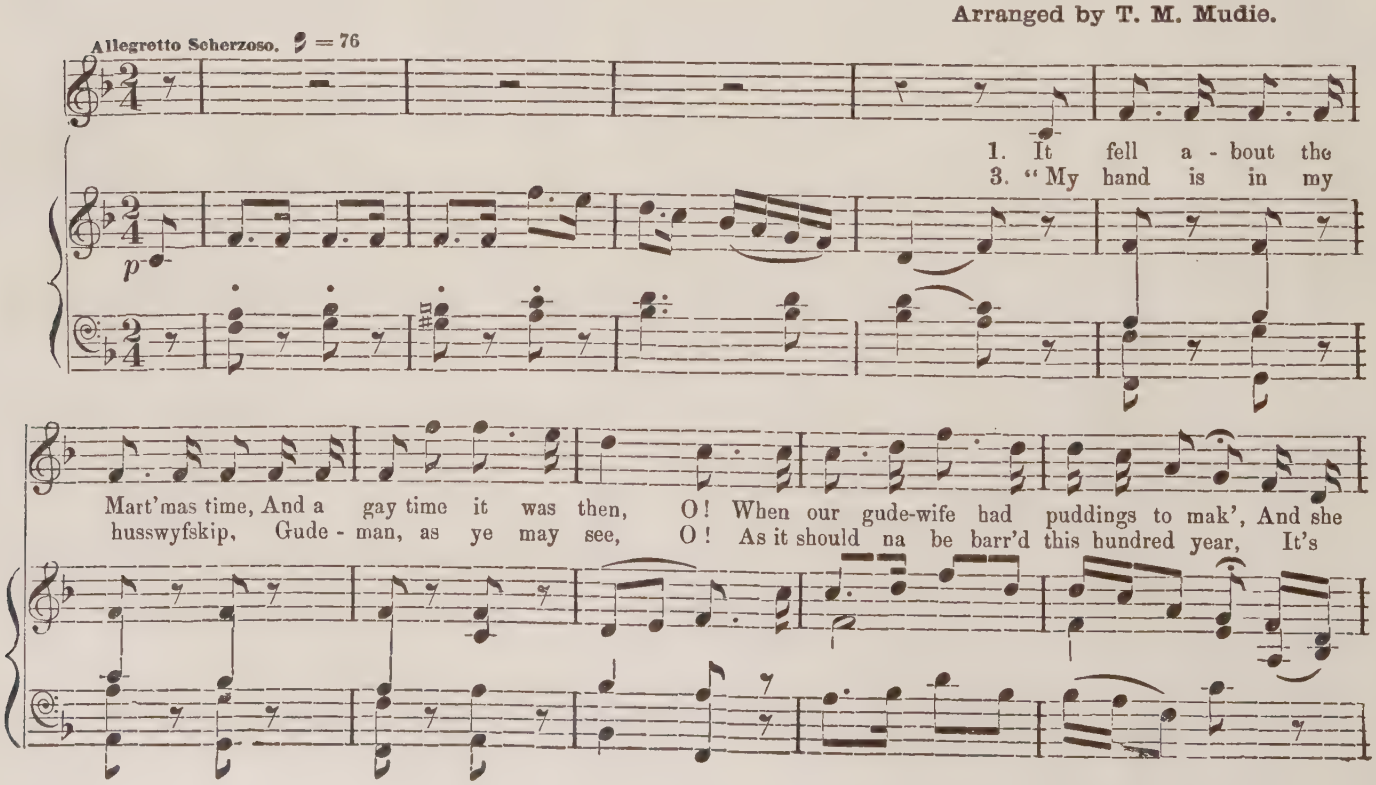

dear to this bo-som, Is love - ly young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane, Is love - ly young Jes - sie, Is
art - less and winning, Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane, Is charming young Jes - sie, &c.
love - ly young Jessie, Is love - ly young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
pp

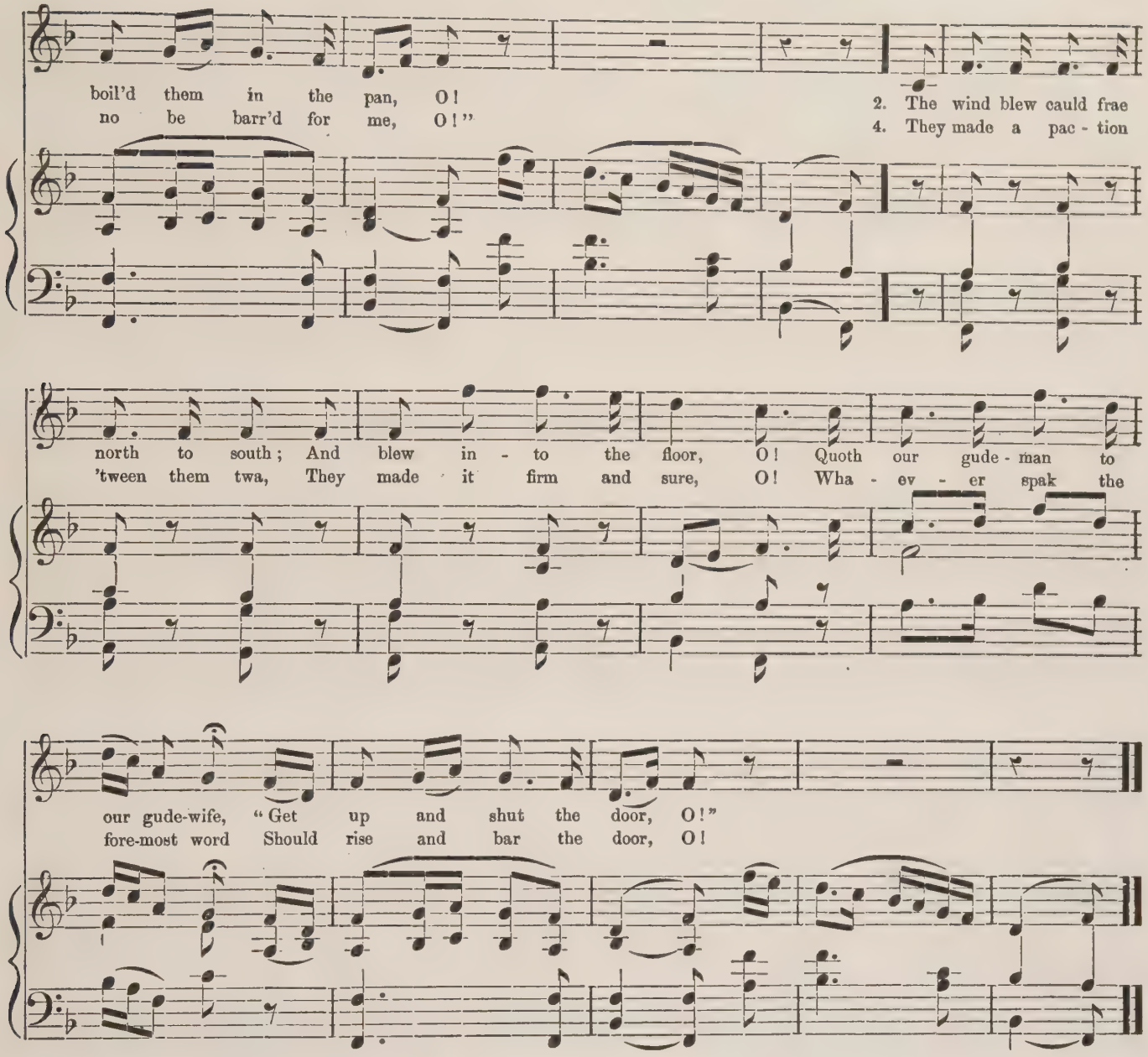
3 How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

Arranged by T. M. Mudie.


Allegretto Scherzoso. ♩ = 76
1. It fell a - bout the
3. "My hand is in my
p
Mart'mas time, And a gay time it was then, O! When our gude-wife had puddings to mak', And she
husswyfskip, Gude - man, as ye may see, O! As it should na be barr'd this hundred year, It's


boil'd them in the pan, O!
no be barr'd for me, O!"
2. The wind blew cauld frae
4. They made a pac - tion
north to south; And blew in - to the floor, O! Quoth our gude - man to
'tween them twa, They made it firm and sure, O! Wha - ev - er spak the
our gude-wife, "Get up and shut the door, O!"
fore-most word Should rise and bar the door, O!

5 Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night, O!
And they could neither see house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle light, O!

6 Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, O?
But never a word wad one o' them speak,
For barring o' the door, O!

7 And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black, O!
Though muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak', O!

8 Then said the ane unto the other—
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!"

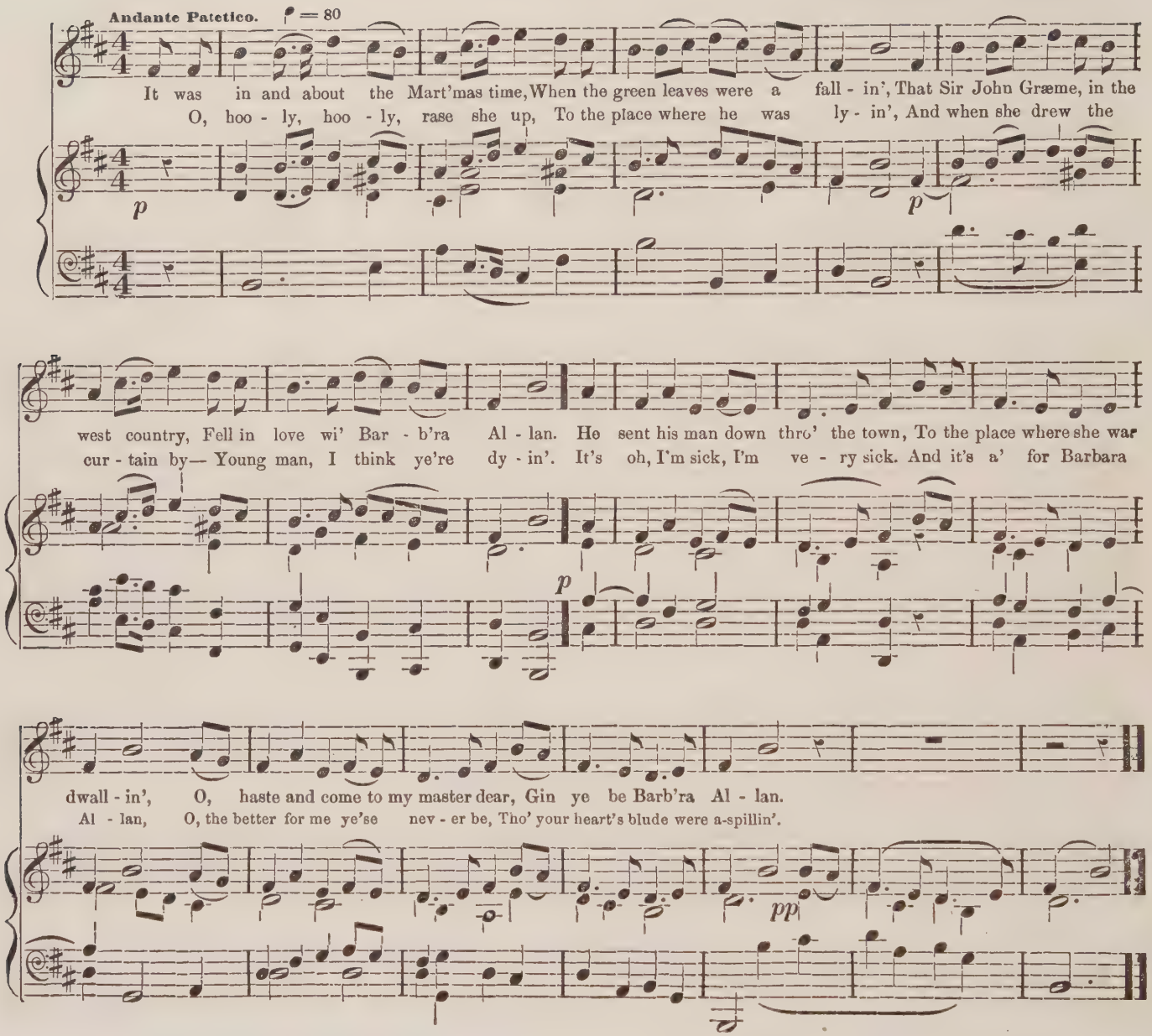
9 "But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do then, O?"
"What ails ye at the puddin' broo,
That boils into the pan, O?"

10 O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O!
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scand me wi' pudding bree, O?"

11 Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O!
"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, O!"

BARBARA ALLAN.

Arranged by J. T. Surenne.


Andante Patetico. ♩ = 80
It was in and about the Mart'mas time, When the green leaves were a fall - in', That Sir John Græme, in the
O, hoo - ly, hoo - ly, rase she up, To the place where he was ly - in', And when she drew the
p
p
west country, Fell in love wi' Bar - b'ra Al - lan. He sent his man down thro' the town, To the place where she war
cur - tain by— Young man, I think ye're dy - in'. It's oh, I'm sick, I'm ve - ry sick. And it's a' for Barbara
p
dwall - in', O, haste and come to my master dear, Gin ye be Barb'ra Al - lan.
Al - lan, O, the better for me ye'se nev - er be, Tho' your heart's blude were a-spillin'.
pp

Oh, dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
When the red wine ye were fillin',
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slichtit Barbara Allan?

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealin';
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allan

And slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighin', said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

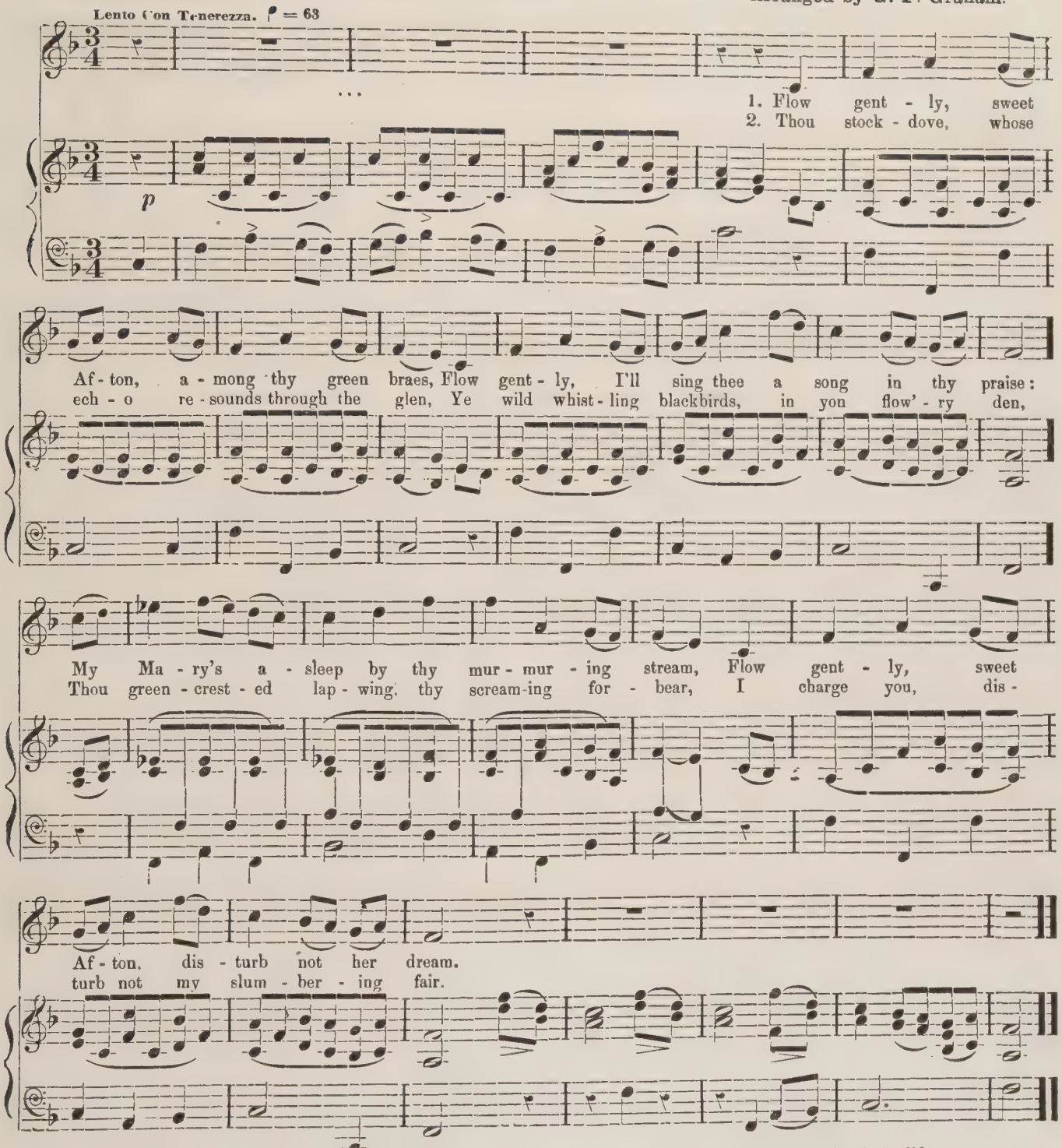
She hadna gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell knellin'
And every jow that the deid-bell gi'ed,
It cried, Woe to Barbara Allan.

Oh, mother, mother, mak' my bed,
And mak' it saft and narrow,
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

AFTON WATER.

Words by Burns.

Arranged by G. F. Graham.


Lento Con Tenerezza. ♩ = 63
1. Flow gent - ly, sweet
2. Thou stock - dove, whose
p
Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise:
ech - o re - sounds through the glen, Ye wild whist - ling blackbirds, in yon flow' - ry den,
My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet
Thou green - crest - ed lap - wing, thy scream-ing for - bear, I charge you, dis -
Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.

3 How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear-winding rills;
There daily I wander, as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

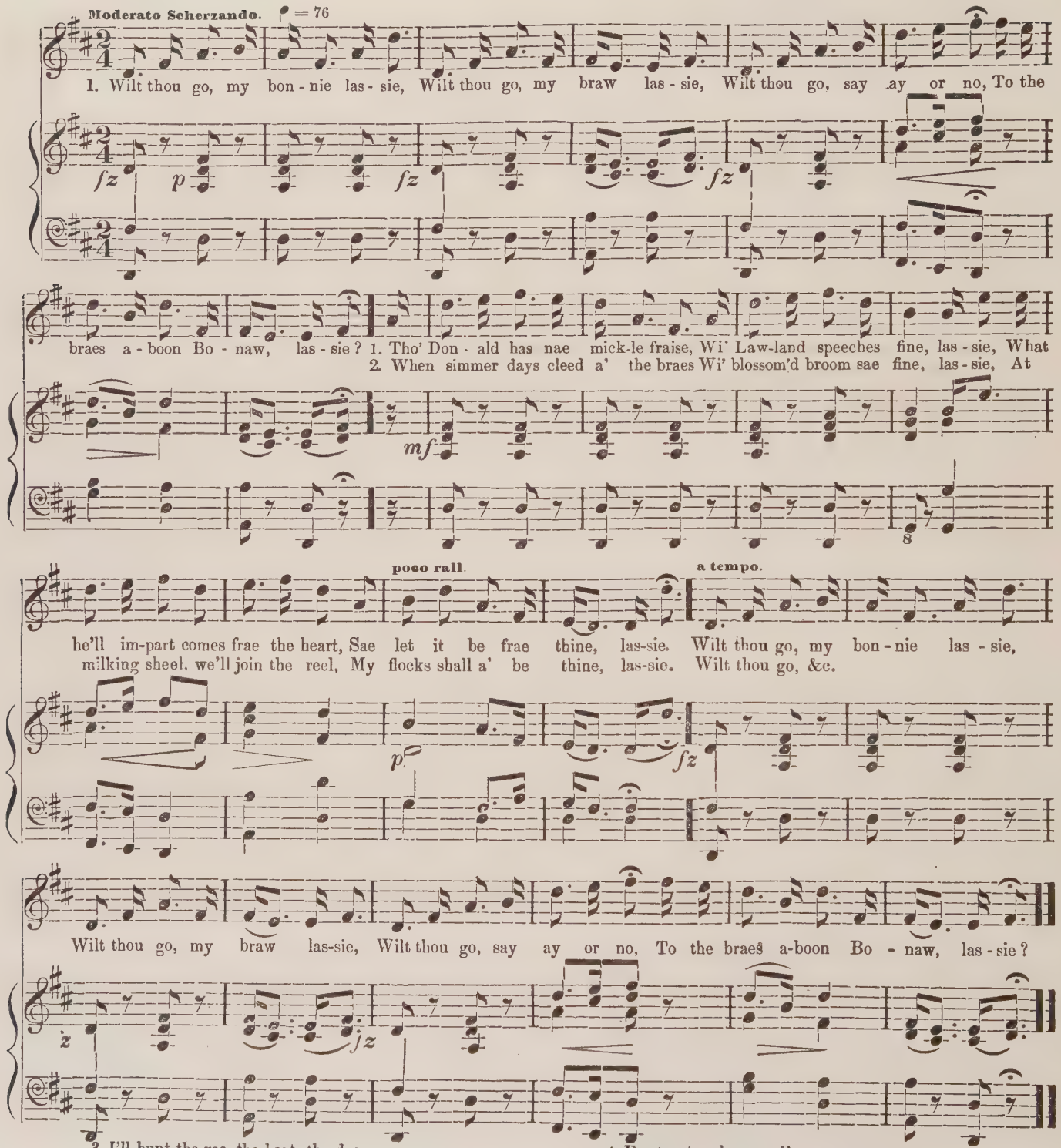
4 How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild evening creeps o'er the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

5 Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave!

6 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes!
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE BRAES ABOON BONAW

Arranged by J. T. Surenne.


Moderato Scherzando. ♩ = 76
1. Wilt thou go, my bon - nie las - sie, Wilt thou go, my braw las - sie, Wilt thou go, say ay or no, To the
braes a - boon Bo - naw, las - sie ? 1. Tho' Don - ald has nae mick-le fraise, Wi' Law-land speeches fine, las - sie, What
2. When simmer days cleed a' the braes Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, las - sie, At
poco rall.
a tempo.
he'll im-part comes frae the heart, Sae let it be frae thine, las-sie. Wilt thou go, my bon - nie las - sie,
milking sheel, we'll join the reel, My flocks shall a' be thine, las-sie. Wilt thou go, &c.
Wilt thou go, my braw las-sie, Wilt thou go, say ay or no, To the braes a-boon Bo - naw, las - sie ?

3 I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie,
For duck and drake, I'll beat the brake,
Nae want shall come thee nigh, lassie.
Wilt thou go, my bonnie lassie,
Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,
Wilt thou go, say ay or no,
To the braes aboon Bonaw, lassie?

4 For trout and par, wi' canny care,
I'll wiley skim the flce, lassie;
Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear,
Then come awa' wi' me, lassie.
"Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie,
Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie,
Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share,
'Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie."

THE YEAR 'THAT'S AWA'.

Words by Dunlop.

Moderato. ♩ = 52

mf

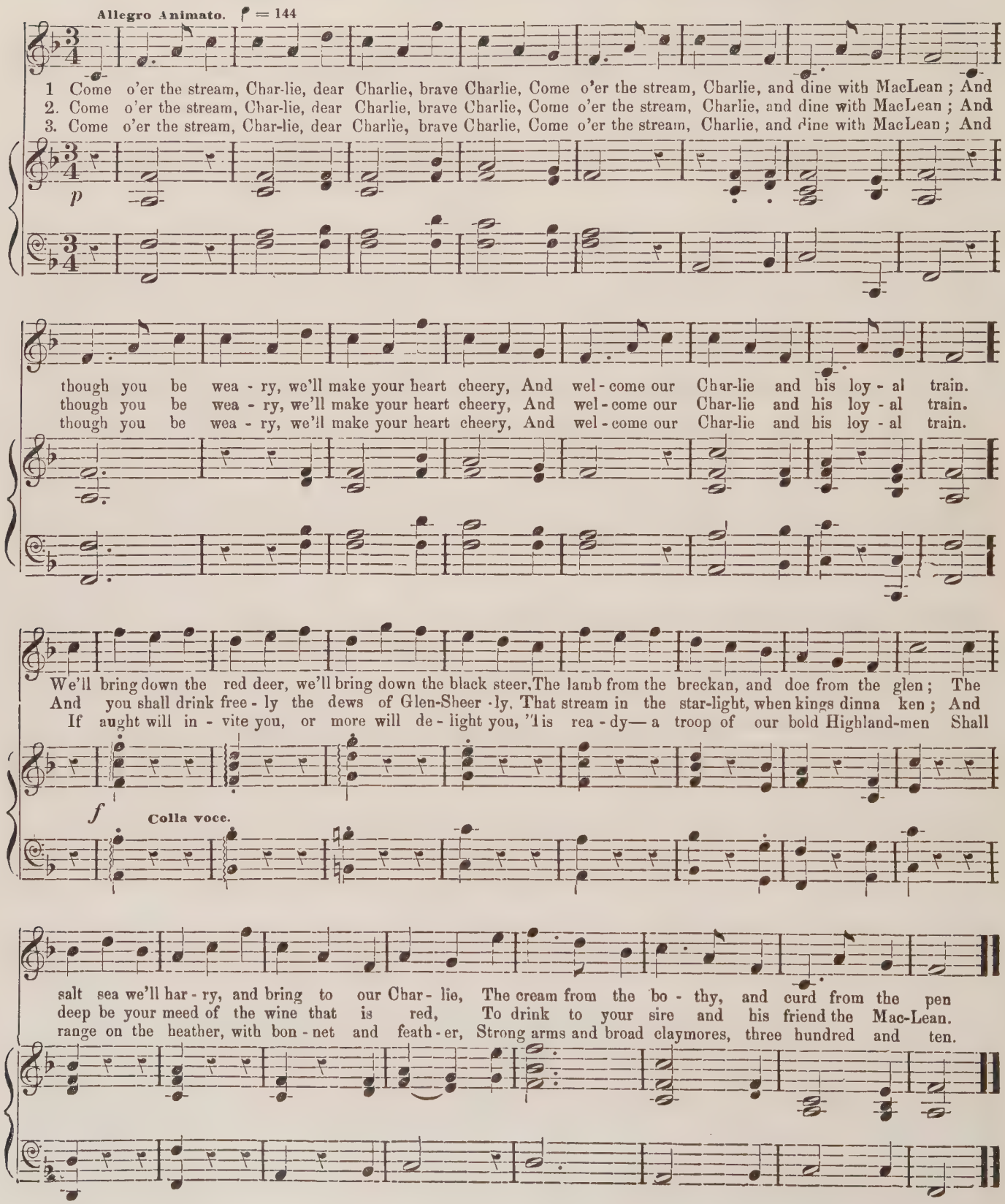
1. Here's to the year that's a - wa'!.... We'll drink it in strong and in sma';.... And
2. Here's to the sodg - er who bled,.... And the sai - lor who brave - ly did fa';... Their
3. Here's to the friends we can trust,.... When the storms of ad - ver - si - ty blaw,... May they

p

here's to ilk bon - nie young las - sie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'..... And
fame is a - live, tho' their spir - its are fled On the wings of the year that's a - wa'..... Their
live in our song, and be near-est our hearts, Nor de-part like the year that's a - wa'..... May they

here's to ilk bon - nie young las - sie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'.....
fame is a - live, though their spir - its are fled, On the wings of the year that's a - wa'.....
live in our song, and be near - est our hearts, Nor de - part like the year that's a - wa'.....

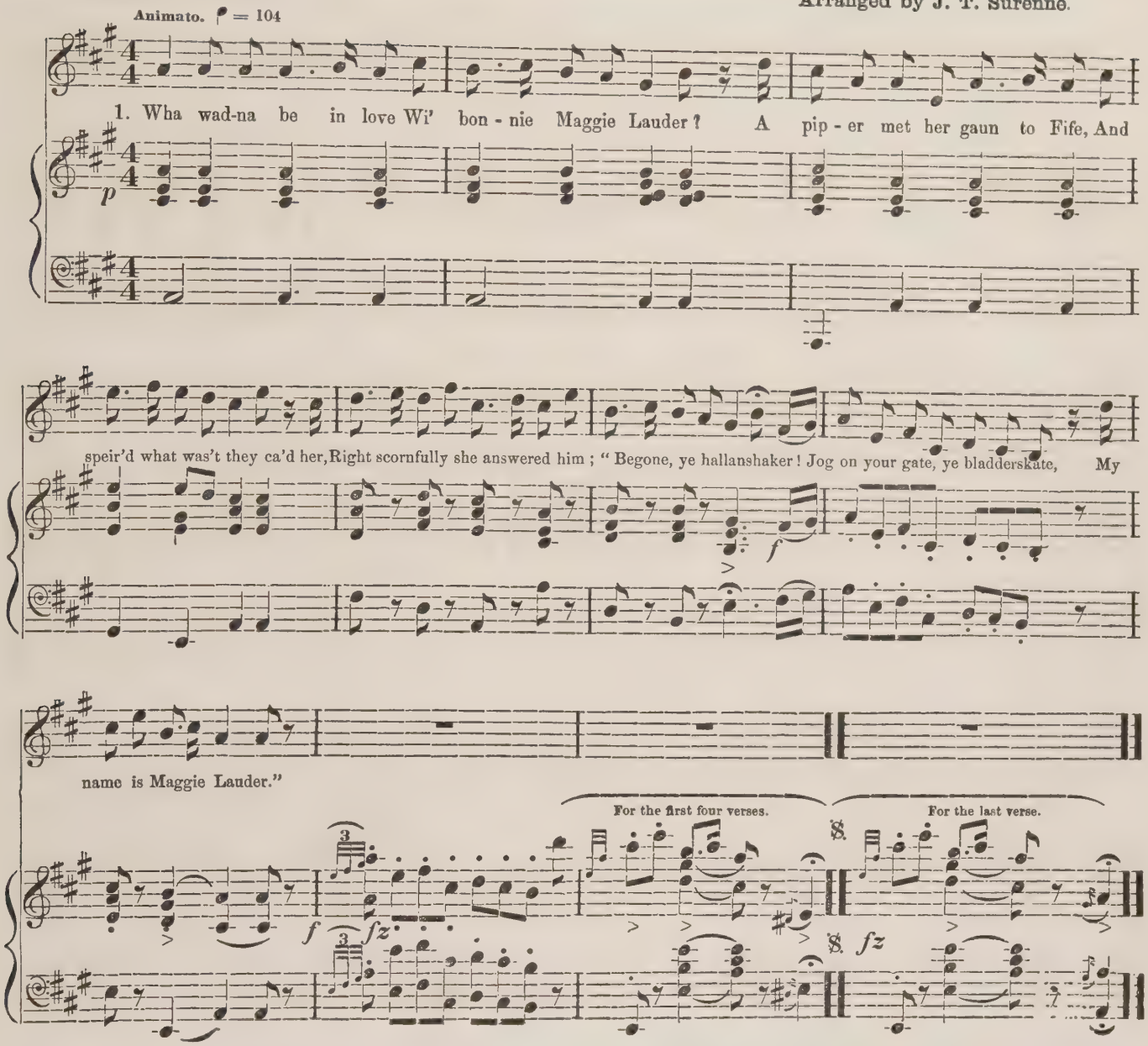
COME O'ER THE STREAM, CHARLIE.

Words by James Hogg. Air—"McLean's Welcome."

Allegro Animato. ♩ = 144
1 Come o'er the stream, Char-lie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean; And
2. Come o'er the stream, Char-lie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean; And
3. Come o'er the stream, Char-lie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean; And
p
though you be wea - ry, we'll make your heart cheery, And wel - come our Char-lie and his loy - al train.
though you be wea - ry, we'll make your heart cheery, And wel - come our Char-lie and his loy - al train.
though you be wea - ry, we'll make your heart cheery, And wel - come our Char-lie and his loy - al train.
We'll bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steer, The lamb from the breckan, and doe from the glen; The
And you shall drink free - ly the dews of Glen-Sheer - ly, That stream in the star-light, when kings dinna ken; And
If aught will in - vite you, or more will de - light you, 'Tis rea - dy— a troop of our bold Highland-men Shall
f
Colla voce.
salt sea we'll har - ry, and bring to our Char - lie, The cream from the bo - thy, and curd from the pen
deep be your meed of the wine that is red, To drink to your sire and his friend the Mac-Lean.
range on the heather, with bon - net and feath - er, Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

Words by F. Semple.

Arranged by J. T. Surenne.


Animato. ♩ = 104
1. Wha wad-na be in love Wi' bon - nie Maggie Lauder? A pip - er met her gaun to Fife, And
p
speir'd what was't they ca'd her, Right scornfully she answered him; "Begone, ye hallanshaker! Jog on your gate, ye bladderskate, My
f
name is Maggie Lauder."
For the first four verses.
For the last verse.
f fz
fz

2

Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags,
I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

3

Piper, quo' Mag, ha'e ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If ye bé Rob, I've heard of you,
Live you upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right gude will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

4

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done! quo' he—play up! quo' she;
Weel bobb'd! quo' Rob the Ranter;
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I ha'e sic a dancer.

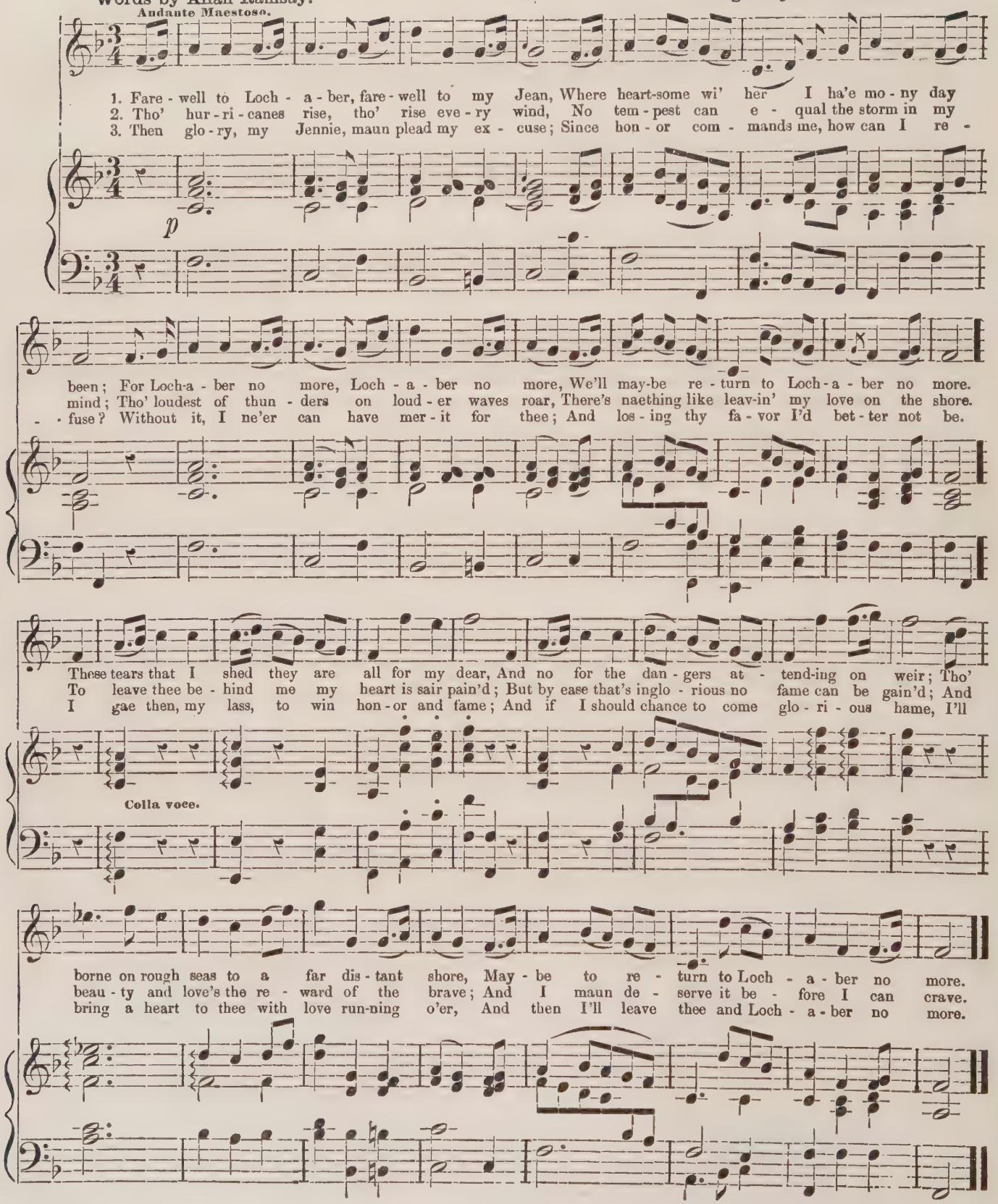
5

Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's none in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habbie Simson.
I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

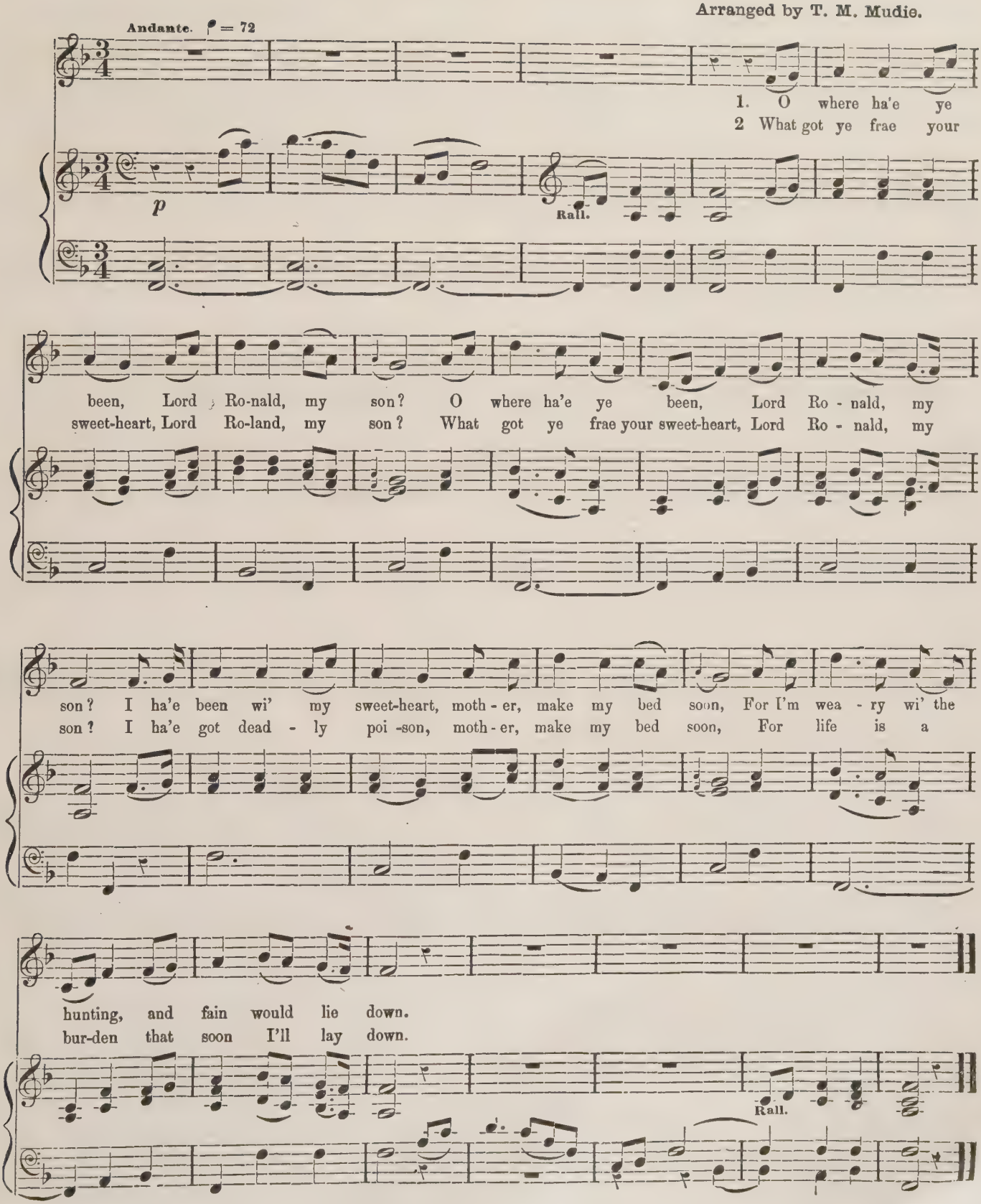
Words by Allan Ramsay. Arranged by T. M. Mudie.

Andante Maestoso.


1. Fare - well to Loch - a - ber, fare - well to my Jean, Where heart-some wi' her I ha'e mo - ny day
2. Tho' hur - ri - canes rise, tho' rise eve - ry wind, No tem - pest can e - qual the storm in my
3. Then glo - ry, my Jennie, maun plead my ex - cuse; Since hon - or com - mands me, how can I re -
p
been; For Loch-a - ber no more, Loch - a - ber no more, We'll may-be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.
mind; Tho' loudest of thun - ders on loud - er waves roar, There's naething like leav-in' my love on the shore.
- fuse? Without it, I ne'er can have mer - it for thee; And los - ing thy fa - vor I'd bet - ter not be.
These tears that I shed they are all for my dear, And no for the dan - gers at - tend-ing on weir; Tho'
To leave thee be - hind me my heart is sair pain'd; But by ease that's inglo - rious no fame can be gain'd; And
I gae then, my lass, to win hon - or and fame; And if I should chance to come glo - ri - ous hame, I'll
Colla voce.
borne on rough seas to a far dis - tant shore, May - be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.
beau - ty and love's the re - ward of the brave; And I maun de - serve it be - fore I can crave.
bring a heart to thee with love run-ning o'er, And then I'll leave thee and Loch - a - ber no more.

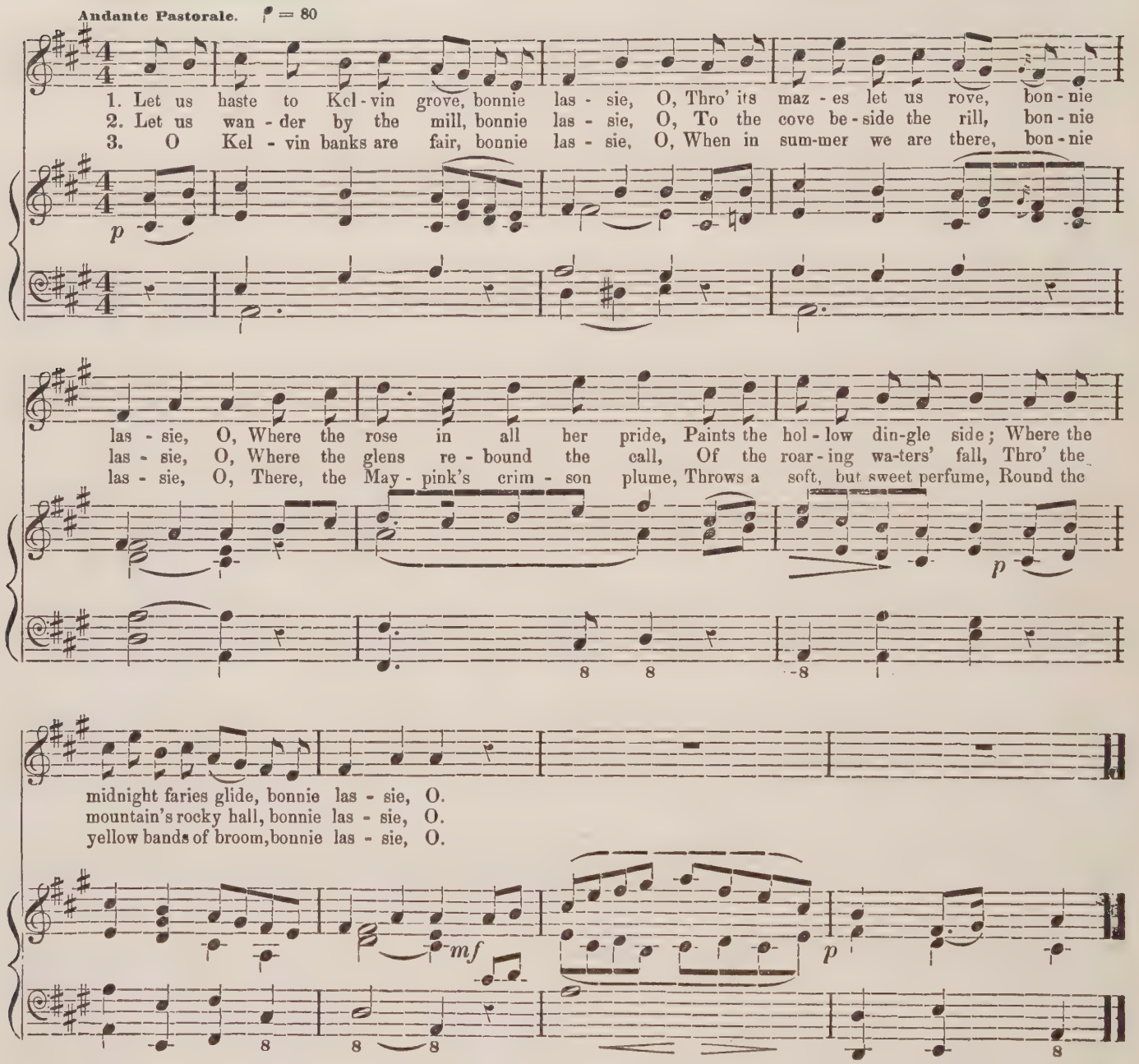
LORD RONALD.

Arranged by T. M. Mudie.


Andante. ♩ = 72
1. O where ha'e ye
2 What got ye frae your
p
Rall.
been, Lord Ro-nald, my son? O where ha'e ye been, Lord Ro - nald, my
sweet-heart, Lord Ro-land, my son? What got ye frae your sweet-heart, Lord Ro - nald, my
son? I ha'e been wi' my sweet-heart, moth - er, make my bed soon, For I'm wea - ry wi' the
son? I ha'e got dead - ly poi -son, moth - er, make my bed soon, For life is a
hunting, and fain would lie down.
bur-den that soon I'll lay down.
Rall.

KELVIN GROVE.

Words by Thomas Lyle. Arranged by J. T. Surenne.


Andante Pastorale. ♩ = 80
1. Let us haste to Kel - vin grove, bonnie las - sie, O, Thro' its maz - es let us rove, bon - nie
2. Let us wan - der by the mill, bonnie las - sie, O, To the cove be - side the rill, bon - nie
3. O Kel - vin banks are fair, bonnie las - sie, O, When in sum-mer we are there, bon - nie
p
las - sie, O, Where the rose in all her pride, Paints the hol - low din-gle side; Where the
las - sie, O, Where the glens re - bound the call, Of the roar - ing wa-ters' fall, Thro' the
las - sie, O, There, the May - pink's crim - son plume, Throws a soft, but sweet perfume, Round the
p
midnight faries glide, bonnie las - sie, O.
mountain's rocky hall, bonnie las - sie, O.
yellow bands of broom, bonnie las - sie, O.
mf
p

4

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

5

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere yon golden orb of day,
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

6

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

7

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

Arranged by T. M. Mudie.

♩ = 120. Andante Mesto.

1. Gin liv - in' worth could win my heart, You would not speak in vain; But in the dark-some grave 'tis laid, Ne'er, ne'er to rise a - gain.
2. Yet, oh! gin heav'n in mer - cy soon Would grant the boon I crave, And take this life, now nae-thing worth, Sin' Jamie's in his grave!
3. I come, I come, my Ja - mie dear, And, oh, wi' what gude will I fol-low, whereso - e'er ye lead! Ye can - na lead to ill!

My wae - fu' heart lies low wi' his, Whose heart was on - ly mine; And, oh! what a heart was
And see! his gen - tle spir - it comes, To show me on my way; Sur - prised, nae doubt, I
She said, and soon a dead - ly pale Her fa - ded cheek pos - sess'd; Her wae - fu' heart for -

that to lose; But I maun no re - pine.
still am here, Sair wondering at my stay.
- - got to beat; Her sor - rows sunk to rest.

colla voce.

A tempo.

MARY MORISON.

Words by Burns. Air ;—The Miller.

♩ = 84. Moderato e con Tenerezza.

1. O, Ma - ry, at thy window be; It
2. Yes - treen, when to the stented string, The
3. O, Ma - ry, canst thou wreck his peace, Wha

f *pp* *f* *pp* *p*

is the wish'd, the rryst - ed hour: Those smiles and glan - ces let me see, That make the mi - ser's trea - sure poor.
dance gaed thro' the lich - tit ha' To thee my fan - cy took its wing, I sat, but neith - er heard nor saw.
for thy sake wad glad - ly dee? Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whase on-ly faut is lov - ing thee?

Cres. *p* Cres. *p*

Animato.

How blythe-ly wad I bide the stoure, A wea - ry slave frae sun to sun, Could I the rich re -
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw, And yon the toast o' a' the town, I sigh'd and said a -
If love for love thou wilt na gi'e, At least be pit - y to me shown, A thocht un - gen - tle

mf *p* Cres. *p* Cres.

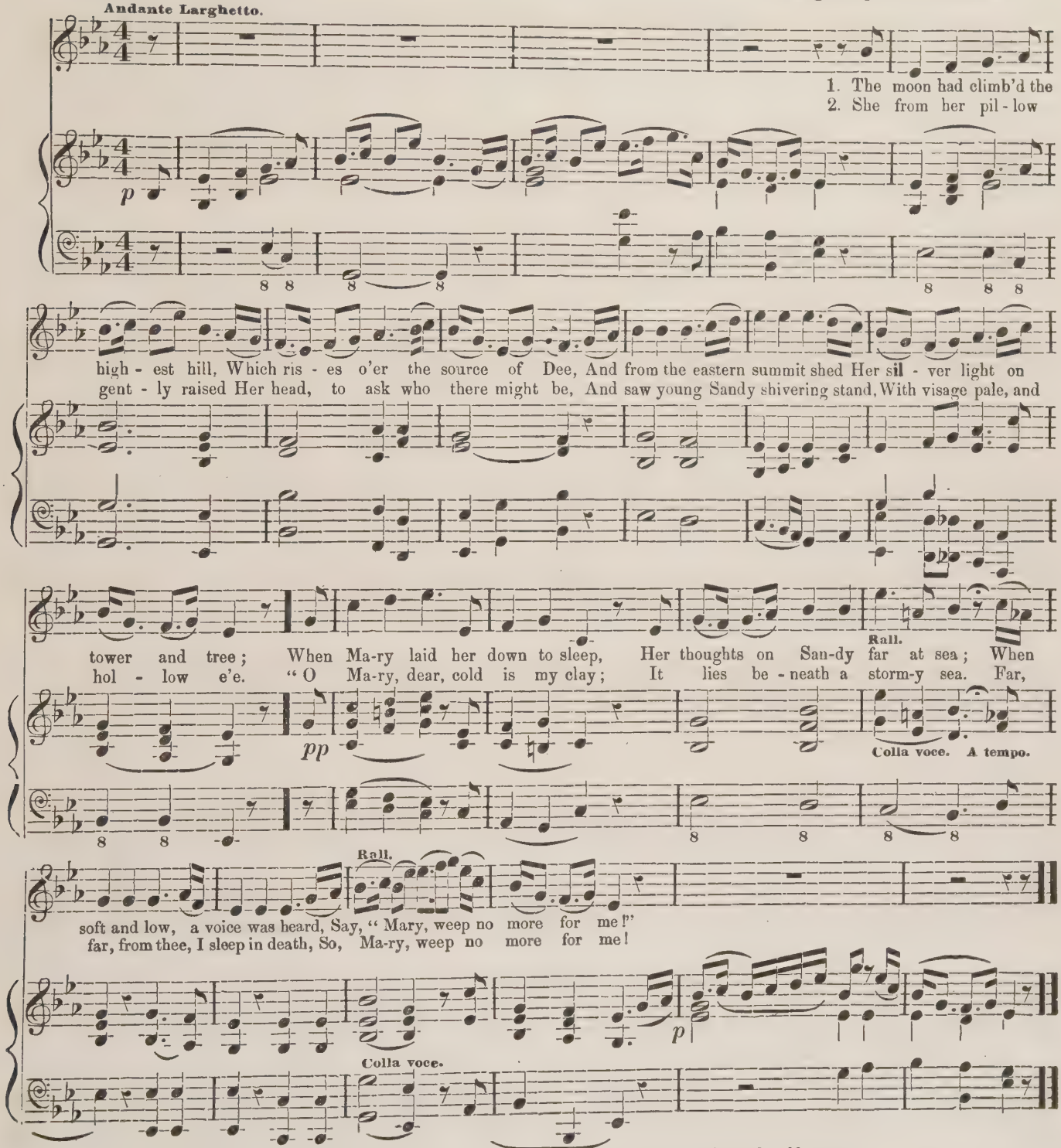
- ward secure, The love - ly Ma - ry Mo - ri-son.
- mang them a', Ye are na Ma - ry Mo - ri-son.
can - na be The thocht of Ma - ry Mo - ri-son.

p *f* *p*

MARY'S DREAM.

Words by J. Lowe. ♩ = 60

Arranged by T. M. Mudie.


Andante Larghetto.
1. The moon had climb'd the
2. She from her pil - low
high - est hill, Which ris - es o'er the source of Dee, And from the eastern summit shed Her sil - ver light on
gent - ly raised Her head, to ask who there might be, And saw young Sandy shivering stand, With visage pale, and
tower and tree; When Ma-ry laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on San-dy far at sea; When
hol - low e'e. "O Ma-ry, dear, cold is my clay; It lies be - neath a storm-y sea. Far,
Rall.
Colla voce. A tempo.
soft and low, a voice was heard, Say, "Mary, weep no more for me!"
far, from thee, I sleep in death, So, Ma-ry, weep no more for me!
Colla voce.

3 Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We toss'd upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee;
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

4 O maiden dear thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled;
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

Words by Burns. Arranged by Finlay Dun.

Con Spirito. ♩. = 80

1. My wife's a win-some wee thing, She
2. O leeze me on my wee thing, My

mf *p*

is a hand-some wee thing, She is a bon-nie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine.
bon-nie, blithe-some wee thing; Sae lang's I ha'e my wee thing, I'll think my lot di-vine.

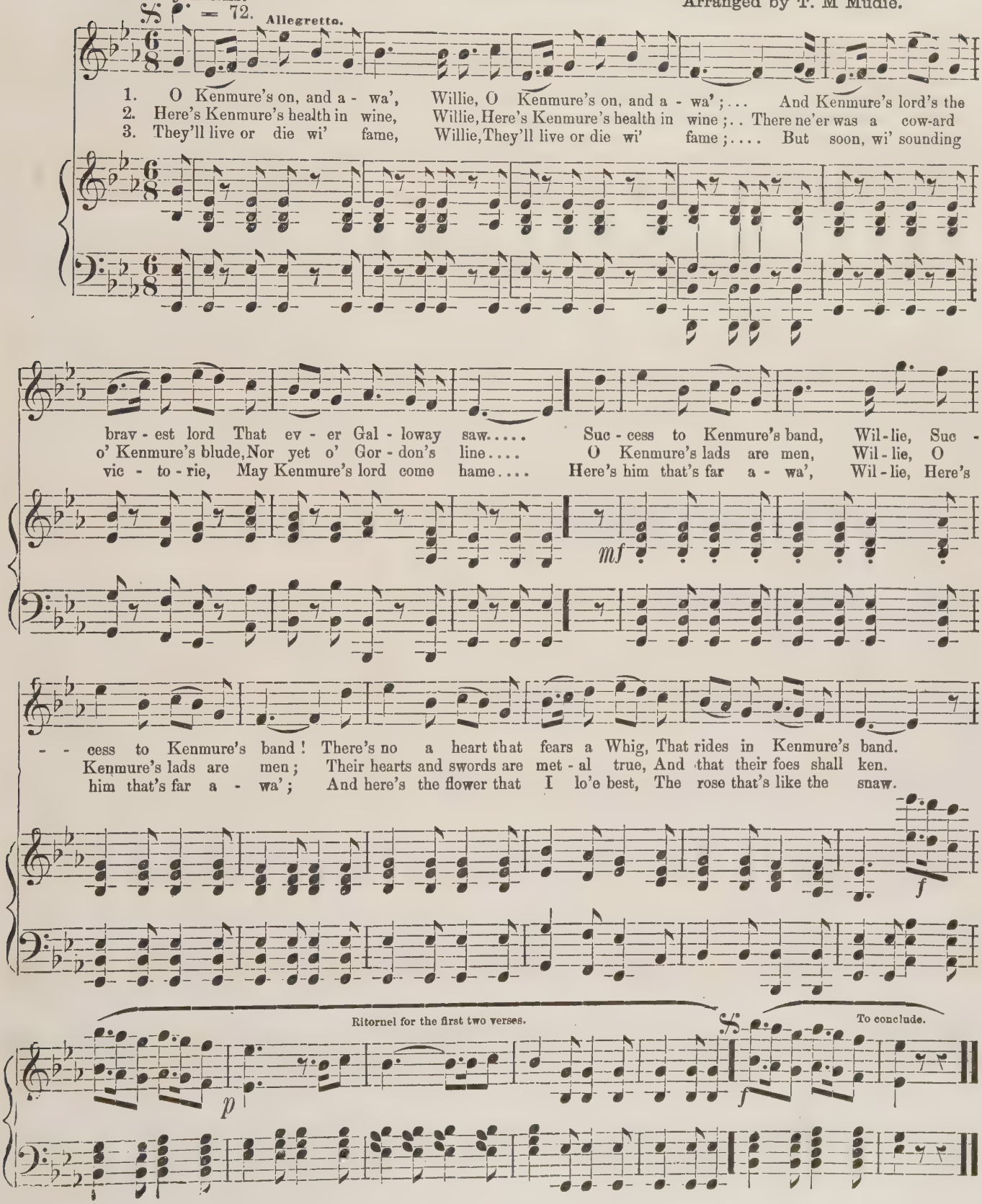
I nev-er saw a fair-er, I nev-er lo'ed a dear-er, And neist my heart I'll
Though warld's care we share o't, And may sae meik-le mair o't, Wi' her I'll blithe-ly

sf

wear her, For fear my jew-el tine.... .....
bear it, And ne'er a word re-pine.....

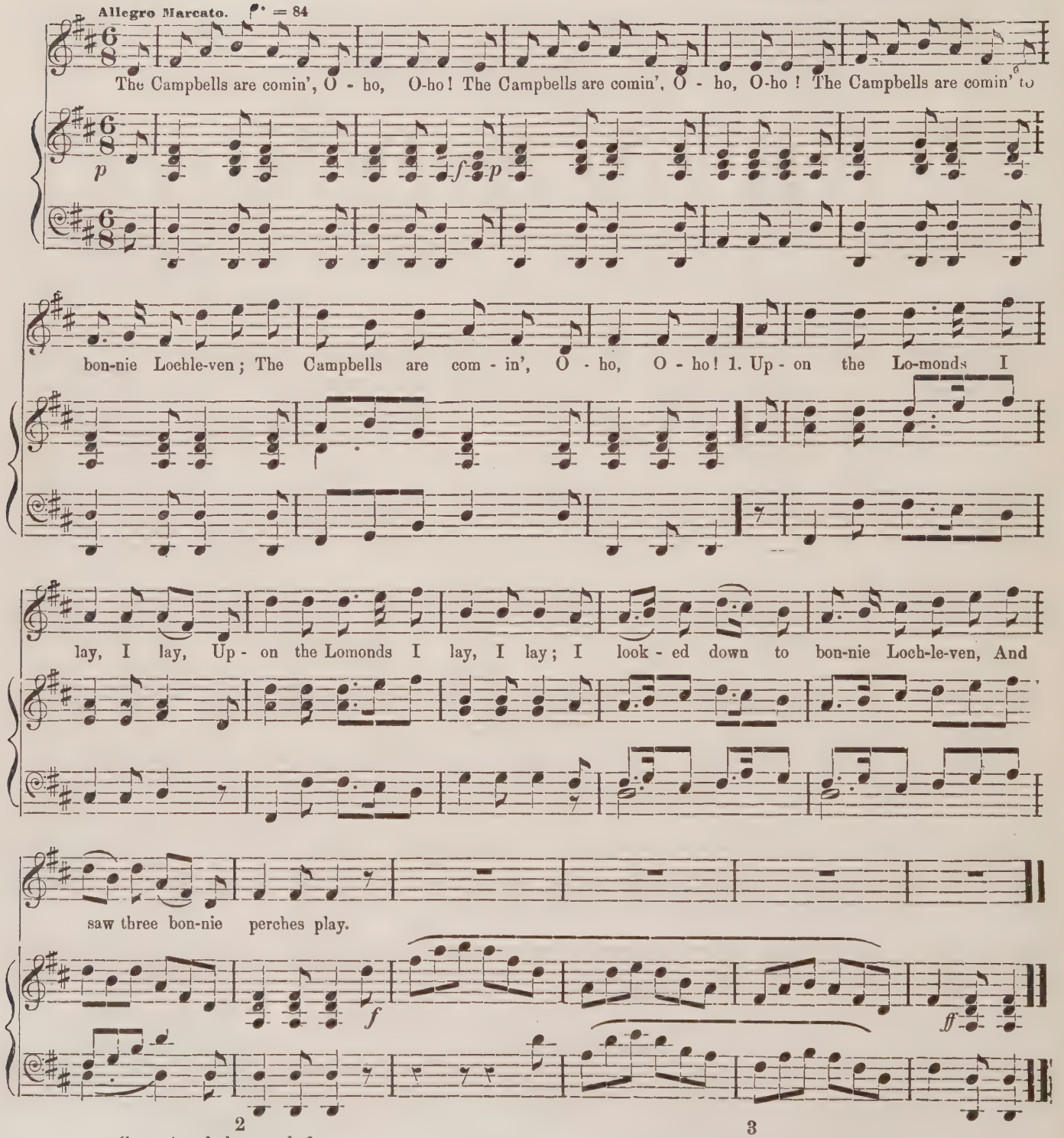
f

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA', WILLIE.

Words by Burns. Arranged by T. M Mudie.

Allegretto.
1. O Kenmure's on, and a - wa', Willie, O Kenmure's on, and a - wa'; ... And Kenmure's lord's the
2. Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie, Here's Kenmure's health in wine; .. There ne'er was a cow-ard
3. They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie, They'll live or die wi' fame; .... But soon, wi' sounding
brav - est lord That ev - er Gal - loway saw..... Suc - cess to Kenmure's band, Wil - lie, Suc -
o' Kenmure's blude, Nor yet o' Gor - don's line.... O Kenmure's lads are men, Wil - lie, O
vic - to - rie, May Kenmure's lord come hame.... Here's him that's far a - wa', Wil - lie, Here's
mf
- - cess to Kenmure's band! There's no a heart that fears a Whig, That rides in Kenmure's band.
Kenmure's lads are men; Their hearts and swords are met - al true, And that their foes shall ken.
him that's far a - wa'; And here's the flower that I lo'e best, The rose that's like the snaw.
f
Ritornel for the first two verses.
p
To conclude.
f

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

Arranged by Finlay Dun.


Allegro Marcato. ♩. = 84
The Campbells are comin', O - ho, O-ho! The Campbells are comin', O - ho, O-ho! The Campbells are comin' to
p
f p
bon-nie Lochle-ven; The Campbells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! 1. Up - on the Lo-monds I
lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I look - ed down to bon-nie Loch-le-ven, And
saw three bon-nie perches play.
f
ff

2

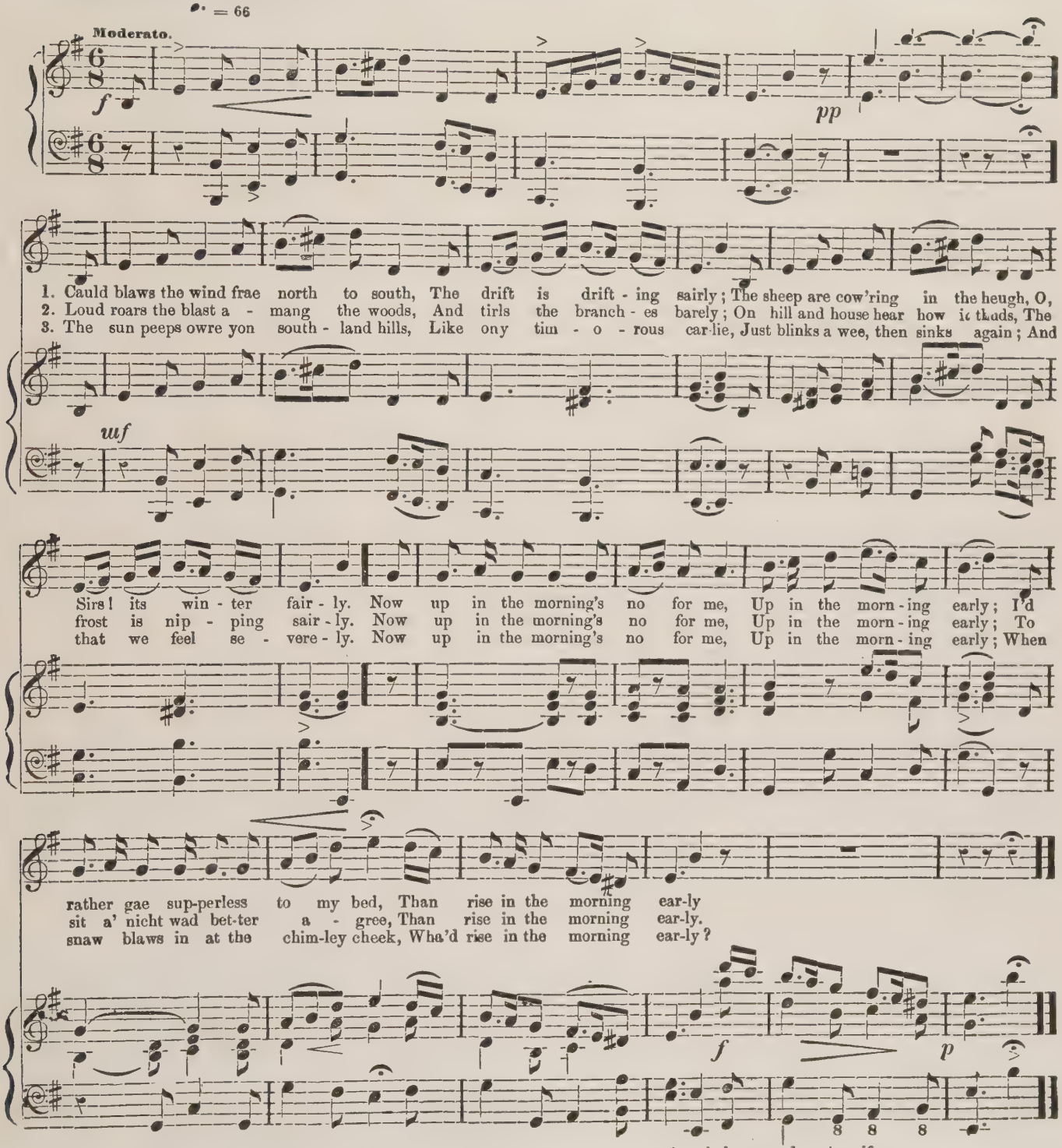
Great Argyle he goes before,
He makes the cannons and guns to roar,
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,
The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!
The Campbells are comin', &c.

3

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show;
Wi' banners rattling in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!
The Campbells are comin', &c.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Words by John Hamilton.

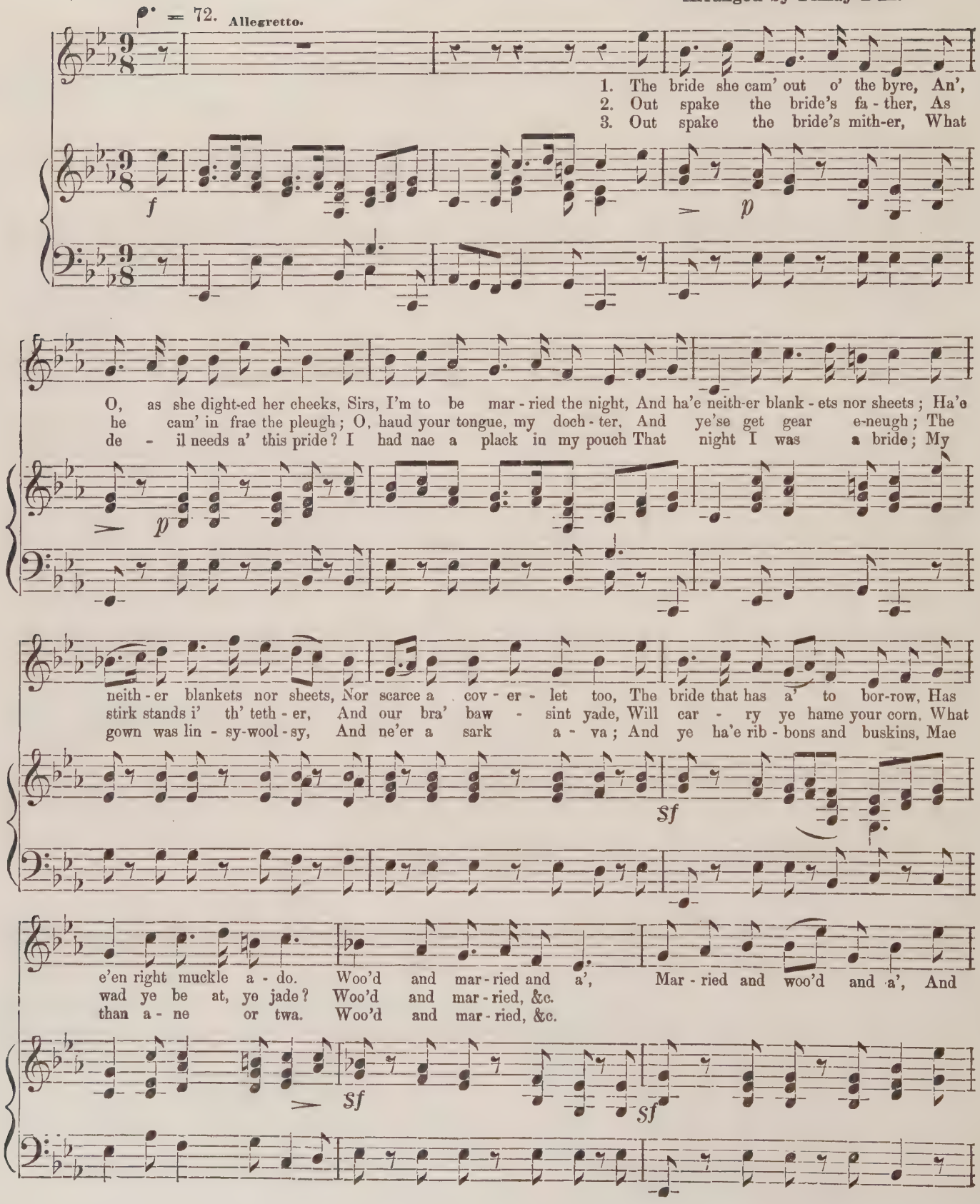

♩. = 66
Moderato.
f
pp
uf
1. Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, The drift is drift - ing sairly; The sheep are cow'ring in the heugh, O,
2. Loud roars the blast a - mang the woods, And tirls the branch - es barely; On hill and house hear how it thuds, The
3. The sun peeps owre yon south - land hills, Like ony tim - o - rous car-lie, Just blinks a wee, then sinks again; And
Sirs! its win - ter fair - ly. Now up in the morning's no for me, Up in the morn - ing early; I'd
frost is nip - ping sair - ly. Now up in the morning's no for me, Up in the morn - ing early; To
that we feel se - vere - ly. Now up in the morning's no for me, Up in the morn - ing early; When
rather gae sup-perless to my bed, Than rise in the morning ear-ly
sit a' nicht wad bet-ter a - gree, Than rise in the morning ear-ly.
snaw blaws in at the chim-ley cheek, Wha'd rise in the morning ear-ly?
f
p
8 8 8

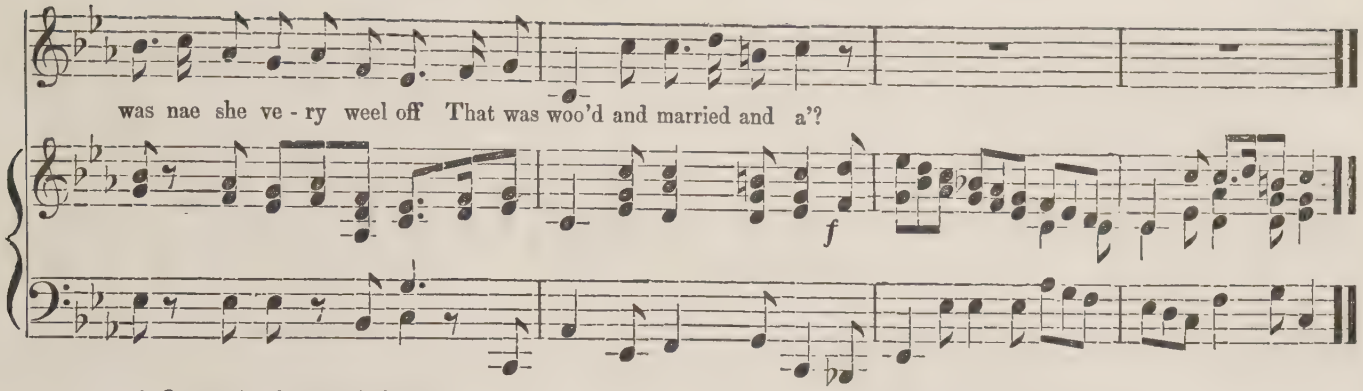
4 Nae linties lit on hedge or bush;
Poor things, they suffer sairly;
In cauldrife quarters a' the nicht;
A' day they feed but sparely.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
A pennyless purse I wad rather dree,
Than rise in the morning early.

5 A cosie house and canty wife,
Aye keep a body cheerly;
And pantries stow'd wi' meat and drink,
They answer unco rarely.
But up in the morning—na, na, na!
Up in the morning early!
The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,
When I rise in the morning early.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

Arranged by Finlay Dun.


♩. = 72. Allegretto.
1. The bride she cam' out o' the byre, An',
2. Out spake the bride's fa - ther, As
3. Out spake the bride's mith-er, What
f
p
O, as she dight-ed her cheeks, Sirs, I'm to be mar - ried the night, And ha'e neith-er blank - ets nor sheets; Ha'e
he cam' in frae the pleugh; O, haud your tongue, my doch - ter, And ye'se get gear e-neugh; The
de - il needs a' this pride? I had nae a plack in my pouch That night I was a bride; My
p
neith - er blankets nor sheets, Nor scarce a cov - er - let too, The bride that has a' to bor-row, Has
stirk stands i' th' teth - er, And our bra' baw - sint yade, Will car - ry ye hame your corn, What
gown was lin - sy-wool - sy, And ne'er a sark a - va; And ye ha'e rib - bons and buskins, Mae
Sf
e'en right muckle a - do. Woo'd and mar - ried and a', Mar - ried and woo'd and a', And
wad ye be at, ye jade? Woo'd and mar - ried, &c.
than a - ne or twa. Woo'd and mar - ried, &c.
Sf
Sf

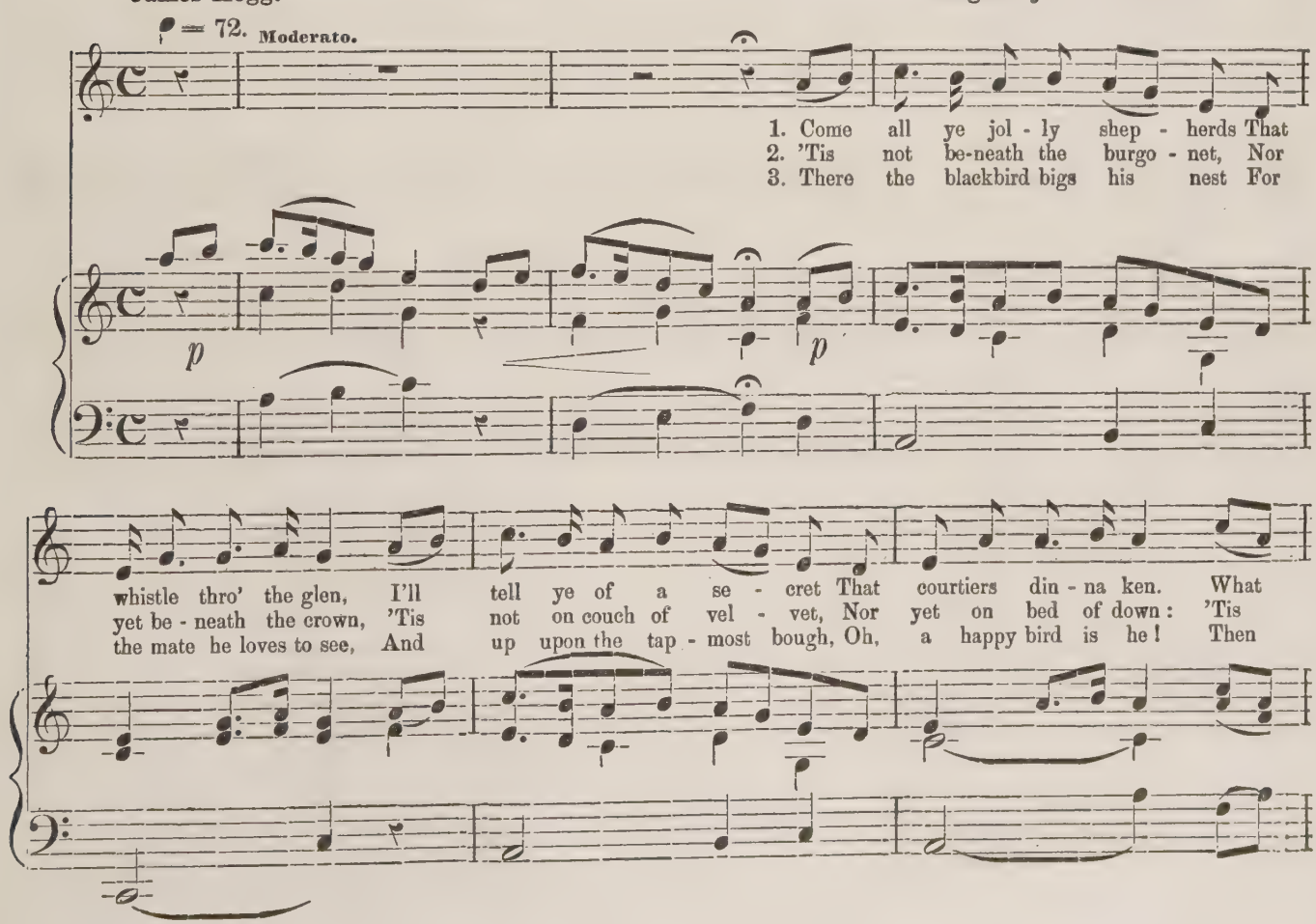


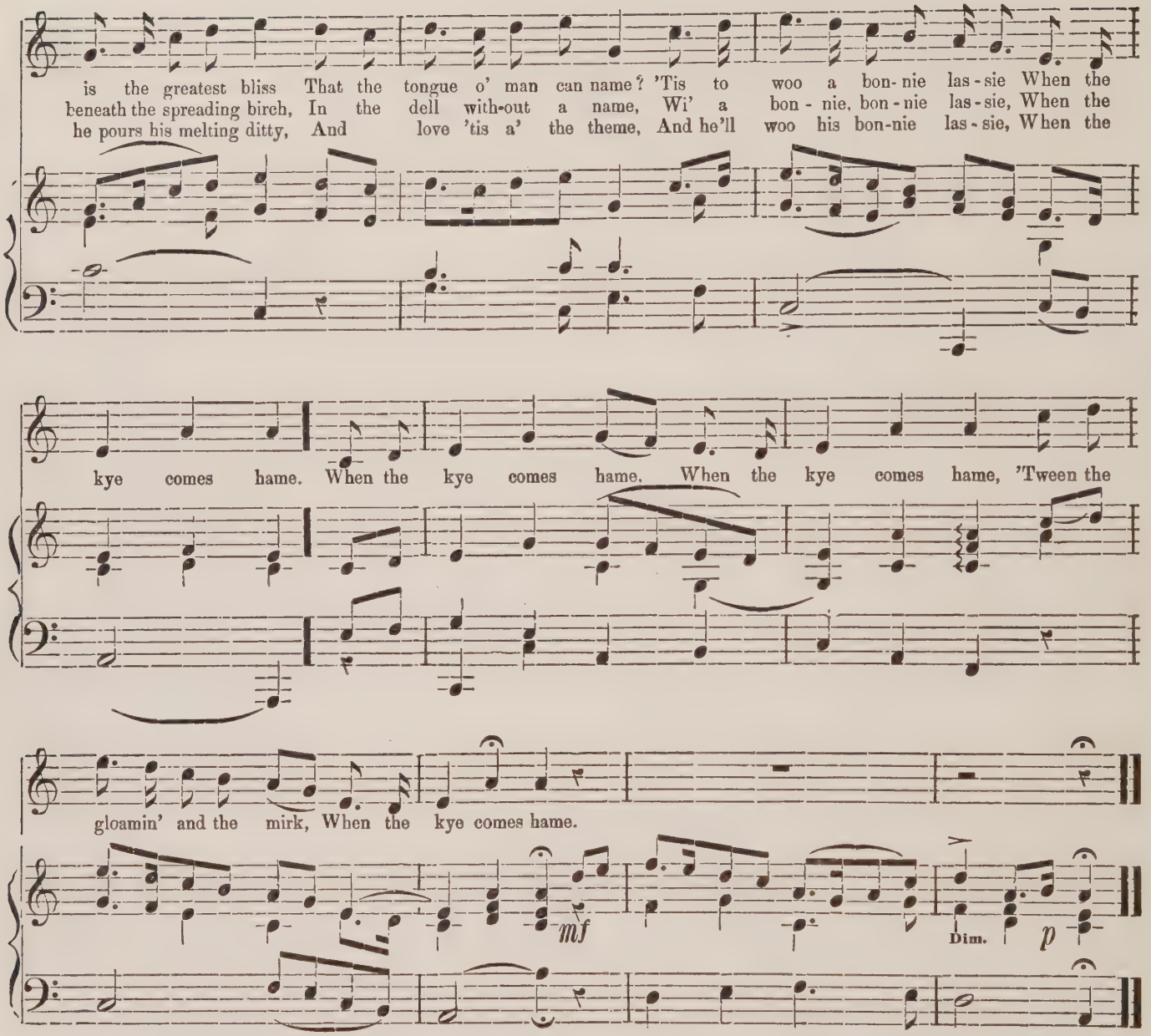
4 Out spake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kye;
Poor Wil-lie wad ne'er ha'e ta'en ye
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
I'se ne'er tak' ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married and a', &c.

5 Out spake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre;
O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire:
But we poor folk maun live single,
And do the best we can;
I dinna care what I should want,
If I could get but a man.
Woo'd and married and a', &c.

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

James Hogg. Arranged by J. T. Surenne.


♩ = 72. Moderato.
1. Come all ye jol - ly shep - herds That whistle thro' the glen, I'll tell ye of a se - cret That courtiers din - na ken. What
2. 'Tis not be-neath the burgo - net, Nor yet be - neath the crown, 'Tis not on couch of vel - vet, Nor yet on bed of down: 'Tis
3. There the blackbird bigs his nest For the mate he loves to see, And up upon the tap - most bough, Oh, a happy bird is he! Then
p
p


is the greatest bliss That the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bon-nie las-sie When the
beneath the spreading birch, In the dell with-out a name, Wi' a bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie, When the
he pours his melting ditty, And love 'tis a' the theme, And he'll woo his bon-nie las-sie, When the
kye comes hame. When the kye comes hame. When the kye comes hame, 'Tween the
gloamin' and the mirk, When the kye comes hame.
mf
Dim.
p

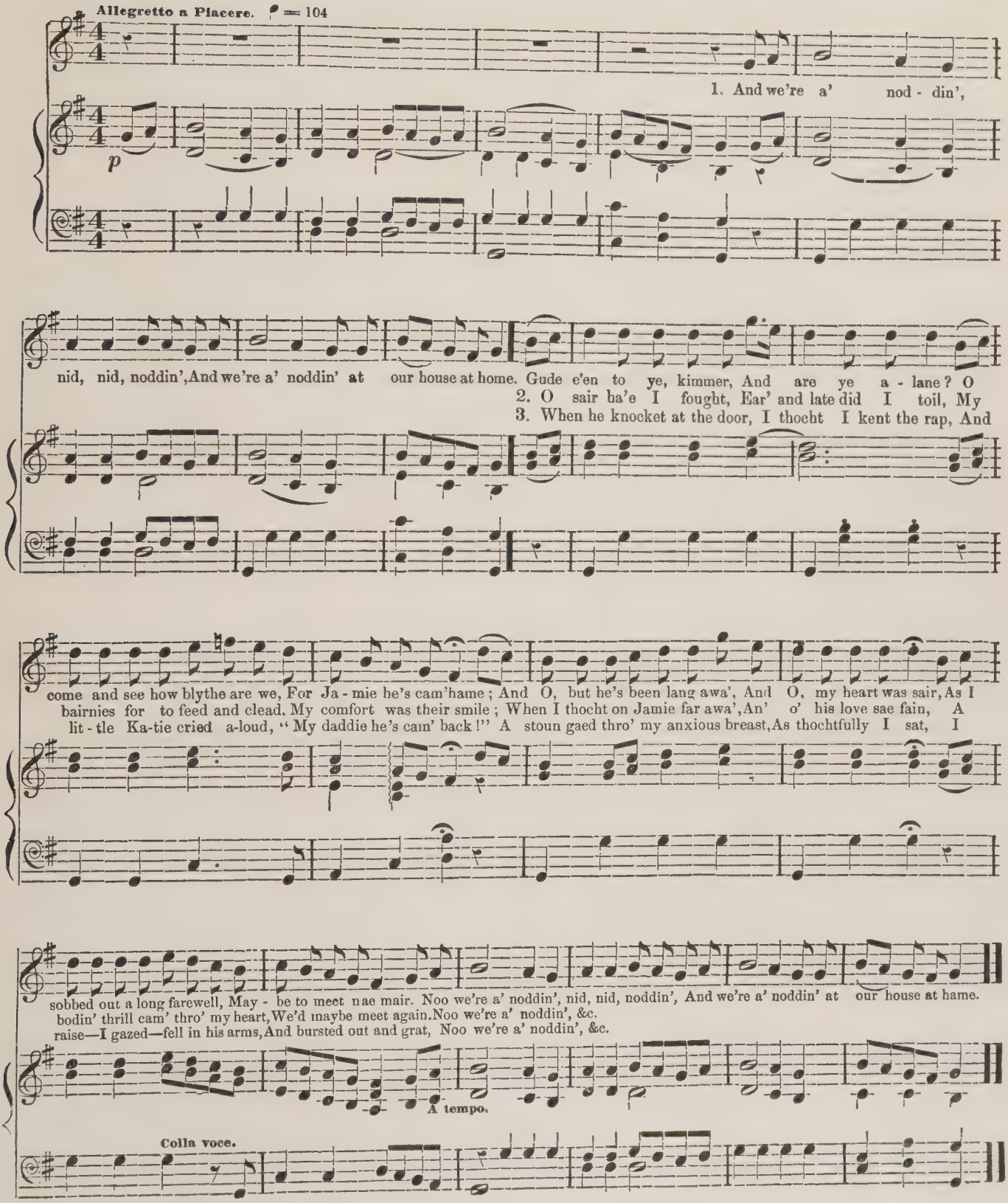
4 When the bluart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up his e'e,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Draps down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

5 Then the eye shines sae bright,
The haill soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper,
And joy in every smile;
O, who would choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame?

6 See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to rest,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

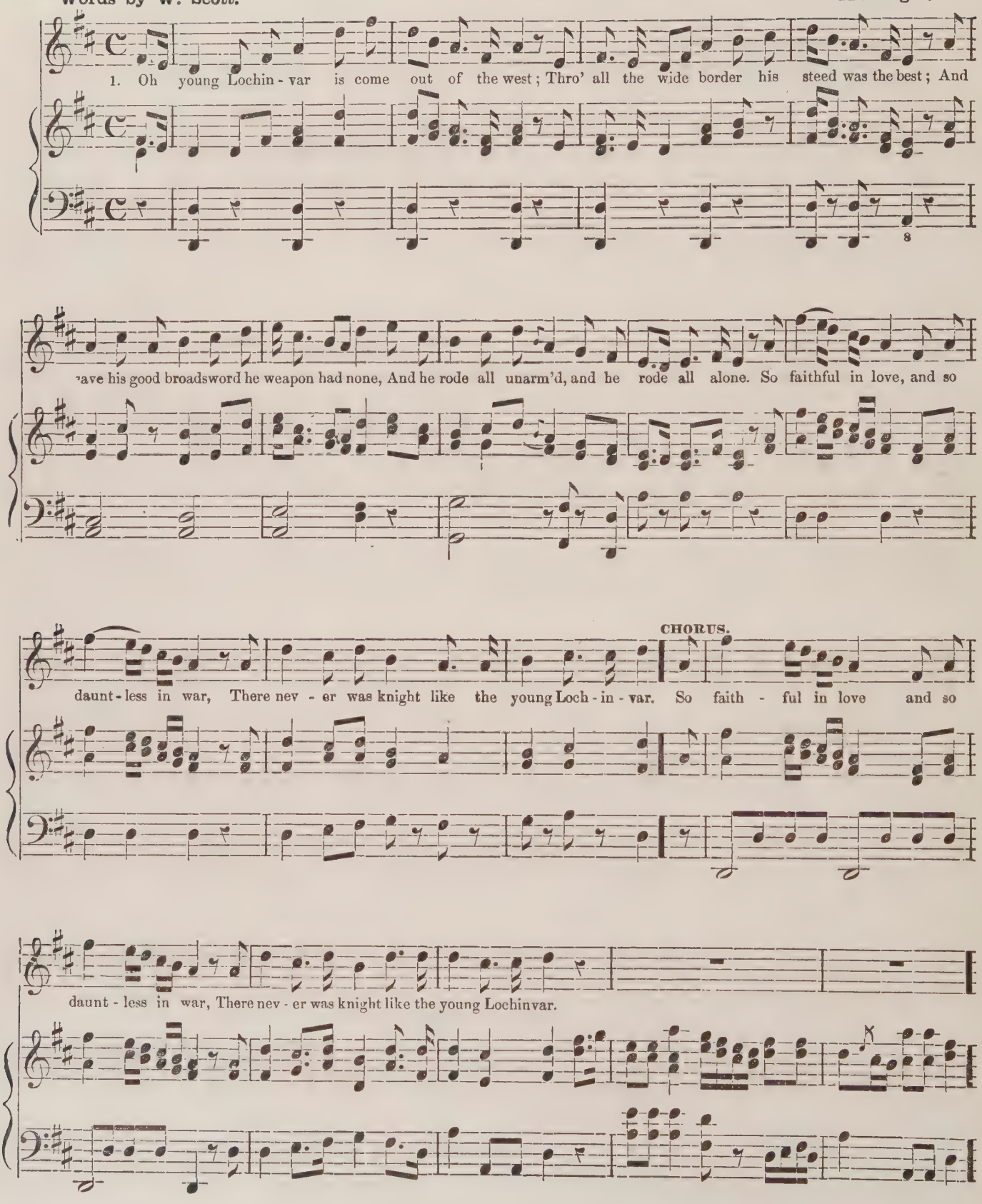
7 Awa' wi' fame and fortune—
What comfort can they gi'e?—
And a' the arts that prey
On man's life and libertie!
Gi'e me the highest joy
That the heart o' man can frame;
My bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

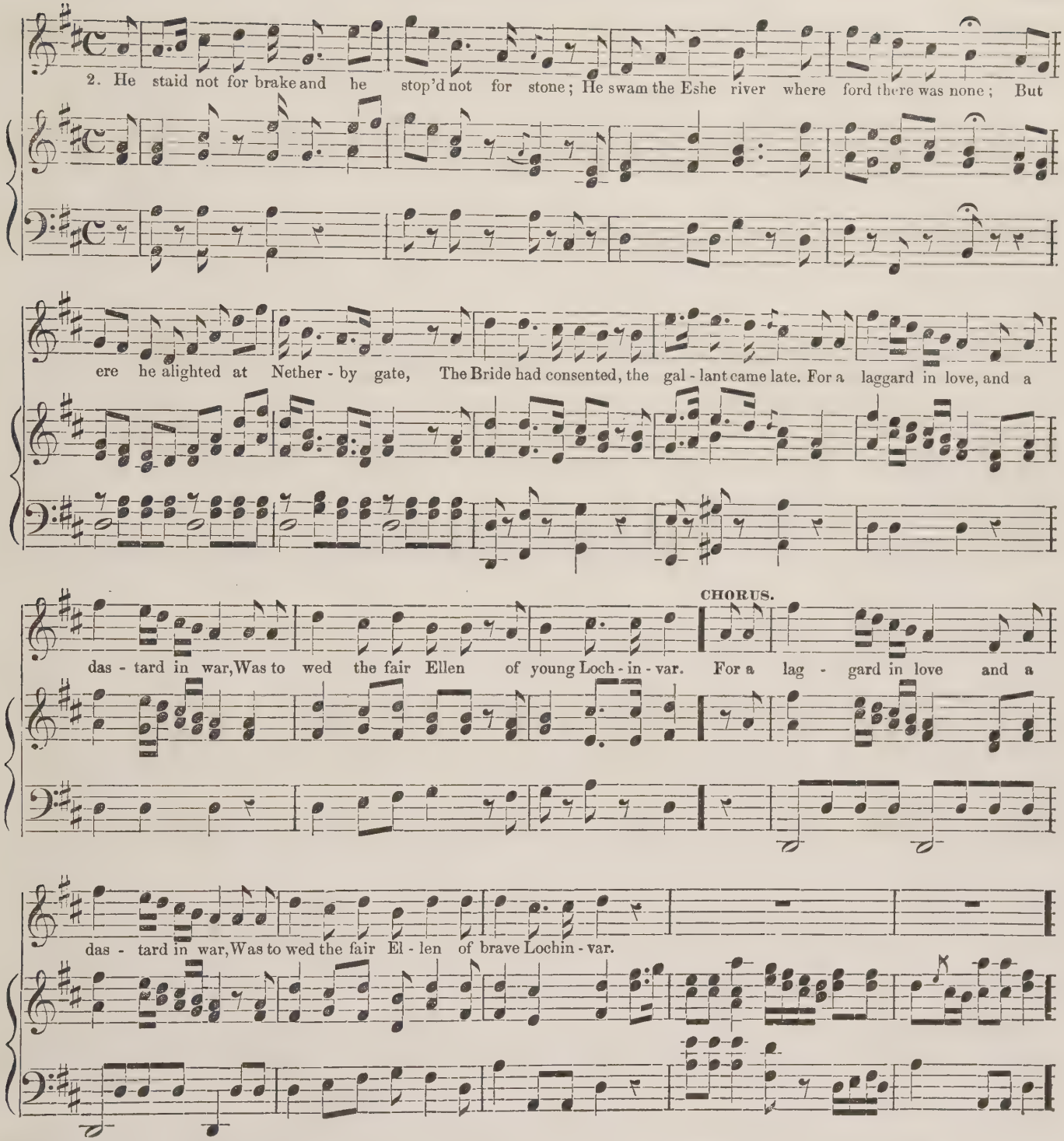
WE'RE A' NODDIN'.


Allegretto a Piacere. ♩ = 104
p
1. And we're a' nod - din',
nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at home. Gude e'en to ye, kimmer, And are ye a - lane? O
2. O sair ha'e I fought, Ear' and late did I toil, My
3. When he knocket at the door, I thocht I kent the rap, And
come and see how blythe are we, For Ja - mie he's cam'hame; And O, but he's been lang awa', And O, my heart was sair, As I
bairnies for to feed and clead, My comfort was their smile; When I thocht on Jamie far awa', An' o' his love sae fain, A
lit - tle Ka-tie cried a-loud, "My daddie he's cam' back!" A stoun gaed thro' my anxious breast, As thochtfully I sat, I
sobbed out a long farewell, May - be to meet nae mair. Noo we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame.
bodin' thrill cam' thro' my heart, We'd maybe meet again. Noo we're a' noddin', &c.
raise—I gazed—fell in his arms, And bursted out and grat, Noo we're a' noddin', &c.
A tempo.
Colla voce.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Words by W. Scott. Mazzinghi.

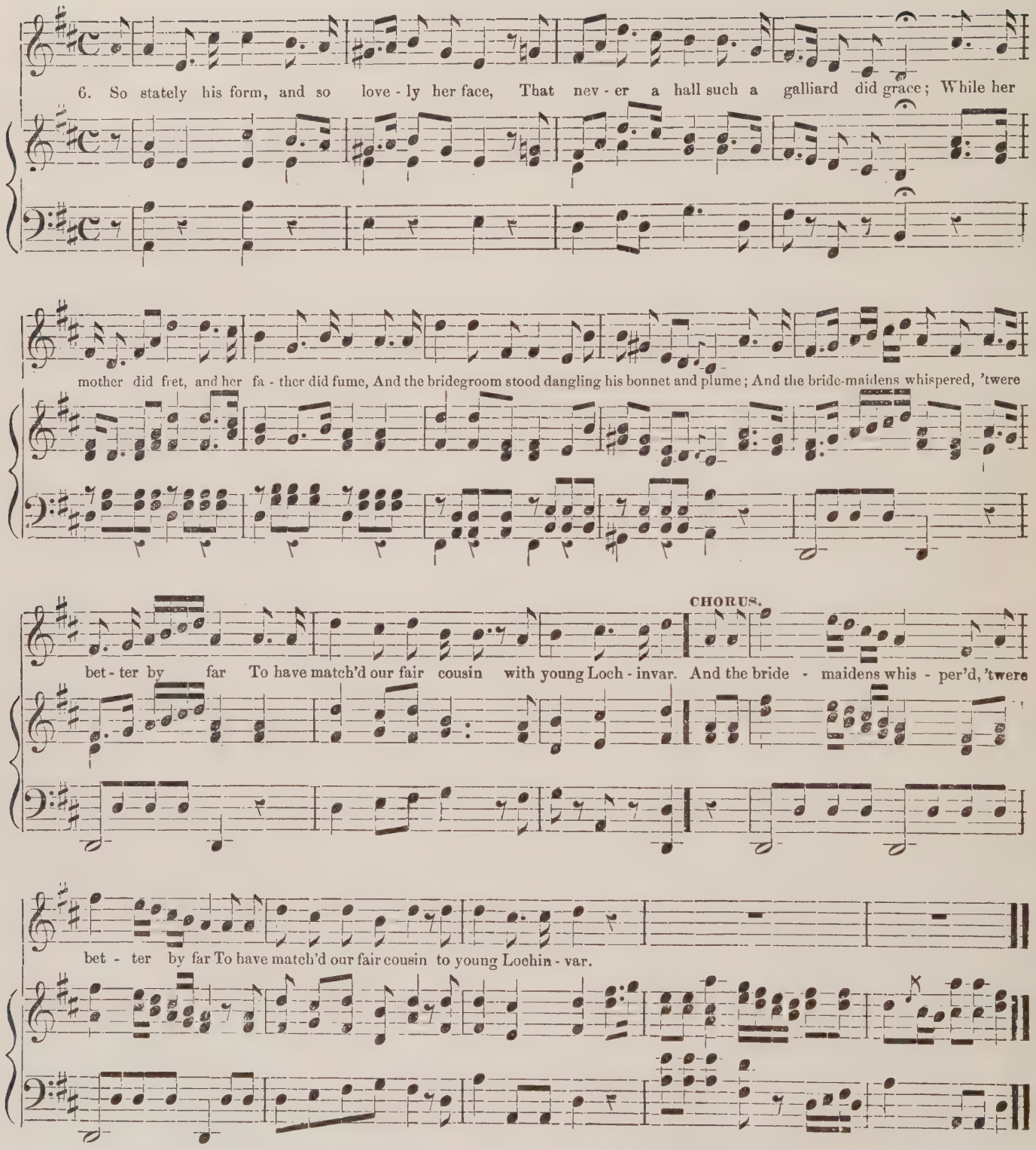

1. Oh young Lochin - var is come out of the west; Thro' all the wide border his steed was the best; And
save his good broadsword he weapon had none, And he rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone. So faithful in love, and so
CHORUS.
daunt - less in war, There nev - er was knight like the young Loch - in - var. So faith - ful in love and so
daunt - less in war, There nev - er was knight like the young Lochinvar.


2. He staid not for brake and he stop'd not for stone; He swam the Eshe river where ford there was none; But
ere he alighted at Nether - by gate, The Bride had consented, the gal - lant came late. For a laggard in love, and a
CHORUS.
das - tard in war, Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Loch - in - var. For a lag - gard in love and a
das - tard in war, Was to wed the fair El - len of brave Lochin - var.

3 So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
'Mongst bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
"O come ye in peace, here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

4 I long woo'd your daughter; my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
Who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.

5 The Bride kissed the goblet, the Knight took it up;
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.


6. So stately his form, and so love - ly her face, That nev - er a hall such a galliard did grace; While her
mother did fret, and her fa - ther did fume, And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume; And the bride-maidens whispered, 'twere
CHORUS.
bet - ter by far To have match'd our fair cousin with young Loch - invar. And the bride - maidens whis - per'd, 'twere
bet - ter by far To have match'd our fair cousin to young Lochin - var.

7 One touch of her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair Lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
She's won! we are gone, o'er bank, bush, and scaur,
"They'll have fleet steeds that follow," said young Lochinvar.

8 There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan,
Foster, Fenwicks and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war.
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

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